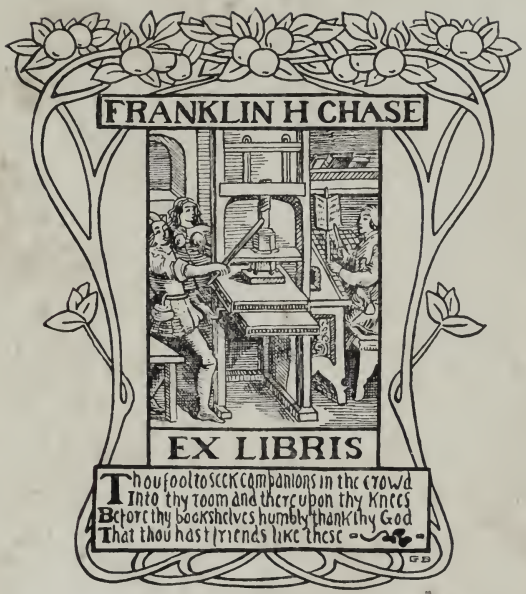
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Napoleon

102

[1850.]

THE PRINCE PRESIDENT—*(continued.)*

"*Charivari.*" *31st August,* 1850.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR ROUND THE PROVINCES.

"*It is not all pleasure even on one's travels.*"

M. LE MAIRE.—"Permit me to present to your Highness these young persons; they are the very same who had the honour to receive your august uncle in 1804. He embraced them! We trust you will imitate the noble example of your great relative in all things."

THE TRAVELLER *(to himself).*—"Embrace *them!*—the devil!"

Louis Napoleon was fully aware of the popularity of his great Uncle, especially in the provinces, and never lost an opportunity of turning this to good account. On his journey he appeared in a military uniform of his own selection, notwithstanding the new Constitution had expressly declared that he should hold no military command. The nephew and successor of the Great Napoleon, he thought, would cut but a sorry figure in black coat and white necktie. Next to the Prince President, in the picture, will be seen Count Montholon, decorated with the ecclesiastic extinguisher; whilst still further to the right is the Duke de Morny.

THE MAN OF HIS TIME.

PART I.

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY

JAMES M. HASWELL.

PART II.

THE SAME STORY AS TOLD

BY

POPULAR CARICATURISTS

Of the last Thirty Years.

Napoleon III., as the modern "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," in the act of obtaining the legendary Seven-league Boots.

LONDON:

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.

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PRELIMINARY.

THE reader will not be able to complain that a *one-sided* view of the Life of Napoleon III. has been set before him in this work. The text forms one chronicle, the illustrations another —and certainly a very different one. Between the two the reader will doubtless arrive at an opinion not very far from the truth.

The publisher takes upon himself whatever responsibility rests in the selection of the pictures illustrating this volume. After he had looked over what Mr. Haswell has written about the Emperor, he felt that there still remained a part of the story

untold, viz. that part which is contained in the public caricatures appearing immediately after each important event in our hero's career.

It matters but little to what extent any caricature may be exaggerated—however distorted may be the form when compared with the original—*there always must be a certain amount of truth in the libel, or the caricature will be wholly without effect.* It is this contemporary opinion, this whisper of truth, caught up by the satirist at the moment, and echoed and re-echoed on both sides of the English Channel, and in the New as well as in the Old World, that we thought only fair should be laid before the reader along with the story told from another point of view.

No insult whatever has been intended to the deposed monarch in reproducing these little pictures. The Emperor has been before the world as a public man for such a very long time, that we may readily believe he has long ceased to feel annoyance at any

caricatures of either his person or his actions. His past acts are now a matter of history, and if we want to know the opinion of the public concerning them, we cannot do better than to consult the little sheets of satire and of comedy that preserve, as faithfully as amber does flies, the ideas and facts, the popular sentiments and opinions of the passing hour.

J. C. H.

PICCADILLY,

April 15, 1871.

A FACT NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THE following is an extract from a letter of the Rev. Thomas Belsham, dated Hackney, August 16, 1805, which contains an account of a visit which he had just paid to the Duke of Grafton:—"Admiral Cosby told me one circumstance which was curious. When he was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, during the late war, at the time that we were in possession of Corsica, and when Sir Gilbert Elliott was Governor-General of the island, General Paoli introduced Buonaparte, then a young man, to the Governor and to the Admiral, as a friend of his who would be glad to be employed in the service of England; but these wise men, not having Lavater's skill in physiognomy, rejected the proposal, which obliged Buonaparte to offer his services to the French, and this was the rise of Buonaparte's fortunes. I had often heard that Buonaparte had offered his services to the English and been rejected, but I hardly gave credit to it till I learned it from Admiral Cosby himself."

THE QUEEN HORTENSE, AND PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON WHEN A CHILD.

From a picture in the Emperor's private collection.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

GENIUS considered as property is not hereditary. It is a passport granted to some men to immortality, stamped "not transferable"; it is Nature's knighthood, the glories and honours of which expire with the recipient. Very seldom, indeed, do we see more than one member of a family illustrious: there have, of course, been exceptions to this rule, but they may be considered as much out of order as twins and triplets are out of the common range of births. There is, to our thinking, moreover, some special design of Providence in partially favouring certain races. History affords hundreds of examples, but none, perhaps, more remarkable than that of the Buonaparte family. A great and richly endowed country was sunk in voluptuous ease and polished indolence: the first Napoleon was sent to stir its stagnant blood; to rouse its military ardour; to

elevate its people in the eyes of surrounding nations; and to make the name of France a name of power. He fulfilled his mission to the letter; but the storm he had raised, though it purified the atmosphere of the whole land, would have devastated it had it continued. A monarch skilled to rule in a reign of peace was what the realm then wanted. Three miserable specimens of that article were tried, and proved as miserable failures: they did no great harm, because they did nothing at all.

Providence wrested the useless sceptre from the last, and bestowed it upon a second Napoleon. It may be left for future generations—not biassed as the present one is—to say whether he too has fulfilled his mission. Nor is it our intention to waste in eulogies on the man the space so limited for recording his wonderful career. Yet a word or two of that kind we must say by way of a text, on which we propose to found our discourse. His acts and deeds speak for themselves; and they prove, on undeniable evidence, that France was never so well governed as by him. A people as fickle as the wind, as restless as the sea; a people as whimsical as women, as fanciful as children; a people with whom novelty is a mania and faction a disease; a people brave, intelligent, and generous by fits, and treacherous, frivolous, and vindictive by starts; such a people could have been governed at that crisis only by such a ruler. And single-handed, by the sheer force of his genius, and the moral power which is the body-guard of genius, he governed them wisely and well. In spite of almost invincible opposition, in the face of almost unsurmountable obstacles, he raised them, step by step, to be regarded as the most enlightened nation of Europe; he unsparingly promoted their national welfare; he perceptibly diminished their

national evils; in short, for nearly twenty years he was the glory of France and the wonder of the world.

Carlo Buonaparte, from whose loins sprang the founder of the Napoleonic dynasty, was by profession an attorney at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, and in the latter part of his life held the post of Procureur du Roi, or Attorney-General. He married a lady remarkable alike for her beauty and strength of mind, whose maiden name was Letitia Ramolino. She bore him in all thirteen children, but only eight of them lived beyond their infancy. These were Joseph (afterwards King of Spain), Napoleon (afterwards Emperor of the French), Lucien, Louis (afterwards King of Holland), Jerome (afterwards King of Westphalia), and the three sisters, Eliza, Caroline, and Pauline.

From Louis Buonaparte descended the hero of these pages. Louis Buonaparte, in May, 1806, was created King of Holland. He had previously married Hortense Fanny de Beauharnois, the daughter of Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon, who was subsequently divorced. There never was, perhaps, a more ill-assorted marriage than that of which the third Napoleon was the offspring.

Louis Buonaparte was by no means an unamiable man; in fact he was too tender-hearted to please his brother, for in his sympathy with the Dutch in their trials of those times, he greatly offended the Emperor, who hated the Dutch as heartily as ever Dr. Johnson could have wished to see a man hate, on account of the tendencies of the Hollanders towards England — a country the subjugation of which was the main aim of the man who crippled the rest of Europe.

The way in which Louis suffered himself to be

foisted on a nation to which he was an utter stranger, and whose language he could not speak, proved him rather easy of being led.

It is true that subsequently, when his crafty brother wished to make a more complete tool of him by offering him the crown of Spain, two years after he had assumed that of Holland, he was obstinate in his refusal to accept it; but then he had had a taste of the menial and degrading position for which he was intended—that of a catspaw. Napoleon wrote his brother a very specious and cunningly devised letter on this occasion, which might have tempted him but for his late experiences. "The King of Spain," said he, "has just abdicated, the Prince of Peace has been imprisoned, insurrectionary movements have shown themselves at Madrid. At that instant, our troops were at least forty leagues distant, but on the 23rd [March, 1808], Murat must have entered that capital at the head of 40,000 men. The people demand me with loud cries to fix their destinies. Being convinced that I shall never conclude a peace with England till I have caused a great movement on the continent, I have resolved to put a French prince upon the throne of Spain. In this state of affairs *I have turned my eye on you for the throne of Spain.* Say at once what is your opinion on the subject. You must be aware that this plan is yet in embryo, and that although I have 100,000 men in Spain, yet according to circumstances I may either advance directly to my object, in which case everything will be concluded in a fortnight, or be more circumspect in my advances, and the final result will appear only after several months' operations. Answer categorically—if I declare you King of Spain, can I rely on you?"

Louis did answer categorically—No. He had already

begun to be tired of doing the great man's dirty work, and contemplated abdicating his inglorious throne, which he eventually did, in 1810, in favour of his son Napoleon Louis, or, failing him, his other son, Charles Louis Napoleon (Napoleon III.).

Notwithstanding this show of spirit, Louis Buonaparte was a man that almost any woman, had she taken the trouble, could have managed. Hortense, his queen, was not that woman. She could not bear him—he was so excessively heavy, drowsy, and stupid. She was all life and wit, thoroughly imbued with poetry and romance, and a beauty besides, who felt that the sacrifice of her charms in her union with this clumsy boor, for reasons not her own, was an act of exceeding great merit on her part. Napoleon, aided by her mother, Josephine, almost compelled her into this *mariage de convenance.* Tradition ascribes a variety of motives to them, and thereby hangs a tale of scandal which it would serve no purpose to perpetuate.

The natural consequence of this loveless, and one might almost say absurd, match was, that Louis and his queen were husband and wife only in name. From the first they lived very much apart, and a little more than five years after their nuptials they finally separated—the date of their marriage being January, 1802, and that of their separation, September, 1807. Quitting her husband, Hortense betook herself to Paris, where she was exactly in her element, and was numbered amongst the most beautiful and the most fashionable ladies of the Tuileries.

Six months after her arrival at the French capital, namely, on the 20th of April, 1808, she gave birth to Charles Louis Napoleon, who was destined to revive the dynasty of his uncle after it had been overthrown by the combined armies of Europe.

The birth of this prince was the occasion of great demonstrations in France and Holland, salvos of artillery announcing his advent as the heir of the Imperial throne—for it must be remembered that Napoleon's own son was yet unborn; in fact, the Emperor had not then divorced Josephine.

The next great event in the early career of young Louis was his baptism, which was attended by a vast display of splendour. This took place at Fontainebleau, on the 4th of November, 1810, the Emperor, with his newly-made bride, Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, standing as sponsors, and the ceremony being performed by Cardinal Fesch, the brother of Josephine.

The boyhood of Louis Napoleon was not characterized by any strong indications of a superior mind. He was of a taciturn, morose disposition—almost unnaturally so for a boy—and was seldom seen to play or associate with other children. His mother designated him "mildly obstinate"; but she was very fond of him, and her definition of his character must be considered accordingly. Almost everybody else who knew him as a boy speaks of him in much harsher terms.

That he was not so bad of heart as he looked, however, was attested by the great affection he entertained for his mother, the tenderness of which was always observable. There would also seem to have been some heroism in the boy, and a love of the beautiful. As an illustration of these qualities, it may be mentioned that, on the return of the Emperor from Elba, he took his young nephew, to whom he was very much attached, to the Champ de Mai, and, holding him up in his arms, presented him to the deputies of the people and the army, not more to their delight than that of the child, upon

whom the grandeur of the scene had a magical effect, though he was then only seven years old; and he made a dreadful fuss when being taken away by his mother. These are, however, traits that may be noticed in almost any child, and would not have found a place here but for the inexorable demand of the public to know something of the early days of the great men whose lives the historian chronicles.

The fall of Napoleon in 1815, and the re-establishment on the usurper's throne of Louis XVIII., was, of course, the signal for all the Buonapartes to quit France. Hortense, who then went under the title of the Duchess St. Leu, betook herself, with her son, to Bavaria; but from thence she was soon compelled to make another move, and she then went to Switzerland. Here, too, she was only allowed to remain a short time, for political reasons; and she eventually sought Italy as her asylum, taking up her residence near Rome.

Louis having now reached the age when steps should be taken for his mental culture, a tutor was appointed in one M. Lebas, whose precepts were not likely to allow to lie dormant the hereditary republican spirit of his pupil. M. Lebas was a red-hot republican himself, and was the son of a red-hot republican—the M. Lebas who was the intimate friend and associate of Robespierre, whose ignominious death led to that of M. Lebas by his own hand; his attachment to the prime mover in the Reign of Terror being so great that he could not outlive him.

What progress he made under the tuition of this pedagogue is not recorded, but all historians agree that to his mother he owes very much of that knowledge which has elevated him to the throne of France, and a great deal more of that chaste poetical

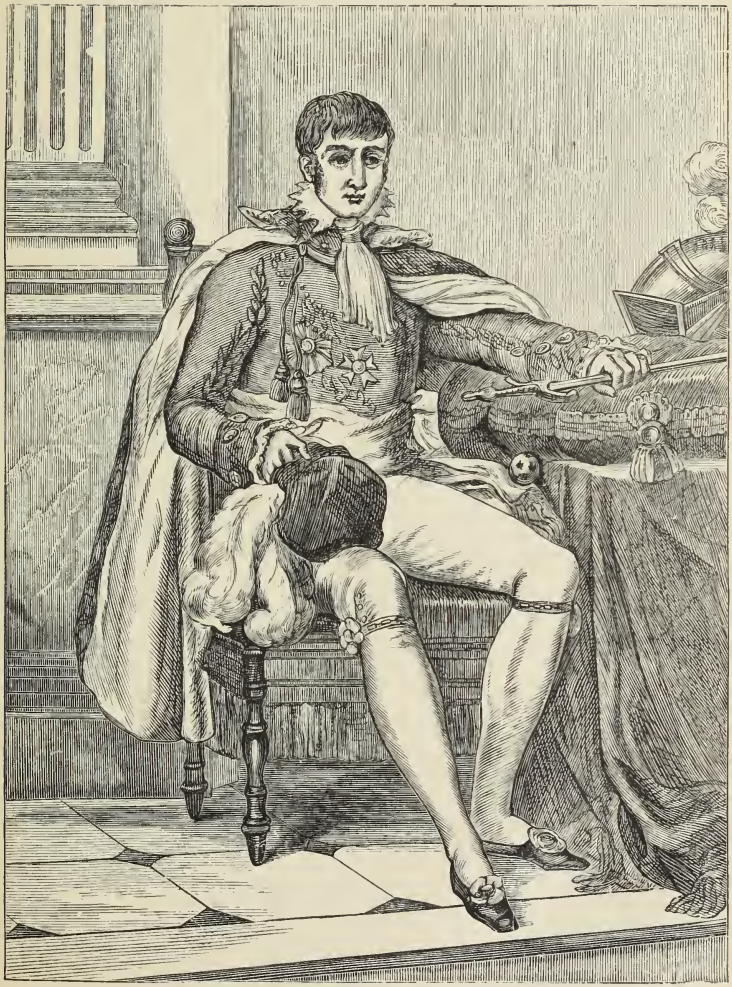
fancy and strength of style which characterize all his writings and public orations.

All authorities admit that Hortense was a really clever woman; and some go as far as to say that the first Napoleon was indebted to her for many suggestions that proved of great service to him.

Her literary productions are not numerous, but the few that can be traced to her are full of fire and poetical fancy; and we need mention no other piece than the lyric commencing "Partant pour la Syrie" to establish her claims in this respect. She devoted a good deal of her time to the education of her children, but more especially of this boy, who, though he then had an elder brother living, was always regarded as the hope of the family.

Though the odds were now so much against them, the Buonapartes, one and all, never despaired of regaining their lost power, and were continually venting themselves in prophecies as to their coming restoration. The grandmother, or Madame Mère, as she was designated by the expatriated circle, was given, it is said, to this kind of thing. Calling, when on her death-bed, her waiting-maid Belgrade to her side, she said, "Go to Jerome, he will take care of thee; *when my grandson is Emperor of France*, he will make thee a great woman."

She then asked for Colonel Darley, who had attended her in all her fortunes, and to him she said, "You have been a good friend to me and my family. I have left you what will make you happy. *Never forget my grandson*, and what he and you may arrive at, is beyond my discerning, *but you will both be great*." She then washed her hands, declaring she had done with the world, and was soon afterwards found dead, with her prayer-book on her breast.



LOUIS BONAPARTE, KING OF HOLLAND,
FATHER OF NAPOLEON III.

From a picture in the Emperor's private collection.

It will be readily imagined, therefore, that the boy was nurtured in the hope of regaining his uncle's sceptre, and restoring his exiled relatives once more to their positions round the throne of France. That such teachings and such dazzling prospects did not turn his young head, only goes to prove the power of his mind, and the calm, cool self-possession which was his chief characteristic throughout the many troubles and dangers which constantly beset his path ere he reached the first step of his throne. At all events, what with his tutor and what with his relations, young Louis had but one aim and object daily placed before him—the restoration of the Buonaparte dynasty and the Imperial crown of France. He, too, himself, it is well known, had always a strong presentiment that he should one day become the Emperor of the French. The uncle was a fatalist, believing in destiny, and the nephew inherited his creed.

One day, when quite a child, he went into the Cabinet where the Emperor was preparing for his last campaign, and, bursting into tears, clung to the knees of his uncle and said, "Oh! sire, my governess says you are going to the wars: oh, do not go; do not leave me!"

"I have often gone to the wars before, my child: fear nothing, I will soon come back to you."

"Oh, dear uncle, do not go; they want to kill you! or, if you go, take me along with you."

This affected Napoleon very much, and turning to the Marshal in attendance, His Majesty said, "Embrace Louis, embrace that boy; *he is perhaps the hope of my race!*" Here no doubt was sown the seed of the man's ambition, which grew into the "Napoleonic Idea" of destiny.

CHAPTER II.

HIS FIRST MOVE ON THE POLITICAL CHESS-BOARD.

THE Buonapartists in France, though outwardly loyal to their new Governments, were neither idle nor hopeless while the descendants of their beloved Napoleon were outlawed and in exile. Constant were the signs manifested that there was a party, and a very considerable one too, working day and night to re-establish the dynasty that had just fallen. It was not, however, until about fifteen years afterwards that they were bold enough to make anything like a popular demonstration ; but about the year 1830 it was clear that, if the son of the Emperor, who was then just of age, had had the spirit to make an attempt at an insurrection, his followers would have been neither few nor far between.

A correspondent writing to the *Times* from Paris at that period, particularly mentions how the Buonapartists were beginning to look up, and how that they were not over-cautious in expressing themselves as to the likelihood of their being able to avenge themselves for fifteen years of oppression and hardship. It does not appear that the Duke of Reischstadt, as the son of Napoleon was now called, had either the pluck or the inclination to risk his liberty and his life, even with so plausible a prospect of success ; but Hortense was quickly alive to the situa-

tion, especially as day after day brought news of fresh disturbances in Paris, and of the intense excitement gradually increasing as the memorable trials of the ex-Ministers proceeded.

The mother of Louis Napoleon summoned several family councils, to consider what steps should be taken with a view of advancing her son's interests, and their own, under the existing crisis. There were present the old lady, Madame Mère, Jerome Buonaparte, Hortense, Louis, and Cardinal Fesch. It is not known what steps they decided on in the matter, but the fact that they intended doing something with regard to their return to France coming to the ears of the Pope, threw His Holiness into a dreadful state of alarm and agitation.

Cardinal Fesch quickly received a polite intimation from the Vatican that, as the presence of the young prince at Rome at that time might lead to disagreeable consequences, His Holiness would feel obliged if he would withdraw. The message was no doubt so very polite—perhaps scarcely going beyond a hint—that Louis endeavoured to evade it ; but it soon became imperative in its tone, and shortly afterwards a guard of soldiers waited upon him, and conducted him beyond the frontier.

This was, perhaps, an ungracious act on the part of the Pope, but even with infallible natures self-preservation no doubt is the first law. His Holiness certainly might have compromised himself by allowing plots and machinations to take place in his dominion against the peace of another country.

Louis Napoleon, now in his twenty-third year, with more accomplishments than many men of his age and position, and an exile from what he lately doubtless had begun to regard as a home, sought for some pursuit to occupy his mind till he could see the

proper opportunity of carrying out his idea of becoming the second Emperor of the French. He soon met with something that suited him exactly. A revolution broke out in Italy, and he joined the insurrectionists, whose motto was "Liberty for Italy."

It was a singular coincidence of this rising that one of the first states affected and in arms was that of Parma, over which Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria and ex-Empress of the French, held sway. The execrable conduct of this woman to her fallen husband, while it awoke the sympathies of friends and foes for that truly lonely exile at St. Helena, deserted even by the wife for whom he had put away another, also brought her into universal condemnation and contempt. Her behaviour when her people rose was somewhat amusing, and not a little selfish.

She was seated at breakfast, on the 10th of February, 1831, when a deputation from the people of the town waited upon her, and announced to her that the Parmesans intended to join the Italian Confederation, and requested her to withdraw. The Duchess insisted upon remaining, but the deputation intimated that her carriages were already in waiting to convey her under escort to wherever she might think proper to go; and, in fact, that she must lose no time in making her preparations! She speedily took the hint and was off to Piacenza. From thence she issued the following proclamation, illustrative of her character:—

"Piacenza, February 26.—Maria Louisa, Imperial Princess, Archduchess of Austria, by the grace of God Duchess of Parma, Guastalla, &c., to her subjects.

"You know the motives which induced me to leave Parma and to remove to my faithful city of Piacenza. Before my departure I had taken the

necessary measures to provide for the wants of the state till I return. But meantime part of my subjects, forgetting their duties to me, have dared to establish at Parma a provisional government, which has suspended the powers of the authorities instituted by me in my Duchy.

"I do not mean to suffer the power which has been confided to me by God to be fettered and destroyed by these rebels, and consequently I declare to be radically null everything that the government set up by these men has done or may do in the sequel; and I warn my subjects against the consequences that obedience to orders issuing from unlawful authorities would lead to."

As one reads this proclamation one cannot but be struck with the retributive justice awarded the Duchess; for aiding and abetting those who had forgotten their duties to her was the nephew of the man to whom she had so deplorably forgotten her duties—the man whom she had not only spurned in his fall, but whose name she disdained any longer to wear. Her lofty threat as to the consequences that might overtake the rebels is the comic part of the effusion. It brings out in bold relief the cowardice of her nature, this dealing in terrible menaces from a safe distance, and after running away from her dominion without having struck a single blow for her rights. That same cowardice had doubtless much to do with her not facing the rigours of exile with him whom she had sworn to love and cherish under every phase and circumstance of life.

On her return to power she was vindictive enough to carry out her threats, notwithstanding that she had not long previously sought to conciliate her subjects by promises of an amnesty to all who laid down

their arms and again acknowledged her authority. She earned a bad name by these proceedings, for her loving people never afterwards called her by her right title, but alluded to her as the "widow of Neipperg." Count Neipperg was an Austrian nobleman, who, after serving Napoleon several shabby tricks, finished up with marrying his widow! Historians have been at a loss to account for the ex-Empress being induced to bestow her hand upon this personage; for not only from having lost one eye, but from many bad traits of character, he is said to have been more beast than beauty.

The rebellion in Italy, like all the efforts for the liberation of that unhappy country from despotism and priestcraft, began well. The enthusiasm awakened in the towns and villages was great. All grades and conditions of men were enrolled under the tri-coloured banner—nay, even women shouldered muskets, and shouted "Liberty for Italy!" General Zucchi was the chief, but a number of other generals took an active part, and Louis Napoleon and his brother were entrusted with high commands. The movement spread like wildfire, and the tri-coloured flag was soon found waving over many cities, the most conspicuous of which were Ferrara, Urbino, and others. At length the insurgents made their way towards Rome, and a little more than a month after the first outbreak, a correspondent of the *Times* writes from Bologna that "Rome is hourly expected to fall."

The Pope was in mortal terror. He sent Cardinal Benvenuti to parley with the rebels, and they made His Eminence a prisoner, taking him to Ancona. His Holiness then appealed to the Emperor of Austria, who was prompt in offering his assistance, and accordingly, about six weeks after the rising of the people, Baron Frimont, the deputed Austrian

General-in-chief, issued the following proclamation:—

"*Milan*, 19 *March*, 1831.

"His Holiness, having employed in vain the language of mildness and indulgence, to induce to return to their duty ill-intentioned persons, who had driven several provinces of his states into the horrors of insurrection, has addressed himself through me to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, my august Sovereign, to obtain assistance against their wicked attempts.

"In consequence of the power which has been graciously granted to me, I enter with a corps of the Imperial and Royal troops into the domains of His Holiness, where the rebels have overthrown the legitimate government and momentarily usurped the supreme authority.

"Subjects of the Pope—I come to fulfil the sacred duty which is confided to me. The troops under my command will observe the most strict order and the severest discipline. They enter not as an enemy, but as called to assist your Sovereign, who is unworthily betrayed, to re-establish the legitimate Government, and to deliver you from the horrors of anarchy.

"The General-in-chief,
"BARON FRIMONT."

This proceeding on the part of Austria was in direct violation of the treaty of non-intervention guaranteed by France, who not only winked at it, but in a measure aided it. What, then, could a horde of undrilled patriots—even though fired with zeal and fighting for the glorious cause of liberty—do with the powerful army of a nation like Austria, at the back of the Pontifical troops? They did the

best thing they could under the circumstances. They stipulated for a disbandment of their forces. Cardinal Benvenuti was released on the condition that he pledged his holy word to get the Pope to agree to certain proposals for the consideration of his release and their laying down their arms.

These proposals were by no means of an extravagant nature. They were simply that no one who had taken any part in the disturbances should be molested or persecuted; that all foreigners who had engaged in them should be allowed a fortnight to depart unmolested from the Papal territory, and receive passports gratis if required; that all civil officers and placemen should sustain no injury for having served the provisional government; and other minor stipulations.

The Cardinal, in giving his "holy word" that the Pope would grant all these concessions, reckoned without his host. His Holiness, stimulated by the timely help from Austria, ignored the right of the insurgents to ask for clemency at all; and in fact behaved himself in a very uncharitable and unchristian manner. His first act was to have the *Te Deum* performed in honour of the victory over Italian liberty and independence; and his subsequent acts were barbarous and vindictive enough for a Tartar chieftain.

The Austrians, too, broke faith with the people. They came, according to their own account, to restore peace and order, and to assist the Pope to subdue his enemies; but they remained to commit the most horrible atrocities, to pillage, violate, and murder, ere they found their way back to the domains of their august sovereign. The people fled in all directions, hastily gathering together whatever movables they possessed, and reaching foreign asylums in the most

deplorable conditions; but still were happier far than those who remained behind to experience the mercy of the Pope and the Austrians.

The leaders of the patriots, when they found their cause hopeless, immediately called upon their supporters to lay down their arms, in order to prevent useless bloodshed—a call which was as immediately obeyed. But they, mistrusting the Pope and his Ministers, from past experiences, did not wait to get their pardon. They were wise; for an edict of the Papal Government was soon issued appointing civil and military commissions to try the insurgents, and confiscating their property for the losses occasioned by their rebellion. This was a government, forsooth, with the Vicar of Christ at its head!

Louis Napoleon also managed to make his escape, but his brother had fallen ill and died, his death taking place on the 27th of March, 1831. Still the future Emperor of the French was by no means out of harm's way. He was liable to be tracked and made prisoner by the Austrian troops. He was in a dilemma; but his mother, with the quick wit of her sex, came to his aid. Hearing of the danger he was in, she quitted home and joined her son at Ancona, and, dressing him up in a lacquey's livery, seated him at the back of her carriage, and made her way to Camoscia, a place crowded with fugitives on their way to Corfu. She was fortunate enough to meet here a young nobleman who had been under obligations to her, and she conceived the idea of asking him to represent her son and go to sea, so that she might have the rumour spread about that Louis Napoleon had escaped to Corfu, as, having fallen ill with the measles, the Prince was obliged to lie by for several days. The young nobleman acceded to her wishes, and the rumour

aforesaid going abroad, the pursuit of the Austrian troops was abated. Then, having recovered from his illness, the Prince and his mother fled, and in due course of time reached Cannes. Here, if detected, they would have been in almost as great danger as on Italian soil; but the amateur lacquey sustained his part with consummate tact, and not even the keen eyes of the French police could discover a clue for suspicion. Still the fugitives could not stay at Cannes for ever, and it is just possible the Prince began to get tired of his ignoble disguise.

What should they do?—where should they go? Many people so circumstanced have asked themselves the same questions, and done exactly what they should not have done, and gone exactly where they should not have gone. They determined to go to Paris! One is apt to charge such an idea to an aberration of mind, and perhaps on good grounds, but it is a very common thing for men to fancy security in places of the greatest peril. They were led to their resolution by a vain hope. They would throw themselves on the mercy of the King, and implore him to allow them to remain, promising faithfully never to molest His Majesty. Louis Napoleon, too, actually made up his mind to offer to serve in His Majesty's army, and throw "destiny" to the winds. It must be said that they had some slight grounds for the hope that their project would succeed. In happier times Hortense had been the means of propitiating the Emperor in favour of a distressed Bourbon. It was the Duchess of Bourbon, the mother of the Duc d'Enghien, and of course a member of the King's family. Here is her acknowledgment:—

"*April* 21*st*, 1815.

"Madam,

"You have been extremely kind in offering your mediation with His Majesty the Emperor, in order to obtain for me an authorization to remain in France, and an allowance sufficient to enable me to live in a manner suitable to my rank. I know, Madam, what you have already done, and that it is in a great measure owing to your interest that I am indebted for the 200,000 francs a year which His Majesty has had the goodness to allow me."

What Hortense had "already done" the Duchess does not mention in detail, but it may be stated here that it was nothing more significant than the procuration of a similar amnesty for Louis Philippe's own mother, with an allowance of 400,000 francs a year! These were morally good reasons for an appeal to His Majesty's clemency and generosity, but as the world goes, and always has gone, not to be relied upon. The return of a kindness has been found by all men of experience to be as rare as that of borrowed money. Yet what are aching hearts to do in trouble if they cannot hope on such things? They must hope, if inevitably to be deceived. To Paris they went, the Prince still preserving his disguise. The opportunity arrived; they supplicated the King. His Majesty was not half pleased with the visit of such dangerous personages. It would not be a violation of the veracity of this history to say that he was really as frightened as if a couple of dread spectres stood before him. He begged they would not urge their request; he hoped they would quickly retrace their steps. Louis, to prove their sincerity, laid his services at His Majesty's feet; he would fight for His Majesty, he would shed his blood for His

Majesty's cause. He wanted no rank, no commission; he would be a common soldier. The King declined the young man's offer, politely, but firmly. Further overtures met with the same fate. Then the poor waifs of fortune were again cast upon its tide.

Let us here be just to the King (we shall have enough to say against him by and by), as well as generous in our sympathies with the exiles. Louis Napoleon's intentions at that time may have been sincere enough, for he was weary and sick at heart, as all exiles soon become; and wanting a steadfast home as well for his mother as himself, he might have settled down as not only one of Louis Philippe's most loyal subjects, but one of the most trusty and valiant defenders of his kingdom. But it was almost in the same way that his uncle had begun; and evil propensities, sad to say, are as apt to run in the blood as virtues and excellences.

The King could not be blamed for not trusting to the chance of everything turning out right, with his throne and his crown at stake. As to a reciprocation of former obligations, such a thing could hardly be expected in this case. What Napoleon had done for Louis Philippe's mother and the Duchess of Bourbon, the King would doubtless have requited in the same way if Hortense and her son were two harmless old women; but the fact was, the ex-Queen of Holland bore a wide reputation for intrigue and diplomacy, and her son was one of the heirs of the defunct dynasty, bearing a name that Paris might any morning rise up and proclaim as that of their new monarch.

As has been before hinted, the Buonapartists also were beginning to crop up pretty thickly, after having been trodden into the ground for some years That very year, on the 5th of May, the anniversary

of the death of their idolized chieftain, some significant demonstrations were made. Crowds collected round the bronze column in the Place Vendôme (where stood the statue of Napoleon), upon the cornices and projecting ornaments of which they flung funeral wreaths of flowers and crape. This was all very quietly done, but had its full force. Nay, it was even witnessed by the police. One man, it is said, looking like a lamp-lighter, mounted the railing which surrounds the base of the column, and arranged the garlands as they were handed to him by the throng without, the sentinels now and then elevating a wreath at the point of the bayonet to be hung higher up! Scraps of doggrel verses eulogistic of the great Napoleon and his deeds were showered about the streets, and picked up by passengers.

This was in the day-time; but under cover of darkness the demonstrations were somewhat more lively. The crowds increased, and the military on duty moved around the place, blocking the avenues to the entrance. Still, it was determined by the soldiers to treat the matter lightly; and instead of fire-arms, fire-engines were resorted to to cool the ardour of the patriots! The sappers and miners set to at the pumps with a will, and a good drenching drove the people off for a time; but they kept collecting round the sacred spot, at intervals, all night and all next morning.

It was evident that the shopkeepers did not view the affair quite so lightly or coolly as the military, for they took the precaution to close hours before their time that evening. All this sort of thing might have been very harmless and orderly in its way; but who could tell what turn things might take next year, with a young Napoleon present in the body at Paris? We must say the King was quite right to turn a

deaf ear to his suppliants' prayers, even though it was a hard thing to do.

Expelled from every refuge that they sought; branded with a name that caused terror and distrust wherever they went; sprung from a race which roused the hatred of the wronged, and even chilled the pity of charity; whither now should this hapless mother and her offspring go? Where, but to that land whose white cliffs have sheltered exiles hunted from every other part of God's universe; whose sea-girt shore was never trod by man's oppressor? Where, but to the Grand Asylum of Europe, as Louis Napoleon subsequently called our free country? Heartsick, and almost heartbroken, Hortense and her son, quitting their native country, landed in England.

CHAPTER III.

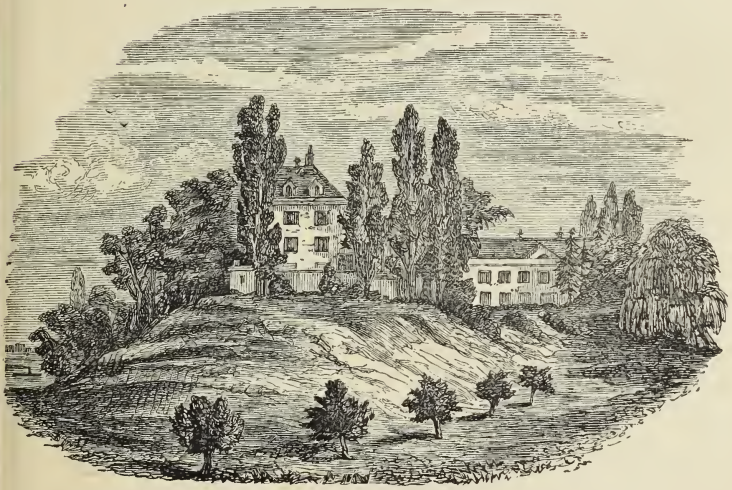
VAULTING AMBITION.

FOREIGNERS driven to our shores, though they fully appreciate the protection afforded them from tyranny and persecution, never can quite get to like the country. Our mode of life is a deal too slow for them; our amusements are much too sober; our regulations much too strict. They smile at our immense pretensions to virtue—at our vast assumption of godliness. It may not strike them, perhaps, that we really are more virtuous and godly than any other race of beings, but it amuses them to see how much we aim to show them we are. A Frenchman, therefore, especially, is seldom more than a week in London before he begins to feel "triste." Every Sunday he is certain to have a fit of the blues. He is a miserable spectacle on that day, met with anywhere; but more particularly wretched in his favourite localities, the Haymarket and Leicester Square, where he looks about as lively as an owl on a ruin. He cannot understand the law of Sabbath decorum which obliges places of amusement, and even the shops, to be shut up; he cannot see the good of that. Nor can he ever cordially fraternize with the natives. He is keenly alive to the marked antipathy of Englishmen to foreigners. John Bull he finds a thoroughbred Pharisee. That good man's eternal boast is that he is an Englishman; that he is not a Frenchman,

nor a German, nor a Russ, nor a Spaniard—that he is an Englishman, God be thanked! J. B. has a natural aversion to broken English, to shrugging of shoulders, to the use of gestures and grimaces in conversation. He connects these manifestations with treachery and deceit, with secret poisonings, the bullet, and the knife; and can in no way associate them with a fair stand-up fight, and no hitting below the belt. He, moreover, does not relish foreign habits and ideas, regarding both generally as indecent and unnatural. Above all, Englishmen have a sterling abhorrence of adventurers, which is not confined to foreign adventurers. It was the same spirit which unearthed the rotting remains of Cromwell, to submit them to the miserable vengeance of a gibbet; that triumphed on the fall of the Gallic Cæsar; that consigned him to a desolate prison, and authorized the insults of his gaoler, Lowe. These feelings and prejudices, no doubt, were prevalent to a greater extent amongst us at the time we are speaking of than now; but the march of civilization has by no means routed them, and a foreigner is still the object of suspicion and distrust.

Not that to a pair of ill-used, helpless beings like Hortense and her son, was exhibited any of this unfriendly feeling on their arrival here. Pharisee as he is, John Bull is a good Christian, and endeavours to do unto others as he would have them do unto him. It is not all self-conceit that bloats his big stomach, there is a heart there as large as that of the animal he derives his name from. He won't stand by and see anybody put upon, even though it be a foreigner. Our refugees, therefore, had little to complain of in the reception they met with in England. They experienced the hospitality of several of the

[1815 to 1836.]



THE CHATEAU OF ARENEMBERG,
CANTON BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

The residence of Queen Hortense during her unhappy differences with the King of Holland. She retired here with Prince Louis on the downfall of the Empire, and it was in this delightful chateau that the Emperor passed his youth, under the careful training of his mother, whose early instructions had much influence on his future career.

Hortense bequeathed Arenemberg to her favourite son, and he, it is believed, presented it to the Empress Eugénie.

leading members of the aristocracy, and, amongst others, the Duke of Bedford entertained them in a princely way at Woburn Lodge. The lower orders also showed them sympathy after their own fashion. Tradesmen paid the utmost civility and deference to the exiles, and rough fellows in the street, when they had pointed out to them the nephew of old "Boney," driven from the land of his birth, clutched at his hand, and, giving it a hearty shake, abjured him to keep his pecker up, for they would see him righted some day. Still, Louis Napoleon and his mother could not make themselves at home in England. Everybody was kind and good to them, but yet they felt more alienated here than they did anywhere they had gone since their misfortunes had tossed them about the world. They could not stay here long; something was wanting for their complete happiness which they could not define.

In about six months, therefore, they set out for their beloved Switzerland, where they settled down at the Château of Arenemberg, in the county of Berne. Here for a while the Prince gave himself up to the pursuit of literature, and wrote some works—notably "Les Rêveries Politiques"—which were calculated to enlist in his behalf public favour, by their tendency to unite democratic and imperial parties. As literary works, they are full of merit, showing great powers of thought and reflection, with a good command of easy, graceful diction.

He became very popular in Switzerland, and his mother's house soon was a centre of attraction, not only to the neighbouring families, but to a large body of the Napoleon party, and that portion of the Republicans whose reverses, when acting alone, induced them to amalgamate themselves with the more powerful and better disciplined bands of the Napoleonists.

Only a few months after his arrival in Switzerland, the Prince was presented by the authorities of the canton of Thurgovia with the rights of citizenship. This honour was conferred upon him, couched in the following terms, by letter :—

"We, the President of the petty council of the canton of Thurgovia, declare that the commune of Sallenstein, having offered the right of communal citizenship to His Highness the Prince Louis Napoleon, out of gratitude for the numerous favours conferred upon the canton by the family of the Duchess of St. Leu since her residence in Arenemberg, and the grand council having afterwards by its unanimous vote of the 14th of April sanctioned this award, and decreed unanimously to His Highness the right of honorary burgess-ship of the canton, with the desire of proving how highly it honours the generous character of this family, and how highly it appreciates the preference they have shown for the canton, declares that His Highness Prince Louis Napoleon, son of the Duke and Duchess of St. Leu, is acknowledged as a citizen of the canton of Thurgovia.

"In virtue of which we have made out the present act of burgess-ship, certified by our signature and the seal of the state.

"The President of the Petty Council,
(Signed) "AUDERWEST.
"The Secretary of State,
(Signed) "MOERIKOFER.

"Given at Frauenfeld, 30th April, 1832."

The Prince sent the following reply in acknowledgment of the honour conferred upon him :—

"Monsieur le Président,

"It is with great pleasure that I have received the right of burgess-ship which the canton has been pleased to offer me. I am happy that new ties now attach me to a country which for sixteen years has afforded to us such kind hospitality. My position as an exile from my country makes me the more sensible of this mark of attention on your part. Believe me, that under all circumstances of my future life, as a Frenchman and a Buonaparte, I shall be proud of being the citizen of a free nation. My mother desires me to say how much she is touched with the interest you have shown towards me. I beg, M. le Président, that you will interpret my sentiments to the council.

"Receive the assurance, &c.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

It will be noticed that the Prince here signs his name as Napoleon Buonaparte, not Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. The reason for this was, that by an order of the Emperor, in case of the death of Louis Napoleon's elder brother, who was named Napoleon Louis, the eldest representative of the family should bear the title of Napoleon. After the Revolution of 1848 he re-altered his signature to Louis Napoleon, owing to some confusion arising from the other prefix to the election papers.

While on this subject, we may explain also the cause of there being two ways of spelling Napoleon's surname, as Buonaparte and Bonaparte. The name originally was spelt with the addition of the "u," but when Napoleon the First came into power he dropped the letter, in order to assimilate his name more with the French language.

The next year (1833) Louis Napoleon was appointed a captain in a Bernese regiment of artillery. This appointment was, however, merely honorary, for there is no permanent army in Switzerland, and its bestowal was only in compliment of a very clever book on artillery which he had just published.

Associated thus, several years of Louis Napoleon's life passed over with barely an incident to mark them. In the year 1835, popular rumour ascribed to him intentions of throwing in for the throne of Portugal, then become vacant, and of aspiring to the hand of the Queen Donna Maria. This he indignantly denied, and his letter on that subject is worth quoting, as showing then his own views of his future career. "Several journals," he says, "have noticed the news of my departure for Portugal, as though I were pretending to the hand of Queen Donna Maria. However flattering to me might be the idea of an union with a youthful Queen, beautiful and virtuous, the widow of a cousin who was very dear to me, it is incumbent on me to refute such a rumour, because there is no circumstance, of which I am aware, which could give rise to it. It is due to myself to add, that in spite of the lively interest which attaches to the destinies of a people who have but recently acquired their rights, I should refuse the honour of sharing the throne of Portugal, should it perchance happen that any persons should direct their eyes to me with that view. The noble conduct of my father, who abdicated a throne in 1810 because he could not unite the interests of France with those of Holland, has not left my memory. My father, by his example, proved to me how far the claims of one's native land are to be preferred even to a throne in a foreign land. I feel, in fact, that, habituated since infancy

[1836.]

THE STRASBOURG AFFAIR.

The artist, in dealing with the details of this inglorious *fiasco*, has assumed a certain poetic licence. The facts were in reality so improbable and absurd, that this departure from strict historical accuracy was, perhaps, almost involuntary.

The Prince, according to writers on the event, conceived that he had only to present himself to the garrison of Strasbourg, in the familiar costume of the first Emperor, to be hailed as his successor. The artist has favoured the sanguine

Nephew with a vision of his illustrious relative. It may be remembered that both these members of the Bonaparte family were rather inclined to believe in omens, visions, fates in the stars, destinies, eagles, and other paraphernalia of superstition.

The Uncle produces his jack-boots—memorable alike in victory and defeat—and counsels his Nephew to tread in his footsteps. He awakes, and finds his great predecessor pointing to these links in the Napoleonic chain. The artist humorously represents Napoleon departing in Louis' "trodden-down bluchers."

to cherish the thought of my native land above every other consideration, I should not be able to hold anything in higher esteem than the interests of France. Persuaded as I am that the great name which I bear will not always be held as a ground of exclusion in the eyes of my fellow-countrymen—since that name recalls to them fifteen years of glory—I wait with composure in a hospitable and free country until the time shall come when the nation shall recall into its bosom those who, in 1815, were expatriated by the will of two hundred thousand strangers. This hope of one day serving France as a citizen and as a soldier fortifies my soul, and is worth, in my estimation, all the thrones in the world."

To prove that the foregoing sentiments were not mere idle vaunts, he put in execution a project very shortly, that had for its object the return of his family to France.

It should be mentioned here that, on the death of the Duke of Reischtadt, Napoleon's own son, which took place in 1832, Louis Napoleon became the rightful heir of his uncle's throne, and the sole hope of the Buonapartists. As yet no blow had been struck with a view of advancing his claims in this respect; but it was perfectly evident that France was thoroughly tired of its citizen king, who was getting more insufferable every day, and it seemed probable that any movement properly and vigorously made to effect his overthrow would be seconded by his disgusted subjects.

Louis Napoleon began to feel convinced of this idea, and was greatly encouraged by his party to make the attempt, which might have ended more disastrously than it did, but which, from its utter failure, brought his name into a good deal of contempt and ridicule.

This was the insurrectionary movement at Strasburg. The town in question was not badly selected for a rising of the kind, on account of its vicinity to the head-quarters of the disaffected in Switzerland, and of its being a great fortress, as well as of its adjoining provinces where Republican notions prevailed.

The chief associates of the Prince in this affair were Colonel Vaudrey, the commandant of a regiment of artillery in Strasburg, whose influence with his men, it was supposed, would serve the Prince's cause, a M. Parquin, and M. (afterwards Count) Persigny, who, it will be remembered, was the French ambassador in London some few years ago. These were all men of the right stamp. Colonel Vaudrey was a brave soldier, who had greatly distinguished himself at Waterloo. M. Parquin was also a soldier of the true military type, while M. Persigny was a clever tactician and consummate diplomatist.

For some two or three months preceding the attempt, Louis Napoleon had taken up his residence at Baden, so as to be nearer the French frontier and avoid espionage.

It was here, while he appeared to be plunging into the vices and pleasures of that celebrated town of gamblers and roués, that he planned the outbreak, and waited for a favourable opportunity to carry out his designs. At length it was thought the proper time had arrived, and accordingly he set out on his expedition, on the 26th of October, 1836. The next day he arrived at Sohr, where he was obliged to stay till the morrow, as the axle of his calèche had broken down ; but on the 28th he quitted Sohr, and passing through Fribourg, Neubriach, and Colmar, arrived in Strasburg at midnight. On the following morning he had an interview with Colonel Vaudrey, to whom

[1836.]

THE STRASBOURG AFFAIR—*(continued.)*

In the last illustration the old Emperor had presented his ambitious Nephew with his "Jack-boots" as a passport to the Empire. The latter entered Strasbourg in these martial appendages, and as they were immediately recognized by a shoeblack —who polished them gratuitously—his confidence was considerably raised.

The attempt was made in early morning. Louis Napoleon firs presented himself to Colonel Vaudrey.

The Colonel, as soon as he beheld the cherished boots, could not withhold his enthusiasm; he first embraced the Prince, and then presented him to his regiment, who gave him a very encouraging reception. An eagle, which originally topped the standard of the 7th regiment of the line (Napoleon had served as captain in this company), formed part of the "properties." The artist represents the Prince kissing a carved walking-stick, surmounted with a cockatoo, in burlesque of this circumstance.

he submitted his plan of operations. The Colonel replied to him as follows:—"It is not here a question of a conflict of arms; your cause is too French and too pure to be soiled by spilling French blood. There is only one course to pursue which is worthy of you, because it will avoid all collision: when you are at the head of my regiment, we will march together to General Voirol—an old soldier will not be able to resist the sight of you and that of the Imperial Eagle, when he knows that the garrison is with you."

The Prince agreed to this arrangement. At night he repaired to a house which had been specially engaged for the assembling of himself and his supporters, previous to their moving to the barracks where the regiment aforesaid would be assembled in the morning.

He there found his friends in conclave, and thanking them for their devotion to his cause, assured them that from that moment they would share together whatever might come of good or evil fortune. One of them had brought an eagle, and on its being recognized as that of the 7th regiment of the line, which the first Napoleon had served as captain, they pressed it to their hearts with genuine emotion.

The rest of the night the Prince spent in writing his proclamations, which with his customary caution he did not think expedient to print before.

Six o'clock in the morning was the hour appointed. It came, and Louis Napoleon himself thus describes the effect the striking of the hour had upon him:—"Never did the strokes of a clock re-echo with such force through my heart; and in a moment's time the sound of the bugle at the Quartier d'Austerlitz accelerated still further its beatings." Immediately the Prince was apprised that Colonel Vaudrey was

waiting for him, he sallied forth, dressed in a uniform the fac-simile of that worn by the first Napoleon, so familiar to his soldiers, and in fact to the world. He was accompanied by M. Parquin, in the uniform of a general of brigade, on one side, and a commander of battalion bearing the eagle in his hand on the other, while about a dozen more officers followed in their wake.

They quickly reached the barrack, where Colonel Vaudrey was in waiting, and the regiment was drawn up in order of battle. On the Prince advancing, the Colonel harangued his men.

"Soldiers," he cried, "a great revolution is commencing this moment. The nephew of the Emperor Napoleon is before you. He comes to put himself at your head. He has arrived on the soil of France to restore to it liberty and glory. The time has come when you must act or die for a great cause—the cause of the people. Soldiers, can the nephew of the Emperor count upon you?"

A tremendous shout of "Vive Napoléon!" "Vive l'Empéreur!" was the immediate response, accompanied by a waving of sabres and the clashing of arms. These demonstrations lasted some seconds, and the Prince essayed to speak, but his voice was drowned by the cheers of the men. At length the Colonel made a signal for silence, which followed.

The Prince then addressed the soldiers in the following speech:—

"Resolved to conquer or to die in the cause of the French nation, it was before you that I wished to present myself in the first instance, because between you and me exist some grand recollections in common. It was in your regiment that the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, served as a captain; it was in your company that he distinguished himself at the

siege of Toulon ; and it was also your brave regiment that opened the gates of Grenoble to him on his return to Elba. Soldiers! new destinies are in reserve for you. To you is accorded the glory of commencing a great enterprise—to you it is given first to salute the eagle of Austerlitz and Wagram!' The Prince here snatched the eagle from the officer who bore it, and continued : — "Soldiers! behold the symbol of the glory of France, destined also to become the emblem of liberty! During fifteen years it led our fathers to victory ; it has glittered upon every field of battle ; it has traversed all the capitals of Europe. Soldiers! will you not rally round this noble standard, which I confide to your honour and your courage? Will you refuse to march with me against the betrayers and oppressors of our country, to the cry of 'Vive la France! vive la Liberté!'"

The men responded with cheer after cheer, and the most intense excitement prevailed.

Having succeeded to the utmost of his hopes with this regiment, Louis Napoleon took immediate steps to gain over to his cause the remainder of the garrison. Placing himself, therefore, at the head of the soldiers, and the military band striking up, he marched them to the head-quarters of the general. He was everywhere received with cries of "Vive l'Empéreur!"

On the way to the general's quarters he sent an officer with a file of men to a printer's to have his proclamations put into type, and a similar party to arrest the prefect.

He and his newly acquired force then arrived at the General's before the latter was dressed. The Prince went straight up to him, and offering to embrace him, said, "General, I come to you as a

friend. I should be much grieved to raise our old tri-coloured flag without having with me a brave soldier like yourself. The garrison is on my side; therefore make up your mind and follow me."

The General was by no means so enthusiastic about the new Emperor as his men. He stood struck with amazement at the proposal, but at length returned a cold reply. "Prince," said he, "you have been deceived; the army knows its duties, and I will go at once to prove it to you."

He presented himself before his soldiers, and ordered them to return to their obedience to the King. This order was received with shouts of defiance and "Vive l'Empéreur!"

He beat a retreat, but a picket that the Prince had placed in readiness captured him, and he was locked up. Meanwhile the detachments previously sent on various errands fulfilled their mission with promptitude and success. A suitable printer was seized and compelled to set to work on the manuscript proclamations, which were all worked off in a short time and posted about the city. The hotel of the prefect was besieged, and that functionary speedily put under arrest. The colonel of the third regiment of artillery was made prisoner in his own house. In short, the rapidity with which everything was done was only equalled by its audacity.

Much has been said and written about the madness of this attempted outbreak at Strasburg, but we think the sequel will show that it was so well planned that it was within an ace of proving the most complete and astounding piece of strategy on record.

By this time the majority of the inhabitants were beginning to move about, and when they heard what was going on, their enthusiasm for the Prince's cause

was as great as had been that of the soldiers. They rent the air with cries of "Vive l'Empéreur!" which resounded from street to street and echoed over the entire city. Many, and fervent too, are said to have been the prayers publicly offered for the success of the design. Louis Napoleon saw and heard all this, but it had been well for his scheme that he had not. It put him entirely off his guard. He considered the garrison gained, and the road to Paris opened before his view, strewn with flowers, and resonant with popular acclamations. He had, as will be seen, a great deal to do yet before such dreams could be realized.

Quitting General Voirol's quarters, the Prince proceeded to the Finkmatt Barracks, where the 46th regiment was quartered. He had sent on before him a messenger to apprise the regiment of his coming, but from some accident the messenger had not reached the barracks before him, and consequently, instead of finding the men, as he expected, assembled in the court-yard to meet and welcome him, he discovered they were still in their rooms, preparing for inspection. This was the first hitch in the proceedings, but it did not appear to be a formidable one, for the soldiers, on hearing the magic name of Napoleon, rushed to the windows, and with the heedless impetuosity of their nation, quickly caught up the cry of "Vive l'Empéreur!" especially as it was vociferated by the mouths of some hundreds of their garrison comrades. In another moment they had all rushed into the yard, and stood gazing upon the young man who called himself the nephew of their old Emperor. The situation was critical in every way. Now came upon the scene their commanding officer, Colonel Taillander. He looked the Prince up and down, with scorn and rage burning in his face; then turning to his regiment, cried with great

vehemence, "Soldiers, you are deceived! that man is no nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He is an impostor and a cheat! He is a relative of Colonel Vaudrey!"

This was an extraordinary statement, but no doubt the expression of an honest conjecture. Unhappily, it was favoured by appearances. The Prince's face had not a single feature resembling the Emperor, owing, his enemies say, to a doubtful paternity. His figure, too, was nothing like the well-proportioned, dapper little frame of his uncle. The only point of similarity was the absurd fac-simile uniform, which was all the more calculated to inspire the notion of its wearer being a counterfeit.

The cry raised by the colonel was echoed by a subaltern, who rushed out of the ranks to arrest the Prince forthwith. A decisive step here would have turned the tide in his favour, but Louis Napoleon, glutted with so much previous success, was too confident. In an instant the story of the alleged imposture gained credence; the soldiers were furious; the supposed cheat was surrounded; his life was in imminent danger; some, but very few, of his adherents made—for the majority also began to doubt his identity—a movement at a rescue, but were driven back and dispersed; in fine, ere the time it takes to relate it, the scheme entirely collapsed, and the Prince and his associates were made prisoners. Most of his supporters managed to make themselves scarce, but the following ringleaders were instantly pounced upon:—Colonel Vaudrey, M. Parquin, Count de Gucourt, Lieutenant de Quevelles, Lieutenant Laity, Sergeant-Major Boisson, Louis Napoleon's man-servant, and subsequently a young actress named Mdlle. Gordon, who had taken a prominent part in the conspiracy, *con amore.*

[1836.]

THE STRASBOURG AFFAIR—*(concluded.)*

The Prince next addressed a patriotic speech to the soldiers who formed Colonel Vaudrey's regiment, and, after prophesying the glories of their new destiny, he invited them to rally round the standard of Austerlitz.

The emotion was profound, and everything seemed to favour this daring attempt to upset a powerful Government (which that of Louis Philippe undoubtedly was at

the date of the *coup*), when, lo ! an unbeliever appeared on the scene, who covered the pretensions of the Prince with confusion and contempt. Colonel Taillander declared him to be both a cheat and impostor, and nothing more than a relative of Colonel Vaudrey, who had warmly assisted the attempt.

The appearance of Louis Napoleon certainly did not favour the statement of his relationship to the Idol of France. The artist has given a more laughable termination to the heroic venture by substituting the man who made the "Jack-boots" in Colonel Taillander's place. This man declared that *he* manufactured the imposing "Napoleons," that they are *unpaid* for, and that the wearer, immediately on their arrival, deposited them as security for an advance of funds with a relative. Only in that sense, therefore, might they be regarded as "his Uncle's boots!" This adventure ended in the arrest of the Prince.

The immediate effect produced in Paris by the news of this affair was intense excitement, notwithstanding that the official despatches did their best, as usual, to tone down their accounts of it. The name of Napoleon itself was quite enough to upset all such precautions. The funds went up rapidly, and people waited breathlessly for fuller details. The ex-Queen of Naples (sister of Napoleon the First), who was in Paris at that time, was arrested. She was accused of making some law proceedings a pretext for her presence in the French capital, while her real purpose was to further the insurrectionary designs of her nephew. With what truth this charge was brought against this lady is not known, but the Bourbons were not likely to let even an innocent Buonaparte be free at such a moment. She was further suspected of a complicity in other conspiracies, and was all at once considered to be a very dangerous person.

CHAPTER IV.

NATURAL CONSEQUENCES.

FOR some considerable period Paris continued to talk of nothing but the insurrection at Strasburg. The people were moved to a man by an event which, as later accounts reached the city, would, but for an accidental circumstance, and the prompt measures taken on the first advantage being gained, have assumed a very serious aspect, if it did not terminate in the overthrow of the existing Government. General Voirol, the commandant of the garrison, seems to have made capital out of the matter. He wrote a long letter to the Minister of War, in which he did not omit to put himself forward as the chief agent in quelling the disturbance. He says :—

"A picket, commanded by M. Parquin, took possession of my drawing-room, but the loyal and brave cannoniers, attending to my voice, and guided by sentiments of duty and honour, surrounded me, and, having mounted my horse, I marched out with them, sword in hand, and proceeded to the citadel, of which I caused the drawbridge to be raised, and where I knew I should find a faithful regiment—the 16th of the line—which had just returned from the camp of Compiègne. The brave soldiers, recollecting our young princes, received me with cries of 'Long live the King!' and evinced an enthusiasm only to be

met with on the field of battle, in the presence of the enemy."

Now, all this bravery and enthusiasm took place, without the shadow of a doubt—if indeed at all—when the row was all over; for every authority mentions the time between the Prince's leaving the General, and his arrest in the barracks of the 46th regiment, as being extraordinarily brief; furthermore, the picket guarding the General, it may be surmised, would only have given up their charge when it was no longer of use to detain him. Nor was this the only case in which personal advancement was sought by vaunts of bravery and loyalty, for over two hundred persons claimed the honour of having arrested M. Parquin, while it was afterwards proved that a sergeant-major had the sole title to it.

The General, however, by a grateful king and country, was immediately made the recipient of the dignity and emoluments of a peer of the realm! Colonel Taillander, who was the real hero of the day, does not appear to have had his important services recognized.

After a short durance in the barracks, the participators in the conspiracy were removed in carriages, under escort, to the civil prison of Strasburg, to await orders from Paris as to their future disposal.

The Prince's first thought and care was about the fate of his accomplices, and he never ceased to take all the blame upon himself for all that had happened. He was particularly anxious and concerned about Colonel Vaudrey, whom he protested he had seduced from his allegiance to the King, and that but for him the Colonel would still have been loyal. On this subject he lost no time in writing to General Voirol, urging that he (the General) "was in honour bound to interest himself for Colonel Vaudrey, for

that it was probably to the Colonel's attachment to him, and the consideration with which he had treated him, that the non-success of the enterprise was attributable." He at the same time insisted that the whole rigour of the law should be visited upon himself, as he was the leader from whom alone anything could be feared.

The preliminary measures for the trial of the delinquents were not long in being taken, and the King, advised by Count Molé, determined upon having it held at the Court of Assizes for the department of the Indre et Loire. M. Guizot and the rest of the Cabinet were for sending the matter to the Chamber of Peers. In the course of a week the captives were informed that an order had been received for their removal to Paris. On hearing this, and that he would be separated from his fellow-prisoners, the Prince wrote a letter to his mother, of which the following is an extract:—

"When I perceived that my departure from Strasburg was inevitable, and that my lot was to be separated from that of the other accused parties, I experienced a grief which it would be difficult to describe. There I was, forced to abandon men who had devoted themselves to me; and I was deprived of the means of making known, in my defence, my views and intentions. I felt that I was receiving a pretended favour from one to whom I had wished to do the greatest injury. I wasted my breath in complaints and regrets, but all I could do was to protest."

The brave lady and affectionate mother to whom the letter was addressed did not receive it, for she was already at Paris, at the feet of the King, suing for a pardon for her son! Surely there never was a case in which maternal love and solicitude shone with

a greater lustre, and did more honour to the sacred name of mother. His Majesty would give her no definite promise, except that he would do all he could for her, upon due consideration.

The Paris gossip, in the interim, was almost entirely confined to the conspiracy and the youthful conspirator. Considering the nature of the attempt, the French were, for the most part, disposed to treat the matter more in the light of an indiscretion than of a really heinous offence.

Some curious rumours got afloat as to the primary origin of the insurrection. One was to the effect that the notion was actually conceived in 1832; that at that period Louis Napoleon intended to make the attempt in the name of the Duc de Reischtadt, whom he meant to carry off against his will, and bring him into France, to proclaim him as Napoleon II.; that, failing in the above attempt, he would proclaim him in his absence; that Prince Metternich, becoming aware of this project, nipped it in the bud; and that the French Government was put in possession of all details.

Another rumour said that an officer in an infantry regiment, only four months previous to the rising, had received overtures from the Prince which he for some time did not heed, but receiving several other offers of the same description, he thought it to be his duty to communicate the matter to the Minister of War; that the Minister laid it before the Council, and the officer in question, on being presented before the King, was thanked by His Majesty for the communication; that, shortly after, a correspondence took place between the Minister and the General of Division at Strasburg on the subject; that when the occurrence actually took place, the King said to Marshal Maison, "This is, in fact, what was an-

nounced to me four months ago." The private correspondence, it was further asserted, subsequently discovered in the Minister's secretary's office, amply proved the facts.

We very much doubt the accuracy of all these statements, notwithstanding the assertion made as to their authenticity. The French papers of that day were deplorably incorrect and conjectural. They did not, or rather could not, even furnish the public with the real facts of events till days after they had happened.

For instance, the fate of Louis Napoleon had been settled by the Government almost a week before it was authentically announced. That fate was a very merciful one. It was that the young man who had conspired against the throne, and indirectly, perhaps, the life of the King, was not to be brought to trial with the other prisoners, but was forthwith to be exiled to America.

Sinister motives for this extraordinary leniency were attributed to both the King and the Government. The most feasible of these were, that the Duchess of St. Leu having given her solemn pledge for her son that he should not again transgress, and the Prince himself having renounced all claims to the throne, this was an easy way of getting rid of a dangerous criminal whose blood they were afraid to spill. It was even publicly asserted that the King did not dare to try the young Prince with whose name was associated so much of which the people were proud, and that mercy in this case was an act of expediency. That there were some grounds for such insinuations cannot be denied, but it is equally clear that, with all his faults and weaknesses, Louis Philippe was a really good-natured man, and it is more than likely that his pity for a misguided youth

and a heartbroken mother solely induced him to adopt such temperate measures. What share Hortense had in the salvation of her son can only be conjectured. She could not have been more strenuous in her exertions if her own life were at stake, and very probably she would not have striven half as hard even in such a case. Count Molé had daily and almost hourly visits from her, mostly in the disguise of a servant bearing messages, so that she might not be recognized. Every plea that her woman's ingenuity and her maternal anxiety could suggest she put forward, and urged on her knees, with tears and sobs piteous enough to move even a Cabinet Minister, till at length the Count assured her that the Prince should come to no harm, or he himself would immediately resign. Her expressions of gratitude may be readily imagined.

Censorious individuals were not wanting who said that the Duchess's prompt appearance at the foot of the throne was a part of the scheme. They even went so far as to affirm that she was privately resident in Paris, on the very day that the insurrection broke out, in order to be ready to act according to emergency. Both assertions were subsequently proved to be malicious falsehoods. With regard to the first, the Prince had written two letters, one of which he sealed with red, and the other with black wax ; if he succeeded in his attempt, he intended to send the one with the red seal ; if he failed, the one with the black seal. The latter was sent off to Switzerland immediately after his capture.

As for her lurking in secret, for the purpose alleged, prior to the date of the movement, the fact was established that she did not leave Switzerland till the 2nd of November, or three days afterwards, when she got her son's letter.

The Bourbons were eternally spreading evil reports about this lady, for they feared her from the immense influence she not only once but still possessed in France—more, perhaps, than all the other adherents of the Buonaparte dynasty. History amply proves them capable of any extent of baseness; but its pages alike record, for the satisfaction of millions who have suffered by their crimes, the retributions meted out to them.

His offence being thus compromised, no time was lost, on the part of the Government, in getting rid of their prisoner, whose stay in the capital would doubtless have produced disturbances, which under existing circumstances were well avoided. The Duchess of St. Leu could not accompany her son, as she could not leave her estate at Arenemberg unattended to. But it was her intention then to repair to Switzerland, sell off everything, and follow him.

They did not meet to take a farewell of each other, for the Prince arrived in Paris at two o'clock in the morning of the 11th of November, and was actually hurried away to the coast at four o'clock, only two hours afterwards! He had time, however, to write her an affectionate letter, in which he says:—"I perceive in the step which you have taken all the affection you feel for me. You thought only of the danger which I incurred, but you did not reflect that honour obliged me to share the fate of my companions in misfortune. It has caused me poignant grief to forsake those men, whom I led on to their ruin, when my presence and my depositions might have influenced the jury in their favour. I wrote to the King to beg of him to regard them with lenity; it is the only favour which can touch my heart. I am about to embark for America; but, my dear mother, I implore you not to follow me, if you would not add

to my grief. I beg of you, dear mother, to watch over the wants of the prisoners of Strasburg. Take care of the two sons of Colonel Vaudrey, who are at Paris with their mother. I could easily reconcile myself to my fate, if I knew that my companions in misfortune would not be deprived of their lives; but to have on one's conscience the death of brave soldiers is a bitter grief which cannot be effaced. Adieu, my dear mother! Receive my thanks for all the proofs of affection which you give me. Return to Arenemberg, but do not come and join me in America; it would make me too unhappy. Adieu! Receive my affectionate embrace. I love you always with all my heart."

On the 14th of November, or just a fortnight after the disastrous event, the Prince arrived at L'Orient. The trumpet of rumour had sounded his approach, and the natives of the town collected in crowds to have a look at the nephew of their grand Emperor; but he was speedily lodged in the citadel, and they did not see much of him.

The weather being extremely unfavourable for putting out to sea, he remained here several days. During this time his continual thoughts and theme were of his fellow-conspirators. To his mother he wrote again that he felt deeply in not being allowed to share the fate of his companions in misfortune; that he was thereby deprived of the opportunity of deposing to several matters which were in favour of the accused.

These letters must either prove him a consummate hypocrite, or those who invented the story of his renunciation of all claims to his uncle's throne as the price of his pardon, consummate liars. Had they been written to any one except his mother—to whom they would have been absurd, if the two were

leagued together—there might have existed a doubt as to the alternatives; but, as the case stands, there can be none. He also expressed himself in the same way to the prefect, and, in fact, to everybody whose ear he could gain. What weight any protestations or depositions on his part could have had, however, on the fate of his companions, it is difficult to see; for they were caught in the act of treason, for which they were to be tried. He little knew then that the leniency shown to him was the very best thing that could have happened for his companions.

Enough now has, perhaps, been said of this event in a life so full of events. Whatever the aspirant to the throne lost by the failure of his scheme, it cannot be denied that he got well out of his scrape. He was assailed, it is true, by the bitterest calumnies, not only directed against himself, but against his mother, which, doubtless, he felt more keenly. He was mercilessly laughed at; he was dubbed a madman and an ass; but he had philosophy enough to bear all this, and faith enough in his "destiny" to fortify himself with the thought that the day would come when his detractors would turn sycophants, and his lampooners panegyrists.

After a confinement of a week in the fortress, the Prince was waited upon by the sub-prefect, who informed him that the frigate, the *Andromede*, in which he was to make his voyage, was ready to set sail—a piece of news he was not ill-pleased to hear. A procession was then formed, composed of the magistrates of the town and the officers of the Gendarmerie, by whom their prisoner was conducted forth over the drawbridge, which was let down. They passed to the beach between two files of soldiers, keeping a space clear from the crowds who flocked to witness the Royal exile's departure.

Much sympathy was expressed and emotion displayed by all classes, which afforded the Prince no small gratification. But this feeling of pride was transient, for on reaching the deck of the vessel his countenance fell, and he is said to have shed tears as he gazed upon the receding shores of his native country, which he loved so well, and from which he had hoped so much since his boyhood. All that could be done to ameliorate his position was carefully attended to; he was apportioned the best cabin in the ship, and supplied with all the luxuries and comforts he could possibly desire. The voyage, too, was a pleasant one, though not attended with incidents of any remarkable character.

Amongst Louis Napoleon's fellow-passengers was a necromancer, or one who professed himself such. The Prince, as much to humour the fellow as to have something to amuse himself with, consulted the oracle as to his future career. The result may be guessed: a prophecy issued from his lips that a member of the Napoleon family—he could give no further particulars of identity—would make a successful rising in France, and overthrow the reigning monarch, within a very few years! The rogue of course knew the "subject" he was dealing with, but it is not at all improbable that even such an absurd assurance had some comfort in it for him whom it was intended to cajole.

The vessel made a very circuitous passage, going first of all to Brazil, before proceeding to New York, in accordance with the orders received by the captain, a gentleman named Villeneuve, who is said to have been a very agreeable, obliging, kindly old salt.

Hortense received several letters from her son while he was making this roundabout voyage.

When they had passed the tropics he writes:—"We have got through the winter, and are again in the midst of summer. [This was in the middle of December.] To the storms of the north have succeeded the trade winds, which allow me to remain as much as I please on deck. Seated on the poop, I reflect on what has happened to me, and think of Arenemberg and you. Our situations are greatly modified by the affections of our minds; two months ago my strongest desire was never to return to Switzerland, and now, if I were free to follow my inclinations, I would fly eagerly back to it, and sit down once more in that little room overlooking the beautiful country in which I fancy I ought to have been so happy. But when we feel strongly, it is generally our lot to be overwhelmed by the weight of inaction or in the convulsion of painful situations."

Such letters as these, when generally read, must surely tend to soften the harsh opinion of the man who wrote them, to some extent prevalent in the public mind, from uncontradicted calumnies circulated by self-interested and malignant adversaries.

Much deference and kindness was paid to the Prince by all on board. On New Year's Day, which with our neighbours across the channel is a festive occasion, the officers went into his cabin and cordially wished him a happy New Year. They dined together, and he drank his mother's health, of which he wrote to inform her, adding that he thought at the same time she no doubt was dining at Arenemberg, and forming similar loving wishes for him. The library, of course, was a very limited one, but there were at least two books after his own heart, the works of Châteaubriand and Rousseau, which he read over again with as much pleasure as when he at first perused them.

In this sort of way, and with nothing more out of the common of sea voyages than a fearful tornado, in which much danger was apprehended, the Prince gained the land of his exile.

The first piece of news that reached him from Europe was, that those for whom he had experienced so much anxiety and solicitude, his fellow-plotters at Strasburg, had been brought to trial and unconditionally discharged. He had little expected such a termination of the affair, and of course it afforded him the liveliest satisfaction.

The proceedings in this trial were, perhaps, some of the most remarkable on record. The evidence could not possibly have been more conclusive, but the jury had made up their minds. They waited patiently till all the witnesses were examined; till the counsel for and against had exhausted all their eloquence; till the judge had made his damaging comments; and then they acquitted the prisoners!

The excitement and enthusiasm of the people during the case, which lasted some days, was unbounded, and the verdict was hailed with deafening applause. The Government, of course, was in a great state of confusion. One of its members denounced the issue of the trial as a lasting disgrace to the administration of the justice of France. Perhaps it was; but there was something to be said on the other side.

In the first place, the prisoners should have been tried at the Supreme Court of the Chamber of Peers, which, according to French law, was alone competent to deal with civil and military offenders on the same charge; and then the popular feeling had been worked upon by the fact that, while the chief of the conspirators was not only pardoned without a trial, but provided with a free passage into exile, his accomplices were called upon to bear the brunt of

the offence. The jury would not sanction such a proceeding. However, the matter led to warm disputes in the Chamber of Deputies, and the question whether a trial by jury was exactly suited to the French constitution was gravely raised. Meanwhile, the agreeably surprised captives got scot free, and made themselves scarce as expeditiously as they could.

CHAPTER V.

FLIGHT OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, on landing in America, discovered he was not entirely without kith and kin in that country, for his two cousins Achille and Lucien Murat were settled down there, one as an officer in the American army, and the other with a highly lucrative civil post. But, from all accounts, he had no reason to congratulate himself on this circumstance.

The exile was, of course, an object of immense interest to a people so curious as those of the United States, whose inquisitiveness has made them remarkable in that respect. He checked their impertinence with that haughty reserve which has characterized Louis Napoleon from a youth, and it was only a select few who were admitted to his acquaintance, to say nothing of his confidence, of which he, from habit caused by perpetual espionage, was exceedingly sparing.

After living in the cities of the American Union for some time, quietly and almost alone, devoting himself to the study of political questions suggested by the government, laws, and condition of the American people, he went on a journey of scientific inquiry into Central America, where he formed an engineering scheme, on which he afterwards published his remarks,

almost as gigantic as that carried out by M. de Lesseps in the present day.

His friends, the Bourbons, as if it were not enough to expatriate him, pursued him with persecutions and gross aspersions of character even into exile. Their hired minions, too, went about France representing him as living a life of infamy so deep that it would be a disgrace to the French people ever again to own him as a citizen.

No higher testimony could be given, however, of the rectitude of his career during his stay in America than the following extracts of a letter, written long afterwards by Captain Stewart, one of the most eminent and widely esteemed officers in the American navy. "His favourite topics," says Captain Stewart, "when we were alone, were his uncle the Emperor, his mother, and his immediate family, in whom he had been deeply interested; his own relations to France by birth and imperial registry; the inducements which led to the attempted revolution at Strasburg; the causes of its failure; and, his chief support, his mortification at the result—'the will of God,' to use his own words, 'through a direct interposition of his Providence; the time had not yet come.' He seemed ever to feel that his personal dignity was indissolubly linked with France, or, as his mother, Hortense, expressed it in her will, 'to know his position'; and the enthusiasm with which, at times, he gave utterance to his aspirations for the prosperity, the happiness, and the honour of his country, and to the high purposes which he designed to accomplish for her as a ruler, amounted in words, voice, and manner to positive eloquence. Had I taken notes of some of these conversations, they would be considered, now, when his visions of power and earthly glory are realized, scarcely less epigrammatic and elevated in

thought, or, as related to himself, less prophetic, than many which have been recorded from the lips of the exile of St. Helena.

"He was winning in the invariableness of his amiability, often playful in spirits and manner, and warm in his affections. He was a most fondly attached son, and seemed to idolize his mother. When speaking of her, the intonation of his voice and his whole manner were often as gentle and feminine as those of a woman.

"It had been his purpose to spend a year in making a tour of the United States, that he might have a better knowledge of our institutions, and observe for himself the practical workings of our political systems. With this expectation he consulted me and others as to the arrangement of the route of travel, so as to visit the different sections of the Union at the most desirable seasons.

"After such opportunities of knowing the mind and heart and general character of Louis Napoleon, it was with great surprise that I for the first time read, in a distant part of the world, when he had become an Emperor, representations in the public journals of his life in New York (and New Orleans too, though he never was there), which would induce a belief that he had been, when here, little better than a vagabond—low in his associations, intemperate in his indulgences, and dissipated in his habits. In both eating and drinking he was, so far as I observed, abstemious rather than self-indulgent. I repeatedly breakfasted, dined, and supped in his company, and never knew him to partake of anything stronger in drink than the light wines of France and Germany, and of these in great moderation. I have been with him early and late, unexpectedly as well as by appointment, and never saw reason

for the slightest suspicion of any irregularity in his habits.

"Louis Napoleon may have had some associations in New York of which I was ignorant, and he, like Dickens and other distinguished foreigners, may have carried his observations, under the protection of the police, to scenes in which I would not have accompanied him. If he did I never heard of it, and have now no reason to suppose that such was the fact. But that he was an habitué, as has been publicly reported, of drinking saloons and oyster cellars, gambling houses and places of worse repute, I do not believe. I can recall to my recollection no young man of the world whom I have ever met, who, in what seemed an habitual elevation of mind, and an invariable dignity of bearing, would have been less at home than he in such associations.

"There was, however, in New York, at the same time, and for the same period, a Prince Buonaparte, who was, I have reason to think, of a very different character. His antecedents in Europe had not been favourable, and his reputation here was not good. He, too, was an exile, but not for a political offence. He may not have been received in society, and may have had low associations. I met him, but from this impression formed no acquaintance with him. For the same reason the intercourse between him and his cousin was infrequent and formal. All that has been said and published of the one may be true of the other; and in search for the reminiscences of the sojourn in New York of Louis Napoleon, on his elevation to the throne fifteen years afterwards, it is not difficult to believe that those ignorant of the presence here, at the same time, of two persons of the same name and title, may have confounded the acts and character of the one with the other. This

I doubt not is the fact, and that however general and firmly established the impression to the contrary may be, the reproach of a disreputable life here does not justly attach itself to him who is now confessedly the most able, the most fortunate, and the most remarkable sovereign in Europe."

Every man has a harmless shadow that follows him about, assuming his make and shape, and mimicking his gait and gestures; but to some men is allotted a more tangible one—flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone, which falls like a blight on the whole of their race. Those three social furies, envy, hatred, and malice, shriek with delight when they can get hold of an effigy like it to burn at honest people's doors.

The exile's wanderings were cut short by a most unexpected and painful piece of intelligence from Europe. It was contained in a letter from his mother, which ran as follows:—

"My dear Son,

"I am about to undergo an operation which has become absolutely necessary. In case it should not terminate successfully, I send you in this letter my blessing. We shall meet again—shall we not?—in a better world, where may you come to join me as late as possible; and you will believe that, in quitting this world, I regret only leaving yourself and your fond, affectionate disposition, which alone has given any charm to my existence. This will be a consolation for you, my dear friend—to reflect that, by your attentions, you have rendered your mother as happy as circumstances could allow her. You will think, also, of all my affection for you, and this will inspire you with courage. Think this, that we shall always have a benevolent, clear-sighted feeling for all that

passes in this world below, and that assuredly we shall meet again. Reflect upon this consolatory idea ; it is one which is too necessary not to be true. And that good Arese, I send him my blessing as to a son. I press you to my heart, my dear friend. I am calm, perfectly resigned ; and I would still hope that we may meet again, even in this world. The will of God be done !

"Your affectionate Mother,

"HORTENSE.

"*3rd April*, 1837."

Letters like this must awaken in the most apathetic natures remembrances that have slumbered for years ; there can be no heart proof against these sad tracings of a dying hand. Marble would weep, had it but tears, over such deeply pathetic words. For him to whom they were addressed, they opened an abyss of grief. An eye-witness of his sorrow says he cried, "My mother is ill ! I shall take the next packet to England. I will apply for passports to the Continent at every embassy in London, and, if unsuccessful, will make my way to her without them." And he did.

There have been *men* who have had the heartlessness to blame him for this act. They have deliberately abused him as a person who could not be trusted on his oath, because, forsooth, they alleged that he had broken his promise to remain ten years in America, by going to see a dying mother ! He himself swears he gave no such undertaking, and there is certainly no written record of his having done so authenticated by his signature. Nevertheless, granted he did, could any one but a creature whose instincts would disgrace a reptile deny the son of such a mother the sad consolation of tending

her in her last moments? Away with the wretch! Mutilate him, so that he shall no longer carry about with him the image of God; hoof him and horn him, and then take his picture as a fiend incarnate.

Whatever risk he ran, or malignant comments he caused, he came, and found the idol of his life—the one object on whom he had lavished all his affections—the mother who not merely gave him life, and aided and tended him through his helpless infancy, but who had been his protector and his preserver throughout all his troubles and dangers, his guardian angel, his all in all—was about to be taken away from him. He watched her from day to day, we may be sure, with a breaking heart, for some glimmering hope of her recovery. He ministered to her, we may be equally certain, with all the pious duty of a devotedly attached son. Ah! let us not peer further into that sacred chamber, where all that was left of this good woman and fond mother lay in its last sleep, on the 5th of October, 1837.

Hortense left a will, of which the following is a remarkable extract:—

"I wish that my husband may erect some memorial to my memory, and that he should know that my greatest regret was that I could not render him happy. I have no political advice to give to my son; I know that he is aware of his position, and all the duties that his name imposes upon him. I forgive all sovereigns with whom I have had relations of friendship the levity of their judgments upon me. I forgive all the ministers and *chargés d'affaires* of states for the falsity of reports which they have constantly circulated about me. I forgive certain Frenchmen, to whom I have had opportunities of being of use, the calumnies with which they have loaded me by way of requital; I forgive them who

have believed these sentiments without investigating them, and I hope to survive for a little while in the memory of my fellow-countrymen. I thank all those who are around me, as also my servants, for their attentions, and I hope they will not forget my memory."

With regard to the disposal of her property, she left liberal legacies to friends and dependants—the bulk of her estate, of course, going to her son.

Hitherto the career of the mother has been subservient to that of the son in these pages; and a brief memoir of herself would not, therefore, be here out of place.

Hortense Fanny de Beauharnois was, as previously stated, the daughter of Josephine, first Empress of the French, by Viscount Alexander de Beauharnois. She was born at Paris, on the 10th of April, 1783. The family of Beauharnois was one of the most ancient and highly descended of the old French nobility. The father of Hortense served with distinction in the French army under Rochambeau, who, it will be remembered, fought on the side of the insurgents in the American Revolution.

In the French Revolution of 1789, Viscount Beauharnois was chosen a member of the National Assembly, of which he was for some time President. Subsequently he held the posts of General of the Army of the Rhine, and Minister of War. A decree being then issued, removing men of noble birth from the army, Viscount Beauharnois retired to his country seat. He was soon after accused of an act of treason—it is said falsely—and was executed, at the age of thirty-four.

Hortense was but a child when this sad event took place. A great portion of her infancy was spent in Martinique, whose tropical climate had no doubt

considerable influence on her after temperament. When she became capable of receiving instruction, she was placed in a first-class seminary, conducted by the celebrated Madame Campan, and had for her fellow-pupils Stephanie, afterwards Grand Duchess of Baden, Emilie Beauharnois, afterwards Madame Lavalette, and Caroline Buonaparte, afterwards Queen of Naples.

She acquired, under the tuition of Madame Campan, every accomplishment which became a nobleman's daughter, and made a most successful *début* into society. This took place when she was about seventeen, on the return of her stepfather, Napoleon, from Egypt. Her winning manners and graceful deportment are said to have been the admiration of the court of the Tuileries, no less than her superb beauty.

Amongst her early suitors was one M. de Paulo, a Royalist, of polished manners. Josephine was rather desirous of her daughter favouring his addresses, but Napoleon would not allow them, as he took a dislike to the swain, from his excessive vanity and pomposity of manner. Then came her marriage with Napoleon's younger brother, Louis Buonaparte, which has been the subject of so much mystery and discussion.

Both the bride and the bridegroom, it appears, were averse to this union, but were induced to it, if not, as alleged by some historians, actually obliged to submit to it, for some purpose of convenience. It proved, of course, a miserable failure in the way of conjugal happiness. Three sons were born of it; the eldest dying in infancy; the second succumbing to illness in the insurrection of Italy in 1831; the third being the subject of our memoirs.

Five years of what we may term intermittent

wedlock ended in a final separation, and the husband and wife never met again, although it was more than thirty years after that Hortense died, her husband being then still alive. We now bring her history up to the point of the commencement of this work, and necessarily need go no further into details.

The character of Hortense has suffered in one respect extremely at the hands of almost all her biographers—a respect in which all ladies are expected to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. She certainly did not lead a life calculated to encircle her with the halo of a vestal. Some incidents of her career would bear the most uncharitable constructions to be placed upon them. The most notable of these was one connected with Alexander, the Czar of Russia, who was said to have been so enamoured of her, that she had but to ask him a favour of any magnitude to obtain it. Indeed, without any intimation from her, he took measures to introduce into the Treaty of Fontainebleau, after the overthrow of the Napoleon dynasty, a clause which secured to her the Duchy of St. Leu, the privilege to reside in France exempt from the outlawry of her family, and other rights she could not have hoped for from the Bourbons.

When the allied sovereigns were in Paris, the Czar was constantly in her society. An adequate amount of jealousy was of course created thereby, and, as an inevitable consequence, a deal of scandal went about. An eminently handsome woman leading captive the Czar of all the Russias was, alas! quite sufficient cause. The worst of such charges is that they can never be rebutted except by denial, and that is no evidence, either before a jury or public opinion. Yet, surely, the lady being a beauty and a Frenchwoman,

some stronger proof than her acknowledged flirtations should be necessary for her conviction.

She was a fine-hearted woman, with a nature worthy of the nobility of her descent. Gentleness and heroism, love and magnanimity, were the natural impulses of her breast. Her generous acts towards the two Bourbon ladies, already recorded, contrast strangely with the mean persecutions she subsequently experienced at the hands of their tribe. Yet she was so incapable of malice, that throughout the whole of her trials, brought on by these wretches, not a revengeful word did she utter against them, but, on the other hand, left a legacy of forgiveness as her last testament. A noble woman she was, and as enlightened as noble. The gifts of her mind vied with the attributes of her soul—her wit subtle, keen, and almost manly; her thoughts refined and comprehensive; her aspirations sublime. Even to this day her countrymen are proud of those lyrical melodies which she poured forth with the inspiration of a Sappho, and which have found an echo in every civilized country.

The remains of this gifted lady were taken to the churchyard of Ruel, near Paris, and laid by the side of those of her mother.

CHAPTER VI.

DESOLATE.

THE intense sorrow Louis Napoleon felt for a loss so incalculable was too deep for utterance; for we do not find him at any time blabbing his griefs to the world after the manner of persons who make up by show what they do not really feel. The loss he sustained by the death of his mother had but one equivalent, and that was what he owed to her. Singularly, although she had three children, this one child was the object of her most especial care from his birth.

A curious, and apparently authentic, story is told of her having been by accident the sole means of his surviving his infancy. The child had a tooth drawn, and by the operation was opened a small artery in the gums, the hæmorrhage of which all medical skill failed to stop. He was bleeding his little life away, when, after a night of watching and anxiety, his mother bethought herself of introducing her finger into his mouth, and pressing the gum with it. The simple remedy succeeded, or else, an hour or two later, the future Emperor of the French must have succumbed to an untimely fate.

This was but the first fraction of the debt he owed her which all his love could not repay. The sum increased day by day as soon as he was able to

follow her teachings; all that was good in him, or great in him, was engrafted by her hand. As he grew up, she was in sickness his physician and his nurse; in manhood, from danger she was his shield; in trouble, his friend. Verily, some parents might take much from such a pattern, and then the children of men would break one commandment less than they do.

Severe bereavements almost invariably leave some indelible mark behind them. Their effects are various: mostly beneficial, sometimes ennobling; seldom maudlin, except with weak minds. Hard as it may seem to say so, it frequently is a great gain to us to lose the dearest object of our affection. Death-beds of love have been bedewed with sincerer tears of penitence than have gushed to the smiting oratory of the preacher, than have wet the pillow of a hopeless illness, or have flowed over providential reverses of fortune.

It is when our nest is invaded that we fly like startled birds, and instinctively seek securer regions. The passing hearse that daily meets our view, the tolling death-bell that for ever salutes our ear, have but a momentary call upon our attention; but when from our own door is borne that part of us which we never can forget, when stroke after stroke of the funeral knell, reminding us of an empty place on our own hearth, booms upon us,—then it is that we fully realize the fact that we are also to die, and the mutability of things terrestrial. It is only when death appeals to our selfishness, as when friendship does to our pockets, that we actually look it in the face. From these sad moments do we date our best resolutions, our loftiest aims, our most stringent codes of morality, sobriety, and religion. It is but the semi-imbecile, or the idiot, who

whines and whimpers ever after because nature has taken its allotted course, inflicting upon his feeble spirit an overwhelming sense of his irreparable loss.

There is one more effect produced by these occasions which may be named by itself, because it immediately applies to the subject before us. This is the apparent sealing up of the affections, when the only object that could call them into play is gone. It is marked by an entire change of manner.

We meet men with stern, cold features, with faces staring at nothing, with manners isolated, and wonder whether they ever were boys, or lovers, or husbands, or fathers. It is no mere poetical fiction that men become hermits under such circumstances; they may not build huts in a wilderness, and live upon roots, as alleged by romance writers, but they withdraw into themselves, and nothing more is seen of them but their shell.

Louis Napoleon, generally of a reserved disposition, subject to fits of generous impulse and outbursts of frank open-heartedness, became, after the loss of his mother, a man of mystery, never relaxing even before his most intimate acquaintances. Records are left of his early residence in Switzerland, speaking of him in the most glowing terms; of how he endeavoured to render himself popular in the neighbourhood in which he resided by participating in every local movement, joining in all the local sports, marching at the head of the local volunteers, carrying their flag, and, in fact, making himself as genial and sociable as possible. So great was the attachment to him of the Swiss people on this account, that, when his life was in danger from the consequences of his Strasburg attempt, numerous letters were published in the Paris papers enumerating his good qualities, and hoping no harm would come to him, "for," as

says one of the writers, "Prince Louis has endeared himself to us by his social qualities and his kind, gentle disposition."

About the period we are now treating of, a most decided alteration had taken place in his character. An English gentleman, who was introduced to him a short time afterwards, describes him as frigidly affable and repulsively polite, avoiding neither offence nor familiarity, but seeming instinctively to coil up his nature from observation. In phrase and demeanour, he was all that became his birth; but in himself, perfectly inaccessible. The reason was evident: he had lost the only creature on earth to whom his nature was kin. He then retired into himself, and all his future plans and projects were locked up in his own breast.

The property the Duchess bequeathed her son was considerable. Her mansion on the shore of Lake Constance, the Château of Arenemberg, was a perfect palace. It was most beautifully furnished and decorated; the pictures and other works of art collected within its walls were of the most rare and costly character. She was not so rich as some of the Buonaparte family, who had feathered their nest during the Emperor's reign; but she had an ample fortune, beside her Duchy of St. Leu.

After she was dead her son continued to reside at Arenemberg, and might perhaps have remained there unmolested, but for that restless idea of his destiny, which at all hazards must be fulfilled. He could not live quietly in a spot unsurpassed for its beauty and grandeur, amidst associations that left nothing to be desired. The palaces of Paris rose eternally before his view; a lost inheritance haunted him night and day. Manifold, no doubt, were the schemes formed at this time in his mind to make

another attempt to regain his uncle's throne, with various improvements upon that of Strasburg.

Strange to say, Louis Philippe, though he of course knew of the Prince having returned from his exile, took no notice of the matter, and seemed quite disposed to allow him to remain even so near his frontiers, as long as he conducted himself properly.

A time came, however, when cognizance was bound to be taken of the circumstance. The failure, and its consequences, of the affair at Strasburg, could not but be daily present in the mind of a man like Louis Napoleon, who had but one aim in existence—the recovery of his lost rights.

By way of smoothing his course with the French people, in the event of another blow being struck by him, he wrote an elaborate defence of himself and his movement at Strasburg. This he prevailed upon one of his old associates, namely, Lieutenant Laity—who had so marvellously escaped from punishment for his complicity in the Strasburg insurrection—to publish. The immediate consequence was the arrest of this poor young officer, who was condemned to pay a large fine and suffer five years' imprisonment.

Then the French Government turned its attention to the real culprit. The Swiss Confederation was peremptorily requested to expel Louis Napoleon from its territories. It refused to comply with what it considered an impertinent foreign intervention. Louis Philippe sent an army to the Helvetic frontier; the Swiss rose up in arms to defend their country and their rights. A spirited, though of course unequal, struggle was thus imminent, when Louis Napoleon, to avoid the useless shedding of blood, especially of that of his kind friends, the Swiss people, put a stop to actual hostilities by voluntarily

withdrawing from the country. Upon his contemplated departure he addressed the following letter to the President of the Council of the Canton of Thurgovia :—

"*Arenemberg, 22nd September,* 1838.

"M. Landamann,

"When the note of the Duke of Montebello was addressed to the Diet, I was by no means disposed to submit to the demands of the French Government; for it concerned me to prove, by my refusal to leave, that I had returned to Switzerland without breaking any engagement; that I had a right to reside there; and that there I could find aid and protection.

"A month ago, Switzerland, by the energetic protests, and now by the decision of her great councils at this time assembled, has shown that she was, and is, ready to make the greatest sacrifices for her dignity and rights. She has done her duty as an independent nation; I know how to do mine, and remain faithful to the voice of honour. They may persecute, but can never degrade me. The French Government having declared that the refusal of the Diet to yield to its demands would be the signal of a conflagration, of which Switzerland would become the victim, I have no alternative but to quit the country when my presence is made the cause of such unjust pretensions, and would be made the excuse for such great misfortunes.

"I beg you, therefore, M. Landamann, to announce to the Federal Directory that I shall leave Switzerland as soon as the necessary passports are obtained to enable me to reach in safety a place where I shall find a sure asylum.

"In quitting voluntarily, at present, the only

country in Europe where I have met with support and protection, and which has now become dear to me for many reasons, I hope to prove to the Swiss people that I was worthy of those marks of esteem and affection which they have lavished upon me. I shall never forget the noble conduct of the Cantons, who have so courageously pronounced in my favour; and, above all, the generous protection afforded me by the Canton of Thurgovia shall ever remain engraved in my heart. I hope this separation will not be perpetual, and that a day will come when, without compromising the interest of two nations which ought to remain friends, I shall be able to return to an asylum which twenty years' residence and acquired rights have made, as it were, a second fatherland.

"Be good enough, M. Landamann, to convey my sentiments of gratitude to the Councils, and believe me, that the idea of saving Switzerland from great trouble is the only thing which alleviates the regret which I feel on quitting its soil.

"Receive, &c.,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BUONAPARTE."

His retirement was, of course, all but compulsory; but that he thereby saved serious consequences to a country that had sheltered him for so many years, which others more selfish and less scrupulous would not have troubled themselves about, cannot be disputed; and the above letter is one of the innumerable graceful productions of his pen, showing at once a prince of polite bearing, and a man of subtle perceptions. Satisfied with a compromise like this, the French troops retraced their steps, and afforded their silly old King a great occasion on which to plume himself as a powerful monarch, whose behests were bound to be obeyed. Time is verily the revealer of all things.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRAND ASYLUM OF EUROPE.

UNDER very much altered circumstances to those of his previous visit, Louis Napoleon again repaired to England to seek that protection from his enemies which he could not find elsewhere.

A little more than six years before he had come here with his mother, and met with some degree of hospitality and kindness, both from the nobility and the people ; but now matters were somewhat changed. The *fiasco* at Strasburg was not calculated to promote him in the estimation of the British public, for it looked so like a wild adventure or a mad freak, that it gave Englishmen no great notion of his capacity or even his sanity of mind. But this was not all. The court of Louis Philippe had begun to exercise a good deal of influence with the court at St. James's, and partizans of the French monarch were not wanting, who took especial pains in denouncing the young Prince as a person who had contracted the lowest of habits, whose word could not be relied upon in any matter, and who, in fact, could at any moment be guilty of the most flagitious conduct. The consequence was, that with very few exceptions the higher ranks of English society gave him a wide berth.

It was in the autumn of 1838 the Prince arrived in London, and he took up his residence in Carlton Terrace, being then naturally very much more in funds than subsequently, when it is said he was often in want of a shilling.

For some months after his arrival he led an almost exclusively studious life, and published as the fruit of it his justly admired work, the *Idées Napoleoniennes*. In the preface to this book he says :—

"If the destiny which presaged my birth had not been changed by events, nephew to the Emperor, I should have been one of the defenders of his throne, one of the propagators of his ideas ; I should have had the glory of being one of the pillars of his edifice, or of dying in one of the squares of his guard fighting for France. The Emperor is no more, but his spirit is not dead. Deprived of the opportunity of defending his protecting power with the sword, I can at least try to defend his memory with the pen. To enlighten opinion by searching for the thought that presided over his lofty conceptions, to recall to men's minds the memory of his vast projects ; this is a task which still gratifies my heart and consoles me for exile."

These words will convey a pretty general idea of the nature of the work, which should be read by all for its intrinsic merit. When it appeared it created the greatest interest, was translated into all the languages of Europe, and actually was allowed to go through four editions in Paris.

Louis Napoleon's habits at this time were very simple and regular. Those who knew him then say that he rose punctually at six o'clock in the morning and worked till noon ; then, having breakfasted, occupied himself with the papers of the day till 2 o'clock, when he received visitors, rode in the park,

or otherwise spent his time, retiring early to rest. His appearance at this part of his life is thus described in some "Letters from London," written by a gentleman who had his acquaintance—"He is of middle size, of an agreeable countenance, and has a military air. To personal advantages he adds the more seductive distinction of manners, simple, natural, and full of good taste and ease. At first sight I was struck with his resemblance to Prince Eugene and the Empress Josephine, his grandmother; but I did not remark a like resemblance to the Emperor. But by attentively observing the essential features, that is, those not depending on more or less fulness, or more or less beard, we soon discover that the Napoleonic type is reproduced with astonishing fidelity. It is in fact the same lofty forehead, broad and straight, the same nose of fine proportions, the same grey eyes, though the expression is milder; it is particularly the same contour, and inclination of the head."

This portraiture is perhaps slightly influenced by a desire on the part of the writer to trace even some slight resemblance between the Prince and his uncle, for now no similarity of feature between the two Emperors could fairly be said to exist. Hence the whole range of scandal which fixes the paternity of Louis Napoleon on a variety of individuals.

It has been mentioned that with a few exceptions the aristocrats of this country turned a cold shoulder to the Prince on his arrival. These were, however, brilliant exceptions; noblemen whose position and descent made them indifferent to the opinions and considerations of their class. The Duke of Montrose had the Prince as a guest at his seat, Buchanan, near Lochlomond; and the Duke of Hamilton hospitably entertained him at Brodick Castle, in the island of

Arran. The Duke of Newcastle was on terms of intimacy with him, as were other noblemen who stood equally high in the peerage. In their company, Louis Napoleon was as frequently talking of his "destiny," and his future accession to the throne of France, as he was amongst the republicans of America.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his standard work "The History of Europe," mentions in a note a remark of the Earl of W—— concerning Louis Napoleon at this time. "Only think of that young man Louis Napoleon," said the Earl; "nothing can persuade him he is not to be the Emperor of France; the Strasburg affair has not in the least shaken him; he is constantly thinking of what he is to do when on the throne." The Duke of Newcastle also said to the same author, "Several years ago, before the Revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at Brodick Castle in Arran. We frequently went out to shoot together; neither cared for much sport, and we soon sat down on a heathery brow of Goatfell, and began to speak seriously.

"He always opened these conferences by discoursing on what he would do when he was Emperor of France. Among other things, he said he would obtain a grant from the Chambers to drain the marshes of the Bries, which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded, when the inhabitants, who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes; and what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he has got a grant of two millions of francs from the Chambers to begin the draining of these very marshes. The idea that he would eventually be the Emperor of the French never for a moment left the mind of Louis Napoleon, and though similar

ambitions have been signally frustrated, it is remarkable that in his case everything really did happen which was conceived in these day-dreams as bound to happen."

Perhaps what may be termed Louis Napoleon's most intimate associates now were those brilliant wits and men of the world who formed the circle of which the accomplished and celebrated Lady Blessington was the centre, at her town residence, Gore House. Of these the inimitable Count D'Orsay was the chief, and between the Count and Louis Napoleon sprang up a close and sincere friendship. In after years they were what may be termed *arcades ambo*, or a couple of accomplished gentlemen, who, as Thackeray says, lived "elegantly on nothing a year."

Here, too, he met Lord Eglinton, who was then a young man about town, and of course visited at Lady Blessington's. Even when, however, his lordship had sown his wild oats and got married, the intimacy between himself and the Prince was not allowed to drop. Louis Napoleon was a constant visitor at the Earl's residence in Scotland, and on one occasion took part in a grand tournament, in imitation of exhibitions of that class of the Middle Ages, given at the castle, in which the Prince is said to have figured conspicuously amongst the flower of English nobility, both by his deportment and the elegance and costliness of his appointments. In the drawing-room he did not shine to such advantage, owing to his taciturn though amiable disposition. He was, however, it appears, himself again when he got into the nursery, where he romped to their hearts' content with the Countess's three little daughters by a former marriage. In the same arena, he is accredited to have been no mean performer in all chil-

dren's plays, throwing his whole spirit into blind man's buff, and revealing a marvellous genius in the manufacture of shadowy rabbits and other animals on the wall!

Had he been so disposed, he might by his gentle disposition and polite address have ingratiated himself, in spite of all the vile reports circulated about him, into the best of English society, and lived on his ample means a quiet and happy life in a country which affords every blessing to those so inclined.

But he was restless and dissatisfied in his mind, and that unhappy idea of "destiny" made him sigh, even amidst pleasant scenes like these, for a crown of thorns, and for a throne based upon the volcano of popular favour.

Always concocting some scheme for the accomplishment of his one great aim, he now conceived the notion of publishing a monthly periodical, setting forth his views. That idea he carried out, but only one number appeared of the serial, which was called "The Napoleonist Idea." The gist of this "idea" was the establishment of a democratic or republican administration under the form of monarchy. Events passing then in France induced him to withhold these views, and themselves occupied the whole of his attention.

That combination of vanity and avarice, rejoicing at that period in the title of Louis Philippe, Citizen King of France, and subsequently in that of Mr. Smith, a drivelling exile in this country, found the tide of popular opinion surging in angry billows round his throne. He felt dreadfully uneasy. The army especially was clamorous against him and his government.

At the head of the army then was Lafayette. Deputations waited upon this general from the Na-

tional Guard of both Paris and the provinces, protesting against the state of affairs.

Now, although Lafayette had quite as much to do with the installation of this puppet king as anybody, he rather encouraged these deputations than otherwise. Louis Philippe became cognizant of his conduct, and he knew what immense influence Lafayette had with the soldiers; for he saw him review sixty thousand of the National Guard in Paris, and was struck with their enthusiastic demeanour towards their commander. His Hajesty conceived the brilliant idea of dismissing Lafayette from the command, which he carried out, covering the act by appointing him Honorary Commander of the Guard. By this act he made an enemy of his former supporter.

Political parties contending for the ascendancy were waging a fierce war, and no small amount of bribery and corruption was necessary to propitiate to some extent the enemies of the Government. The papers of the day began to throw out seditious hints. They boldly questioned the right of the King to the throne, as, said they, he was only placed there by a few clever people, who took advantage of the disturbances which led to the flight of Charles X.

Assassins had for some years beset the path of Louis Philippe. There was the diabolical Fieschi and his associates, who, in 1836, let off a whole battery of infernal machines just as the Royal carriage approached, and who succeeded in slaying a streetful of people, but failed in accomplishing their real object. Not long after, there were the wretches Boirier and Meunier, who deliberately walked up as the King was proceeding in state to the legislative body, and fired into his carriage window—happily, without hitting him. Then, again, there was the madman, by the name of Alibaud, who attacked the

King and Queen in the court-yard of the Tuileries, and shot at them, but whose aim was also defective. The spirit which actuated these men at length found a sympathetic response in a secret body of men, called "La Société des Familles," whose oath embraced hatred to all kings, the abolition of all distinction of wealth and rank, and other such like levelling measures.

All these significant facts could not escape the eye of Napoleon, watching, as it was, every move on the political board.

The Société des Familles aforesaid numbered as one of its chiefs a young man of good descent, and possessed of a daring, reckless disposition, named Armand Barbes. Under the command of Barbes there were about a thousand equally intrepid adventurers, ready to risk their lives in any attempt that had for its view the carrying out the projects of their society.

By secret meetings, like those of the Irish Fenians of the present day, these men had undergone a regular course of military drill, and in addition to their desperate character, were a formidable, well-disciplined troop. Seizing at length what they considered a favourable opportunity, these desperadoes, headed by Barbes, marched through the streets of Paris, singing the "Marseillaise," and shouting "Vive la République" with the fury of demons.

They then seized upon the Palace of Justice, and establishing some of their troop there, next proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, which was also speedily in their power.

These easy conquests stimulated them to further excesses, and to guard against attack they erected barricades as they went along. Their reckoning speedily came. The National Guard was ordered

out, and mowed them down like grass ; but such was their enthusiasm, that amidst the agonizing cries of death arose with redoubled voice the strains of the republican hymn. They all perished like mad dogs, with the exception of their leader, Barbes, who was captured, after being severely wounded, and was condemned to death ; but through powerful intercession the capital sentence was commuted to that of penal servitude for life.

Bourbon malignity attributed this outbreak to the instigation of Louis Napoleon ; it never lost an opportunity of reviling him or holding him up to the hatred and contempt of the French people. That such an impression was abroad in Paris, was communicated to the London *Times* by its resident correspondent.

Louis Napoleon disabused the public mind in that respect by a spirited letter to the journal aforesaid, of which the following is a copy :—

"SIR,

"I observe with pain in your Paris correspondence, that it is sought to throw upon me the responsibility of the late insurrection. I count upon your kindness to refute the insinuation in the most formal manner. The news of the sanguinary scenes which have just taken place equally surprised and afflicted me. If I were the soul of a conspiracy, I should be the leader of it in the day of danger, and I should not deny it after a defeat.

"Receive, &c.,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

The occurrence, nevertheless, served to keep alive in Louis Napoleon's mind, and that of the supporters of the dynasty of his family, the purpose of

making another venture towards the re-establishment of the Empire. But, warned by the Strasburg failure, the Prince determined to wait till he thought he could strike a decisive blow, aided by advantageous circumstances.

In the year 1840, M. Thiers, whose name is so universally known, was Prime Minister of France; and wishing to do something to reconcile the people to the Government, of which they were becoming heartily sick, pitched upon a device which was just calculated to arouse the national apathy and give the populace something to think and talk about, and, perhaps, to thank the Government for. The remains of Napoleon, whose glorious memory could never fade from the mind of the French people, associated though it was with a ruin of which they still felt the effects, yet lay under an alien soil. It occurred to M. Thiers that by translating them to France, with the consent of the British Government, he could create amongst all classes that natural enthusiasm which invariably ensues upon such patriotic occasions, and thereby propitiate somewhat the grumblers who said the Government was doing really nothing for the country.

It was a novel idea, and was immediately conveyed to Louis Philippe. That dauntless monarch's hair stood on end at the bare proposition. Already with some reluctance he had acquiesced in the restoration of the Emperor's statue to the Place Vendome, and had tremblingly heard of people gathering round it on each 5th of May, to cover it with wreaths of immortelles. Was that not enough? What would be the consequence of bringing the body itself over, when the bronze image of the man attracted these annual crowds? If spirits do haunt the living, the ghost of Napoleon must have appeared

to the Citizen King upon that night, and scared him for a while out of the few senses he possessed. Continual droppings of water are known to wear away stone, and, nevertheless, after repeated pleas and arguments, the King yielded his consent, and then actually began to calculate how much such a concession to the people on his part would enhance his glory and magnanimity of character! The British Government, was applied to on the subject, and after some deliberation consented to the removal of the body. Lord Palmerston, instructed by the British Government, wrote the following letter to our Ambassador at Paris :—

"My Lord,—The Government of Her Majesty having taken into consideration the authorization demanded of it by the French Government, to transfer the ashes of the Emperor Napoleon from St. Helena to France, you can say to M. Thiers that the Government of Her Majesty will do itself pleasure in acceding to that demand.

"The Government of Her Majesty hopes that the readiness with which it responds to this demand will be considered in France as a proof of the desire of Her Majesty to efface even the last trace of those animosities which, during the life of the Emperor, had impelled the two nations to war. The Government of Her Majesty loves to believe that such sentiments, if they still continue, will be buried for ever in the tomb destined to receive the mortal remains of Napoleon. The Government of Her Majesty will co-operate with that of France in the measures necessary to effect the translation.

(Signed) "PALMERSTON."

To the somewhat visionary mind of Louis Napoleon, these proceedings assumed an undue importance.

With the people, he thought, all agog about Napoleon, from the fact of his remains being about to be transferred to France—a fact which would naturally recall to their recollection all his glorious triumphs at the head of the French army—no time could be more fitting for his nephew to present himself before them, claiming their sympathies and support, to aid him in re-establishing the dynasty fraught with such splendid memories. Here, as before, Louis Napoleon placed his whole reliance upon the magic name of Napoleon. He could not see that a name is only an instrument of power as a part of the man who wields power; his practical knowledge of the world did not go so far as to teach him that a great man's name won't find his children bread; that, however much a nation may worship a name, it does not consider it in the light of a passport admitting all who bear it to unbought privileges or unachieved honours. He ought to have known, too, but he did not seem to know, that society is generally jealous of a great man's name, which can have no "magical" effect in favour of a second-hand wearer; and that it is no uncommon experience of men, that the descendant of a great man, bearing his name, is often utterly unworthy of it! It would be invidious to mention instances in which his name has been much the best part of the man; but they might be traced in all ages down to the present period, in every walk of life. There was, therefore, too much speculation on plausible but unreliable chances in these early schemes of Louis Napoleon. It was with him as with the gamblers on the turf, who invest heavy stakes on the sheer racing capabilities of a horse, not taking at all into consideration the probity of the owner, nor the integrity of the jockey—the two rocks upon which they are so frequently wrecked.

His imagination was worked upon to such an extent

[1840.]

THE BOULOGNE FIASCO.

The caricaturist here gives a trap baited with the Imperial crown; such a lure — as his father the King of Holland (then living in philosophical retirement as the Count of St. Leu) represented to Louis Philippe after his son's failure — had been set by designing schemers for the unfortunate Prince.

After enjoying for a season the enlivening hospitalities of English hosts, the Prince, in 1840 (according to our artist) is again inspired by the Napoleonic shade to attempt a fresh demonstration. The funds of the Prince were, at the date of the attempt at Boulogne, surrounded with ob-

scurity. Whether he had property, or merely succeeded in raising it, is open to question; but that he had money for this emergency (some £20,000 it is conjectured) is certain.

by what may justly be termed this insane idea of amalgamating himself, as it were, with the dead Napoleon, and making a step of his uncle's coffin to his uncle's throne, that he concocted, and put immediately into execution, a project which rendered him the laughing-stock of the age, and which is, even now, comic enough to provoke risibility.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT A POINT BETWEEN THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

LITTLE did the self-sufficient Citizen King of France and his devoted subjects know that on Thursday, the 6th of August, 1840, their country would be in danger of a powerful invasion; that an attempt would be made at an insurrection on their soil, from which the worst consequences might be feared, if only through its powerful organization and its extensive ramifications. Yet, with these objects in view, there was on its way to Boulogne a flotilla, with an army; the flotilla consisting of a small coasting steamboat, called the *City of Edinburgh*, and the army of about sixty individuals, with the important auxiliary of a live eagle. The formidable force in question combined in its ranks bodies of men chosen expressly for their warlike character and military appearance. It boasted of companies of puissant hotel waiters, brigades of doughty French cooks, battalions of martial brothel bullies, and divisions of other troops of an equally invincible character. At their head were the Prince and the eagle; for this aggressive bird, it appears, had been for some time inseparable from its master, with whom it fed, and, it is asserted—slept.

[1840.]

THE BOULOGNE FAILURE—*(continued.)*

In the preceding illustrations the artist let us into the secret of the Prince's means of raising funds; we now find him engaged in raising his army. The fifty-six persons who formed the chosen retainers of the Prince were in truth not of the loftiest position or character, and the selection reflected but small credit on the chief.

Conspicuous in the suite was a trained or tame eagle. This bird had been the companion of the Prince for some time: he fed it personally, and it was even said to sleep with him. To dwell on this ill-conditioned eagle with dignity or seriousness has puzzled even favourable historians of the Boulogne venture.

A steamer, the "City of Edinburgh," chartered for the purpose, conveyed the adventurers from Margate to the point of their demonstration.

Immediately under the Prince and the eagle in command was a personage who, it must be acknowledged, was quite out of place there—namely, Count Persigny; then came Count Montholon, who had acted some time before a very much inferior part as companion to Napoleon the First in his exile at St. Helena; Colonel Parquin, the Prince's associate at Strasburg, and others.

The programme of operations was worthy of the army that was to execute it. The first thing arranged to be done on landing at Boulogne was of course to shout "Vive l'Empereur!" then handbills were to be plentifully scattered about, announcing the end of the Orleanist dominion and the restoration of the Empire.

The soldiers and the inhabitants were next to be completely overawed by the bearing and prowess of the invaders, and these were then to fly the eagle, so that it might rise and perch itself on the Colonne de Napoleon! How the latter purpose was to be attained is not recorded, and it does seem rather singular that the royal bird, though, perhaps, the most intelligent of its species, should be considered competent for performing such a feat when it had never been taught to do it.

Just as the dawn streaked the horizon on the 6th of August, 1840, this redoubtable band of patriots sighted the French shore, and about five in the morning anchored about a mile off Boulogne. Their approach was observed by the Custom House officer on watch, who, unable to make out their intentions, hailed them, but was easily persuaded by them that they were only a company of the 40th regiment of the line, proceeding from Dunkirk to Cherbourg—compelled to land on account of the breaking of one of their paddle-wheels. Once landed, they seized

this beguiled officer and his assistants. This stratagem insuring them against any alarm being raised, the boat that had brought the first batch ashore returned to fetch further detachments of the troops, which it continued to do until the immense force was all on *terra firma*, the eagle included.

By the time these extensive operations were completed, it was six o'clock, at which hour—exactly that fixed at Strasburg—the valiant body moved *en masse* to invade France. The cry of "Vive l'Empereur" rang loud and shrill in the morning air, and people, wakened out of their sleep, looked out of their windows to see an overwhelming force marching along with all the pomp and circumstance of war, bearing tri-colour flags, and headed by a personage whom they supposed to be the Emperor, whose life was the subject of happy wishes, and, *mirabile dictu*, a live eagle perched upon his sleeve!

Having related the advent of the conquering heroes on the soil of France, we will now, with the reader's permission, allow an actual eye-witness to take up the wondrous tale and describe their exploits.

"I was at Boulogne," says the eye-witness, "when the adventurer Charles Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, sailing in a steamer called the *City of Edinburgh* from Margate, landed on the coast of France, at Vimereux. With a well supplied cellar and larder, with a tame eagle, a cook and scullions, with a valet, a maitre d'hotel, a secretary, a chasseur, a hairdresser and grooms, with an elaborate and costly dressing-case, and a couple of travelling carriages, there was not wanting a *Fortunata* to grace these orgies of a political Trimalchio; but notwithstanding the midnight and early morning potations, worthy of the descriptive pen of a modern Petronius, the hero of this escapade in no degree unnecessarily exposed

himself. Servants—*i. e.* footmen and grooms—in English liveries, officers and soldiers in French, and a couple of military attendants, surrounded and encircled as he landed, and marched to the barracks, the future Emperor, and made a rampart round his body. But never once, I repeat, did the pretender fairly expose his person, and all the bombast we have been reading about his courage and nerve is mere thrasonical *blague*. Before the firmness of Captain Puygellier, the pretender was appalled, and though he drew a pistol on an unarmed man and shot out three of his teeth, yet the moment Captain Laroche of the 42nd could arm his men, M. Buonaparte and his followers took to their heels. Some of his brave and rash adherents I saw shot down before me; others wounded; others, among the rest a Corsican named Ornano, taken in a bathing machine; but the Coryphœus of the band was calm and phlegmatic as a Dutchman, except during the moment he fired upon an unarmed soldier, and exhibited as safe a discretion as M. Dupin himself might be supposed to show under similar circumstances. At a quarter before six on that memorable morning the future Emperor touched the French soil. Before eight o'clock his party were routed, and such of them as were not shot or drowned in attempting to escape were safely lodged in prison."

Sic transit gloria mundi!

It could scarcely be conceived, were it not true, that a man who subsequently ruled with such consummate skill a great and mighty empire, and whose name was allied with her's as a symbol of civilization and power, could at any time of his life have been mixed up with such an utterly absurd affair. There never was before, never has been since, and, doubtless, never will be, such an invading army as this,

except, perhaps, in a burlesque on the stage. The end of the expedition has been recorded, but what became of the eagle, which was to have played so conspicuous a part in the drama, is not a matter of history, the last thing known about it being that it refused to soar in the manner proposed, when called upon to do so.

An American writer is the only one we have met with who has taken the pains of giving a lengthy and elaborate description of this *fiasco;* all other writers have taken the view which we have of it, that it was too ridiculous to be dwelt upon seriously, and the less said about it the better. We may state, however, that the trans-Atlantic author in question gives a good picture of the woeful issue of the expedition. He says, "An English gentleman, at that time residing in Boulogne, led by the tumult, had run to the shore, where the fugitives were struggling in the waves, and were being shot at by the troops. He saw a soldier taking deliberate aim at one of the party, who was half suffocated in the water, but a few yards from him. He rushed upon the man, knocked up his gun, and, with an Englishman's indignation at so cowardly a murder, asked the fellow what he meant by attempting to shoot one thus helpless and unarmed. The soldier turned upon him with oaths and imprecations. But the Englishman, muscular and fearless, was the stronger of the two, and the drowning man was rescued. It proved to be the Prince. The writer received the above narrative from the lips of a responsible gentleman, who was for many years the familiar acquaintance of one thus instrumental in saving this valuable life. How slender are the chances upon which often seem to be suspended the most momentous destinies!"

[1840.]

THE BOULOGNE FAILURE—*(continued.)*

The satirist's last picture left the Prince on board the "City of Edinburgh." He is here engaged in forming a Ministry—in gambling—in drinking—and other matters of state.

They landed at early morning, beguiled a custom-house officer into the belief that they were a portion of a regular regiment, and seized the man and his assistants to prevent an alarm, which would have interfered with the necessary ceremony of landing. The populace was then

harangued, the tricolour was displayed, and "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded freely.

Encouraged by the acclamations of the populace, the Prince, surrounded by his suite, and bearing the eagle perched on his wrist, proceeded to the Caserne, and aroused the troops with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Captain Puygellier and the soldiers, however, frustrated his intentions by remaining firm in their allegiance to the Orleans power; indeed, it has been stated that instructions had been forwarded from Paris in advance of the harmless invaders!

One of the proclamations issued by Louis Napoleon on this occasion clearly shows that the apparently precipitate and unprecedentedly foolish undertaking had its origin, as we have traced it, in the stir that was then made about the removal of Napoleon's body from St. Helena. It runs as follows :—

"Frenchmen! the ashes of the Emperor should return only to regenerated France. The shade of a great man should not be profaned by impure and hypocritical homage. Glory and Liberty should stand at the side of the coffin of Napoleon. Traitors to their country should disappear. There is in France to-day but violence on one side and lawlessness on the other. I wish to re-establish order and liberty. I wish, in gathering around me all the interests of the country without exception, and in supporting myself with the suffrages of the masses, to erect an imperishable edifice. I wish to give France true alliances and a solid peace, and not to plunge her in the hazards of a general war. Frenchmen! I see before me a brilliant future for our country. I perceive behind me the shade of the Emperor, which presses me forward. I shall not stop till I have regained the sword of Austerlitz, replaced the eagles upon our banners, and restored to the people their rights."

In later times he found that something more was absolutely necessary, for the accomplishment of such designs, than the useless harping upon the name of Napoleon. Up to that time he had been a mere theorist, but he grew wiser, finding that one bold resolute act went farther than a thousand plausible propositions.

The tidings of a second insurrection, raised by Prince Louis Buonaparte, created in Paris, at first, the

usual sensation ; but when people came to hear what a miserable failure it was, how badly managed, and how soon put an end to, their interest subsided, and they only began to wonder what would now be done with the restless conspirator. Various terms of imprisonment were guessed at, and the guillotine was darkly hinted at as a not unlikely reward of his enterprise.

There was no mother now to fly with wings of love on an errand of mercy for him ; but, singular to relate, his father, who had hitherto apparently taken no interest in his son—not even on the last occasion when he was a prisoner—now suddenly appeared in print, endeavouring to palliate his son's crime. He writes from Florence to the editor of a Paris paper, called *Le Commerce*, and says :—

"Monsieur,—Permit me to entreat you to receive the following declaration. I know that it is unusual thus to make an appeal to the public ; but when a father, afflicted, aged, sick, and exiled, can in no other way come to the rescue of his unhappy son, such a measure cannot but meet the approval of every one who has the heart of a father. Convinced that my son is the victim of an infamous intrigue, and that he is seduced by vile flatterers, false friends, and perhaps by treacherous counsels, I cannot keep silence. I declare, then, that my son, Louis Napoleon, has fallen into a frightful snare—into a terrible ambuscade. I declare, moreover, with sacred horror, that the injury which has been inflicted upon my son, by imprisoning him in the cell of an infamous assassin, is a monstrous cruelty—*anti-Française*—an outrage as vile as it is treacherous. As a father, profoundly afflicted ; as a Frenchman, tried by thirty years of exile ; as the brother, and, if I may venture to say so, the pupil of him whose statues France re-

erects, I commend my son, deluded and betrayed, to the mercy of his judges, and of all those who have the heart of a Frenchman and a father."

The poor old gentleman, in speaking of his son having been confined in the cell of an infamous assassin, referred to the Prince having been locked up in the cell occupied by Fieschi, the assassin, shortly before in the Conciergerie. This Newgate of France is historically associated with unfortunate names of every grade and class. A celebrated French writer says, "The monarchy, the republic, the empire—all these phases of history—have paid their tribute of illustration to these dismal abodes." The two most illustrious persons immediately preceding the Prince who entered them were Marie Antoinette and Marshal Ney, to both of whom the Conciergerie was a last home. The nephew was thus incarcerated in a felon's dungeon, awaiting, for all he knew, the fate of the two personages mentioned above ; while his uncle's bones were about to ride triumphantly over the sea, wafted by the people's wishes back to the scene of his former glory. That was a remarkable contrast of fortunes.

One of the most curious facts connected with the Boulogne expedition was that, though it emanated directly from Louis Napoleon, it was gravely given out as aided and abetted by the English Government! Lord Palmerston's name was as freely mixed up with the subject as that of the real culprit. The French papers, with their usual veracity and accuracy, gave a wide circulation to the preposterous statement, the *Temps*, at the head of them, authoritatively proclaiming it. No doubt the rumour was partly due to the rancorous international animosity then existing between France and this country ; but some colouring was given to it by some lying sycophants of the

French Government at Boulogne. One of these miscreants averred, upon his oath, that he had clearly seen, with a *lunette d'approche*, a British fleet in the offing, crowded with 10,000 English troops. From a simple concurrent incident, too, a good deal of nonsensical inference was drawn. The police discovered, in the possession of one of the captives, a five-pound note, with the name of Captain Brown endorsed upon it, and, inconceivable as it may seem now, this fact raised their suspicions that the English people might be at the bottom of the insurrection. As long as the credulous could be gulled by such a *canard*, the English residents at Boulogne were made very uncomfortable, and numbers of them left at once for Dover.

As previously stated, Paris itself was in a state of agitation on the first report of the news, accompanied, as it was, by hints of England's complicity in the movement. The King, hearing of the occurrence, made a precipitate journey from Eu, where he was staying, to the capital, in order to assist at the deliberations of the Council on the subject.

It has been variously said how Louis Napoleon procured the means of organizing his expedition; for, slender as it was, it cost money, and a considerable sum was seized on board the steamer. There can be little doubt that then the Prince was pretty well in funds, or he could not have mixed in the society he did in England; and he could scarcely have got rid of the property left him by his mother. Some writers say that he disposed of his estate at Arenemberg to raise sufficient money, and others prematurely attribute to him those borrowing propensities for which he certainly was subsequently notorious. The real fact was, we believe, that he came into possession of a sum of £20,000, procured

for him by M. Thiers from the King of Holland, as satisfaction for some diamonds the ex-Queen, his mother, had left behind her at the Hague.

The rashness and palpable want of sense of his act was not calculated to inspire in his favour, for his now dangerous position, any amount of public sympathy, even amongst his countrymen, so quickly alive to any heroic or patriotic movement. It was quite evident, from subsequent testimony, that the whole thing was the upshot of an impulse, and that not the least consideration had been given to the plan of operations, if that fact was not already patent, from the absurdity of an army of cooks and waiters being taken upon such an expedition.

Count Bacchiochi, Louis Napoleon's cousin, who had not returned to Boulogne many days after visiting his relative in London, when arrested as an accomplice in the plot, declared, upon his honour, that he knew nothing whatever of such a project, as also, that he did not believe the Prince had any contemplation of it himself any length of time before he landed. It was, without exception, the most stupid, the most ill-timed, and the most hopeless undertaking of its kind in the annals of history; and after the first excitement it caused was over, produced an universal and well-merited contempt for its prime mover, though naturally a good deal of sympathy was felt and expressed for its misguided victims, who, in drunken conceit, had doffed their menial liveries for a mock-military uniform, and who had left respectable, though humble, situations to play soldiers, and be shot or drowned in a madcap attempt to establish an empire!

The tone of the Paris papers was for once an echo of the real feeling of the country towards the young adventurer, who had now made two futile

attempts to disturb the peace and constitution of the realm.

An extract from the *Débats* of August 13th, says, "We will acknowledge that if there be a popular reminiscence in France, it is that of the Great Captain whose name is associated with our immortal victories; but if there be a forgotten family, it is the Imperial family. The son of Napoleon, in dying, carried with him to the tomb the remnant of interest which was attached to the blood of the Emperor. France has pardoned in the Emperor the unsupportable harshness of his domestic government, the unheard-of rigours of the conscription, the disasters of 1812 and 1813, and the evils caused by his unbounded ambition; and in the popular mind the hero has been almost deified. The image of Napoleon is everywhere, from the humble cottage to the public monuments, but Buonapartism is extinct; even the *éclat* of the glory of the Emperor crushes those who ridiculously attempt to cover themselves with it. Where was M. Louis Buonaparte arrested? At the foot of the Column of Boulogne—of the Column raised by the Grand Army in honour of its chief! It was reserved for Buonapartism to expire on that spot."

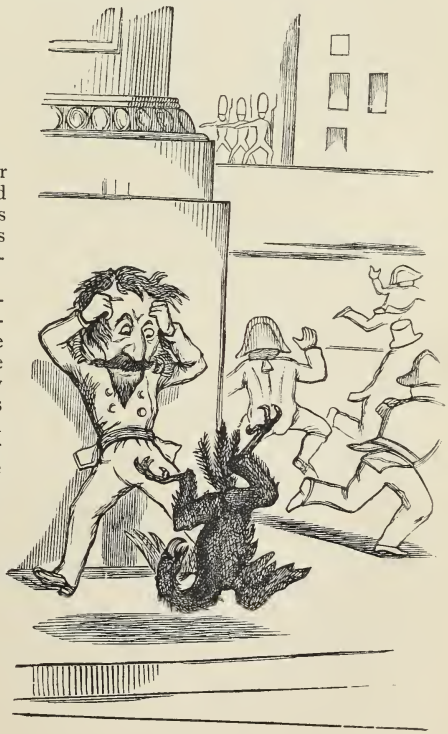
The prophecy with which these remarks conclude naturally now provokes a smile; but there can be no doubt that France then was not ripe for a revolution, much as it was disgusted with the existing state of affairs.

[1840.]

THE BOULOGNE FAILURE—*(continued.)*

The Prince, from some inconceivable fancy, was prepared to see his eagle fly up the column to the statue of his Uncle, and there rest on the shoulders of the Great Napoleon.

The royal bird seems to have been, as eagles go, but an indifferent example of the soaring race. Perhaps it is not a very wild conjecture to establish an affinity between this Napoleonic favourite and the depressed and deplumed specimen chained years ago to the melancholy rookery, or eyrie, which adorned the now defunct Coliseum !



It is certainly true that neither the Prince nor the bird acquitted themselves favourably on this occasion, and both performers were freely censured and ridiculed.

During the affair Louis Napoleon drew a pistol on an unarmed man, and shot out three of his teeth. This circumstance was revived by the revolutionary party dominant in France at this moment, and a street is believed to have been re-christened after this early unfortunate. The Prince's miserably misguided followers were all shot, drowned, or taken prisoners.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EAGLE'S PINIONS CLIPPED.

LOUIS NAPOLEON was removed from Boulogne and lodged temporarily in the Citadel of Ham, some days previous to the transport of those who survived of his accomplices. These were sent on to Paris by diligences on the 13th of August, or the week after the outbreak. They consisted of Count Montholon, Marquis de Montauban, Count Persigny, Marquis Ornano, Lieut.-Colonel Laborde, Colonel Parquin, Lieutenant Aladenize (the only person at Boulogne who responded to Louis Napoleon's Quixotic call to surrender), and such as were alive of the cooks and the waiters.

The King and Council assembling to consider the measures to be taken in order to bring the traitors to justice, determined upon having them tried before the Court of Peers, and with as little delay as possible. Some considerable time, however, elapsed before all the necessary arrangements could be made, during which some curious and entertaining anecdotes were retailed concerning the Prince and his scheme.

In one journal it was stated that the papers seized on board the *Edinburgh Castle* produced some curious discoveries. A project, which was planned some months previously by a person named Chanel, to

carry off, bodily, the King and Queen, during their visit to Eu, appeared, it was said, from these papers, to have been acquiesced in by Louis Napoleon. That M. Chanel, in proposing the scheme to the Prince, so inflamed his imagination, that he received £10,000 from him to carry it into execution; having secured which sum, the unprincipled scoundrel returned to Paris, and revealed to the Prefect of Police all the particulars for a further sum of £4,000, making thus capital out of both parties. That Marshal Gerard was then requested to write to Louis Napoleon to inform him of the discovery of his intentions, and to reason with him against carrying out such plans, which could only conduce to render him ridiculous. There were, it was said, other discoveries made, which would implicate persons then filling high stations in the political world.

To account for so much money being found in the possession of Louis Napoleon when arrested, it was stated that he had recently sold for £6,000 the paper called *Le Commerce*, which had been bought for him some time before in the name of a third party.

With regard to that contumacious bird, the eagle, who so flatly refused to go through his part of the performance, the story went that Louis Napoleon himself was not entitled to the brilliant conception of that piece of buffoonery, but that it had its origin in the fertile genius of an officer of his scullion army. The flying of the eagle was to take place at a given signal, when the royal bird was expected to soar and perch upon the Prince's head, the latter making the best of his way to the top of the monument in the meantime. Of a truth it may be observed, "*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*"

A day or two after reaching Ham, the royal prisoner was sent on to Paris, where he arrived

at midnight on the 11th of August, and was locked up, as previously mentioned, in the Conciergerie, in the cell formerly occupied by the assassin Fieschi. He had evidently suffered much mental depression in the interval, for his face is said to have been deathly pale, and his frame greatly prostrated. Three warders were put to keep watch over him, and ordered not to quit him night or day.

There would appear to have been some undercurrent of malice in the indignity offered to the Prince, of not only consigning him, a state prisoner, to a criminal jail, but of also allotting to him a cell occupied by an assassin—the latter proceeding being no doubt a low and mean attempt to prove, on the part of the Government, to the prisoner himself and the public, that there was no difference between his crime and that of the dastardly Fieschi.

The announcement that the Prince was confined in the cell of the would-be regicide was made by the ministerial organs with unmistakable indications of gloating over the fact, but popular indignation was aroused by so unmanly an affront offered to a Prince of a former dynasty. A similar lot, however, awaited all his comrades, who were soon lodged in cells within the same walls.

As a curious coincidence, it may be here mentioned that, as at Strasburg, there was here also a lady in the case, and the same lady, namely, Mdlle. Gordon, whose wearing-apparel, workbox, &c., were found on board the steamboat, but who was not captured with her male companions. A warrant was issued for her apprehension.

Another lady, residing at Boulogne, and moving in a respectable circle of society, who was impeached of having carried on a correspondence with the Prince, had the honour of a visit from the

Commissary of Police. On search being made, there were only a few love-letters found bearing the signature of Louis Napoleon. These the Commissary politely returned to the fair one, saying, "I see what this affair is, Madame, but be assured it shall remain buried in my breast."

Within a fortnight after the *émeute*, His Christian Majesty Louis Philippe arrived at Boulogne, personally to thank the garrison and the inhabitants for their recent exhibition of loyalty to his throne. His arrival was quite a surprise, for he came by sea. In honour of the occasion flags were hoisted at all the principal houses and stations, and military bands of music struck up national airs all over the town. It was very early in the morning when His Majesty's advent was announced, but the whole of the inhabitants quickly turned out to witness his disembarkation, and the town authorities collected on the pierhead to welcome their King.

The roughness of the weather, however, rendered landing almost an impossibility, and the elements not being any more propitious towards noon, the King determined to go on to Calais, and proceed to Boulogne by road, which he accordingly did. This was not done without France running a considerable risk of being deluged in tears for the loss of her invaluable ruler, for the frigate, in trying to unship its royal freight, struck the jetty, and carrying part of it away, was cast upon the sands. Fortunately, His Majesty was able to step on the jetty and walk ashore, where the Queen, who had arrived there by another route, was ready to receive him with tears of joy. From Calais to Boulogne the King and Queen were cheered by their subjects vociferously, and their carriage drew a gathering escort of gentlemen along its route. Upon entering Boulogne,

the air was resonant with cries of "Vive le Roi!" which were repeated again and again, until His Majesty had entered his hotel. It was now eight o'clock in the evening, and all the grand doings in connection with the visit were postponed till the morrow.

After refreshing himself, the King honoured the performance at the theatre with his presence, to the unspeakable gratification of the lessee, who was reported to have experienced a windfall of 2,500 francs by the occasion. The eyes of the whole house were naturally less bent upon the play than upon the King, who smiled benignantly on his faithful people, looking the very picture of a good king. An open-hearted Englishman, called Brosher, was so captivated by His Majesty's benevolent appearance, that he roared out, while the performance was going on, "God bless you, Louis Philippe!" to the great amusement of the people. The entertainment over, the royal carriage drew up to the door of the theatre. His Majesty motioned it away, at the same time signifying his intention of proceeding to his hotel on foot. Scarcely need it be added, that the resolution was greeted with deafening cheers. His Majesty's retinue, as he proceeded along the streets, increased to an inconvenient degree, and as the crowd pressed closer, to have a better view of their monarch, one of the soldiers drew his sword to drive them back. "Hold!" cried the King, "a sword is unnecessary amongst my faithful people in Boulogne." "What a real King, this!" no doubt thought the crowd, for they echoed something like that sentiment in the shouts of "Vive le Roi!" they sent ringing into the air. Here the uncourtly rain came on, and, to get out of it as quickly as possible, His Majesty took to his heels, followed by the crowd, reaching his hotel breathless. This kind of thing was peculiar to

Louis Philippe; he had an overweening desire to make himself at home amongst his subjects, and be considered the pink of affability.

The morrow was a gala day. Early in the morning all was life and activity amongst the natives. The King received a numerous party at breakfast, including all the magnates and all the presentables of the town. After this came the *levée*, which lasted up till noon. The King then proceeded to the church and saluted the clergy. From the priests he went to the soldiers, who were mustered in full force, including amongst them the 42nd Regiment, which had shown itself so fondly attached to its sovereign. After reviewing them, he made the following speech:—

"Frenchmen and comrades! The whole of France thanks you—I thank you—for your recent exertions in favour of liberty, peace, and order. I am also grateful to you for the attachment you manifested to my throne and dynasty. The glory of the ancient army, the memory of which is consecrated by the pillar which overlooks this city [the Column of Napoleon aforesaid], has fallen upon you, and you have shown that, should occassion arise to require your services in defence of the liberties and rights of France, you know how to gain a military reputation." The voice of the multitude responded with a "Vive le Roi!" Now took place the distribution of rewards of loyalty. The colours of the National Guard had attached to it a cross of the Legion of Honour. The Mayor and the Colonel of the Guard were advanced to the rank of Commanders in the Legion. All the officers of the 42nd Regiment were advanced one step; two of the privates received crosses, and to the remainder of the regiment, and to all the other soldiers, pecuniary remunerations were ordered

to be given. These ceremonies over, His Majesty returned to the hotel, and shortly after left for Eu; signalizing thus the attachment to him of his subjects in the hour of a formidable invasion by personal marks of his favour, and leaving them with an overwhelming sense of his beneficent qualities as a monarch.

The scene changes from where a faithful people are basking in the smile of their gracious sovereign, and royal favours for loyal services rendered are falling in golden showers, to where a motley band of conspirators against the throne, pale and crestfallen, stand to answer for their act of treason, and await their punishment.

The trial of Louis Napoleon and his comrades took place on the 28th of September, lasting several days, before the Court of Peers. At eleven o'clock on that day the gates of the Hall were opened, and every seat available to the public was immediately taken possession of. An hour afterwards, the lawyers and counsel took their seats in front of the bar, and at the same time the accused persons, nineteen in number, headed by Louis Napoleon, entered the court. The Prince was dressed in black, and wore on his left breast a silver *crachat*, distinctive of his rank. He seated himself opposite the President's chair, and by his side sat Count Montholon, these two prisoners being separated from their companions by some gendarmes. A military guard was drawn up in their rear. These preliminaries arranged, the Chancellor, Baron Pasquier, took his seat, and the proceedings commenced. The first process was the calling over the names of the peers, when over 150 of these answered. Then the President requested the Prince to rise, and questioned him as to his name, age, and profession. "My names," replied the

Prince, "are Charles Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. I am thirty-two years of age, was born in Paris, and am a French exile lately residing in London." The same ceremony was gone through with the other prisoners.

The President next called upon M. Cauchy to read the impeachment of Louis Napoleon and his followers. Some little delay took place before this could be done, on account of the entrance into court of what might be called a "cloud of witnesses," composed of a motley assortment of custom-house officers, pilots, National Guards, officers and soldiers of the 42nd Regiment, and citizens of Boulogne. The accusation was eventually read, after which the witnesses were ordered into a separate room, and retired.

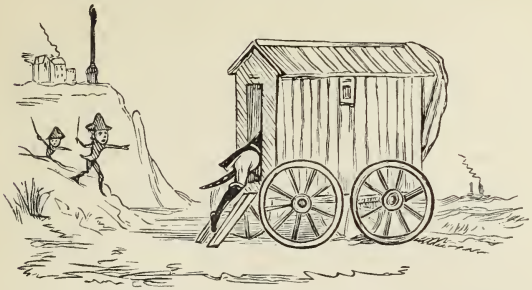
It being now three o'clock in the afternoon, a suspension of twenty minutes for refreshments took place, and on the Court resuming its sitting, the President again requested the Prince to rise. On doing so, the prisoner begged that he might be allowed to make a few observations before he answered any further interrogatories, and, on the permission being given, expressed himself in the following terms :—

"For the first time in my life, I am permitted to lift up my voice in France and to speak freely to Frenchmen. An occasion is offered to me to explain to my fellow-citizens my conduct, my intentions, my projects, what I think, what I wish. Without pride, as without weakness, if I recall the rights deposited by the nation in the hands of my family, it is solely to explain the duties which these rights have imposed upon us all.

"Fifty years ago the principle of sovereignty of the people was consecrated in France by the most powerful revolution which ever occurred in the world.

[1840.]

THE BOULOGNE FAILURE—*(concluded.)*



We left, in the last sketch, the Prince at the foot of the Napoleon Column, his expedition utterly wrecked. The artist here suggests his temporary asylum in a bathing-machine. According to one version of this failure, a bullet, but for a stranger's hand, would there and then have ended the Prince's career.

Forwarded to Paris, after an ignominious incarceration in the Conciergerie, he was tried by the Court of Peers, under the presidency of Baron Pasquier, the Chancellor. The Prince was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment at Ham.

The fate of the eagle, the companion of Cæsar and his misfortunes, has been the subject of conjecture. The artist delineates the aspiring bird ignominiously engaged in abstracting sausages at the moment he was expected to bear up the fortunes of an empire. The Prince disowned his pet.

Never has the national will been proclaimed so solemnly, or been established by suffrage so numerous and so free, as on the occasion of adopting the constitution of the Empire.

"The nation has never revoked that great act of its sovereignty, and the Emperor has said, 'All that has been done without its authority is illegal.' Do not, therefore, allow yourselves to believe that, surrendering myself to the impulses of personal ambition, I have attempted to force a restoration of the Imperial Government upon France. I have been taught higher lessons; I have lived under noble examples. I am the son of a King who, without regret, descended from his throne when he no longer thought it possible to reconcile with the interests of France the interests of the people whom he had been called upon to govern.

"The Emperor, my uncle, preferred abdicating the Empire to accepting by treaty the restricted frontiers, which could not but expose France to the insults and menaces which foreign nations permit themselves to indulge in to-day. I have not lived a single day forgetful of these lessons. The unmerited and cruel proscription, which for twenty-five years has been clogging my existence, from the foot of the throne where I was born, to the prison which I have just left, has been as powerless to irritate as to subdue my heart. It has not been able to estrange me for a single day from the dignity, the glory, or the interests of France. My conduct, my convictions, explain themselves.

"When in 1830 the people reconquered their sovereignty, I had thought that the day after the conquest would be as loyal as the conquest itself, and that the destinies of France were fixed for ever. But the country has had the sad experience of the

last ten years. I thought, therefore, that the vote of four millions of citizens, which had elevated my family to supreme power, imposed upon me the duty of at least making an appeal to the nation, and of inquiring what was its will. I even thought, that if in the midst of the National Congress which I intended to call, any pretensions could make themselves heard, I should have the right to re-awaken the glorious recollections of the empire; to speak of the elder brother of the Emperor, and of that virtuous man who, before me, is his worthy heir [he here referred to Joseph and Louis Buonaparte], and to place in contrast the France of to-day, enfeebled, passed over in silence at the Congress of Kings, with the France of those times, so strong at home, so powerful and respected abroad,—to the question 'Republic or Monarchy, Empire or Kingdom?' the nation would have responded. Upon its free decision depends the end of our sorrows, and the termination of our dissentions.

"As to my enterprise, I repeat it, I have had no accomplices. Alone I have resolved all. If I am culpable towards any one, it is towards my friends. However, let them not accuse me of having trifled lightly with courage and devotion such as theirs. They will easily comprehend the motives of honour and prudence which did not permit me to reveal, even to them, how well founded and strong were my reasons to expect success.

"A last word, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause that of the Empire; the defeat, Waterloo. The principle, you have recognized it; the cause, you have served it; the defeat, you have wished to avenge it.

"Representative of a political cause, I cannot

accept as the judge of my intentions and my acts, a political tribunal. Your forms impose on no one. In the struggle now commencing there can be but the victor and the vanquished. If you are of the victorious party, I have no justice to expect from you, and I do not wish generosity."

These words were delivered in a firm clear voice, and produced a visible impression upon the audience, amongst which was a large number of Napoleon's old companions in arms, and members of the Emperor's household. They were, however, anything but palatable to the President, who, after the Prince had concluded, said to him :—

"I do not think that what you have said is very favourable to your cause : you ought to have sought for other means of justification. You ought to have known how to appreciate in a better manner the sentiments of the country whose will you invoke."

The President then went on to put a series of questions to the Prince, but the latter refused to reply to the majority of them, especially those having a tendency to inculpate other persons not arraigned before the court.

Turning from the Prince, the President, according to the French law, interrogated each of the other prisoners. Count Montholon, on being asked if he attempted to excite a rising in Boulogne, in order to change the Government of France, and proclaim Louis Napoleon Emperor of the French, declined to answer. He, however, stated that he arrived at Margate, on his way to Ostend, when the Prince sent him word that he wished to speak to him on board the *City of Edinburgh*, which was anchored there ; that he went immediately, and was, without any reason being assigned, furnished with the uniform which he wore when captured. He asked the Prince where

they were going to, and he replied, "You will see;" and that he (the Count) knew nothing whatever of the project until a short time before landing at Boulogne. Here the question being repeated as to whether he did not attempt to create a rising in Boulogne, to proclaim Louis Napoleon Emperor of the French, the Count replied: "I could have no intention of proclaiming the Prince Emperor of the French, because he did not wish it himself." He further stated that he said to the Prince on landing, "You are ruining yourself and us: but I will not abandon the nephew of the Emperor in the hour of danger, and I follow you in the hope of saving you, and preventing French blood from being uselessly shed."

He was asked if the Prince never before spoke to him of his projects, and if so, why he had not endeavoured to dissuade him from them. "The Prince often talked to me of them," he replied, "and I always told him to wait until France should call for him, and to remember Strasburg."

With regard to the proclamation bearing his name, the Count asserted most positively that he knew nothing of it, and that he should not have been fool enough to play the part of a major-general to an army of forty men. Similar testimony was adduced from most of the other prisoners, all of whom agreed in the one fact, that the Prince inveigled them on board the steamboat without imparting to them any information whatever of his intentions, but that, shortly before the vessel reached the French coast, he mounted a carriage on the deck, and then informed them of the errand on which they were bound. M. Persigny admitted that he knew the Prince's object with regard to the expedition, but was told none of the details before any of the others were

acquainted with them. They all, moreover, agreed upon another point, that the firing of the Prince's pistol at Boulogne was accidental, but that though it wounded a soldier, it without a doubt prevented greater mischief accruing.

The examination of the prisoners having been concluded, the court proceeded with the examination of the witnesses. The depositions of these were nearly alike, going to prove the landing at Boulogne, the occurrences that followed, and the identity of the prisoners. The imputations before spoken of, respecting men holding high positions in France having something to do with the conspiracy, came to nothing, though it was admitted by several of those implicated that they had received proposals from Louis Napoleon, which were by them indignantly spurned. Major-General Magnan said that a letter was put into his hand by a third party, written by the Prince, which commenced :—"My dear Commandant,—It is important that you should see the general in question. You know that he is a man of execution, and that I have marked him to be a Marshal of France. Offer him 100,000 francs, and promise to lodge 300,000 francs with a banker in Paris, in case he should lose his command." The general continued that he could read no more, so great was his surprise and anger; and looking at the end of the letter, he found it signed by Louis Napoleon. That he returned the letter, remarking that the Prince ought to have known him better than to make such a proposal to him ; and that if even he took his money, the army would not obey him.

The Procureur-Général, in opening his address, observed that the dynasty founded in July had been the object of attack of different factious parties, but that the loyalty and affection of His Majesty's sub-

jects had triumphed over all their attempts. Then, referring to the case before the Court, he said, "What can be the utility of words, or the necessity of discussion? Nothing has been denied, either of the facts which constitute the attempt, or of the part which each one has taken in the enterprise. The intention, the end, the means, everything has been avowed.

"When an effort has been made to substitute another Government for that of the country—when ambition so high that it aspires to nothing less than sovereign power manifests itself by formal acts—when men menace with a new revolution the land already furrowed by so many revolutions—is it sufficient, before such a court as this, to state the material circumstances of the attempt, and provoke against its authors merited punishment? Is it not necessary to search into the motives which inspired the aggression—into the grounds of support to pretensions so vast—into the influences and means at the disposal of men influenced by such vain hopes?

"As for us, gentlemen, the more ardent the admiration with which we cherish in our hearts the memory of the Emperor Napoleon, the more need have we to remember our character as a magistrate, that we may maintain impartiality of judgment in the presence of this puerile ambition, which has twice compromised that grand name in these hare-brained enterprises.

"Have they not already felt in their consciences that they could nowhere find a judge more indignant and more severe than Napoleon himself would be, if the report of these attempts without wisdom—this temerity without grandeur—these defeats without combats, could ascend to his ear?

"They imagine that the grandeur of the empire,

and the glory of the Emperor, were as a patrimony for the family of Napoleon; and the worship of the nation of these immortal souvenirs, transforms itself, in their view, into a popular wish which calls that family to reign.

"The Emperor could not bequeath the sceptre to any one. It fell from his powerful hand before his destinies were accomplished. His glory is the inheritance of France; and the real representative of the empire in her eyes is not he" (pointing to the Prince), "nor the obscure friends that surround him; but it is the genius of the Emperor still living in our laws—it is the men who, cherishing his traditions, and at the head of an army, and in our councils, are the honour of our country, and the bulwark of that royalty that France has founded with her own hands."

Turning here to the Prince, the advocate continued: —"We have been severe towards you, Prince Louis. Our mission and your crime made such to be our duty; but we can never forget that you were born near a throne, and that you have been educated in exile, where we cannot forbid hope from consoling misfortune, and where the sorrows of the past are sweetened by illusions of the future."

M. Berryer, whom the Prince had engaged, notwithstanding his Legitimist views in politics, well knowing that there was not his superior at the French bar, followed for the defence. His speech was a somewhat long one, but is worth giving almost *in extenso*, as the sensation it produced upon the assembled peers had, no doubt, much to do with the future success of Louis Napoleon. M. Berryer said:—

"Gentlemen,—I have not witnessed this trial without being penetrated with a painful reflection. Is not that country most unfortunate, in which so many con-

vulsions take place in so few years, and create doubts as to all its institutions? How many changes has not a single generation witnessed? A republic, an empire, a restoration, and a constitutional government. Is not such a state of things calculated to lead men to profane the majesty of the laws? In such a nation, and with such a succession of events, is it true that men of the greatest energy and fidelity, and the most invincible in contracted duties, are to be precisely those who are to be regarded as bad citizens? In such a state of society, statesmen might well feel alarm; but judges in a political process should, before they give satisfaction to power, demand with energy whether it has not authorized by its acts, its antecedents, and its manifestations, enterprises which it declares criminal. When in 1815 the ministers sent before judges the men who had escaped the disasters of Waterloo, I defended those who had remained faithful to the Emperor, in order to save their lives. I allowed for events, and circumstances, and treaties. What I did then, I do again now.

"The prisoner who has done me the honour to entrust me with his defence, in seeking me out in the ranks of a party so opposed to his own, has nothing to fear. He shall see that I will not betray his confidence Although the questions to which I shall advert affect deeply the success of our political struggles, I will only allude to them judicially." M. Berryer here went over the facts of the landing, the proclamations, &c., and said :—"Does the chief of this enterprise stand before you with such a character of culpability that it is possible to punish him judicially? Is this an occasion for applying to a rebellious subject the articles of the penal code? No! In 1830 the people declared its sovereignty; it declared that it resumed its rights, and asserted

the will of a majority of the citizens. You have recognized this, and have consecrated it in the head of your fundamental law. The principle which now governs you is the principle of 1791, in virtue of which an appeal was made to the nation—in virtue of which 4,000,000 of votes in 1804 declared that France demanded hereditary government in the dynasty of Napoleon. This was abolished in 1814, but you know what passed in 1815.

"Gentlemen, amongst yourselves, how often have I heard voices raised against the abolition of the principle which consecrated the hereditary power of Napoleon; but how many of you have I seen descend even to party struggles for the re-establishment of the dogma of the sovereignty of the people which had been destroyed? Is the restoration of the empire then a phantom, a dream? Well, then, the Emperor Napoleon is dead, and all is now dead with him! But in saying this what do we say? Did his dynasty, which was founded by the national sovereignty, promise the country to last during the lifetime of only one man? It is thus that you must now attack the guarantees of power which you defend in order to repulse that which claims them. The empire has failed, but under what circumstances? At the moment of the fall of the political dogma on which the empire was founded, what did you do in 1830? You revived this dogma, and with it the hereditary rights of the Napoleon family. Is this the subject for judgment? Really one can hardly comprehend that there should be here a person under accusation!

"You have by consecrating the principle re-established the empire. This principle had been abolished, but you restored it. Again I say, and I will say it a thousand times, there is no person here

liable to judgment. In 1836 you proclaimed the maxim which I now lay down. You recognized then that the Prince did not fall within the common law, and that he was not liable to the laws of the country. Why, then, is he brought before you? Are the times changed? Are rights no longer the same? Are the laws abolished?

"But you will say, perhaps, new disorders, violent revolutions, must be prevented. You have a right to do this. Govern, but do not judge; do not judge the heir to a crown! Is there one amongst you, one who could say to himself on entering this court, 'I will be an impartial judge; I will weigh all rights. I will put the royalty of the empire and the royalty of July into the balance, and endeavour to judge impartially'? Impartial! you cannot be impartial: for you are the judges of established power; and you cannot cover the acts of the Government with the mantle of justice! (Great sensation.) You cannot give a verdict which would not be that of the Government. The client for whom I appear is proscribed, and you cannot apply to him the common law, from which you have excluded him. But if you will be judges, be at least human judges of human things, and look at the circumstances connected with the event which has placed these prisoners before you.

"The present ministry was formed at a time when great political questions were agitated. This ministry blamed the timidity of its predecessors: the nation was groaning under the sense of the concessions made to the foreign powers. It accused the Government of the loss of influence of France in Spain, and of having left that country under the influence of England. What did the ministry do? It invoked the memory of him who carried his sword from the extremity of Portugal to the shores of the Baltic; it has opened

the tomb of the hero, it has touched his formidable arms, and has extended its hand to deposit them on his tomb. This is what the ministry has done. You are now going to judge the Prince without taking into account the feelings which such appeals must have revived in his heart. Be men, gentlemen, and judge as men ; and before you judge, remember what has been done under a Prince who once asked the favour to be permitted to fight against the Corsican usurper. (Sensation.) Under this Prince, gentlemen, a minister has said that Napoleon was the legitimate sovereign of the country. What! after having heard these words, this appeal to the great name which he bears, to the glory which he regards as his inheritance, would you have his heart dead to feeling, and could you expect that this ardent young man would not cry, 'I will carry this great name to the frontiers to avenge France, and carry into neighbouring states the terror of past defeats'? 'This name,' would he say, 'is mine ; these arms were bequeathed to me by the warrior ; no other than myself shall place them on the tomb of the warrior. I will go, I will head the funeral procession, and I will say to France, Will you hear me?' (Sensation.)

"Be courageous enough to hear the truth. If the act which Government calls upon you to condemn be a crime, it was the Government which inspired it by the principles which it has proclaimed, by the acts which it has glorified. If it be said that success is the basis of moral law, listen to me. I will ask you to say, you whom we know, whether if he had triumphed, you would have denied him his rights and refused to associate yourselves with his power? (Profound sensation.) Judges and legislators, you respect the laws ; well, then, open the code, what will you see there? Death, death for the offence before your tribunal?

Death! oh, no. You will not pronounce that verdict, you cannot. You cannot at the same time attach the name of Napoleon to a glorious tomb, and upon the scaffold! You will, then, pronounce a political verdict—political reasons will engross the mind of the judge and decide his conduct. That would not be indulgence. You can pronounce another punishment—perpetual imprisonment, for instance—a punishment of infamy! (Sensation.) A sentence of infamy upon the name of Napoleon! Oh, no, you cannot. You will not forget that you are men; and you will remember that France, which has its eyes upon you, desires above all things respect for its feelings. You pronounce an infamous punishment against the nephew of the man to whom you owe everything! You turn against the family of your benefactor for benefits which he conferred upon you! Marshals, dukes, barons, who made you what you are? You will say your exploits, your services. Be it so; but it is to the magnificence of the empire, and to its liberality alone, that you owe, nearly all of you, the right of sitting in this assembly. (Agitation.) Gentlemen, you have to pronounce upon a question which is purely political; you are not judges, you are politicians. You will then send the accused again into exile—exile is the position which the law has created for him. Let the law be executed, and his exile recommence. Any other consideration would be immoral, in presence of the obligations which are imposed upon you, and, above all, with the reminiscences of your own lives."

As M. Berryer concluded, and sat down, the peers seemed literally to writhe from the home-thrusts he had given them; and there was such a scene of confusion in the Court that Count Montholon, in rising to read a statement from a paper he held in

his hand, could not find a hearing, and had to wait several minutes before tranquillity was restored. This eminent French lawyer, though not an Imperialist in his views, was as a Legitimist strongly opposed to the citizen King and his Government; and in his defence of Louis Napoleon, he was all the more earnest and energetic on that account; in fact, his speech reads as if he intended to kill two birds with one stone—to serve his client's cause and his own at the same time. Every word that fell from his lips came with a telling effect in both directions; and there can be little doubt that the peers, if they dared, would have acquitted the prisoner; but, as M. Berryer observed, they were not judges, but politicians. Though it failed, however, to procure the liberty of the captive, that speech laid the foundation of the future empire. It was a speech not likely to be forgotten by those who heard it, nor by the populace who read it as reported. It was calculated to rouse whatever sympathy was latent in the French people for the exiled family of their glorious Emperor, especially at a time when his memory was being so tenderly revived. A hundred attempts at revolution, organized with the utmost skill and carried out with the most consummate tact, would not have done as much for Louis Napoleon's cause as that speech did.

After the counsel for the other prisoners had addressed the peers in their defence, the Court took three days to consider its verdict. It was then announced that Prince Louis Napoleon was found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment—a term never, till then, awarded by the French law, but which was improvised to meet this case—that Count Montholon, Commandant Parquin, M. de Persigny, and M. Lombard were each doomed to twenty years' imprisonment, while the

remainder of the culprits were allotted periods of confinement ranging from ten to two years.

The Court party, it was currently reported, were extremely desirous that Louis Napoleon should be sentenced to death, in order to afford Louis Philippe the opportunity of pardoning him! The old friends of the Emperor would not give His Majesty the chance of so great an act of magnanimity; they had not quite so far forgotten what they owed to their former benefactor as to jeopardize the life of a scion of his house, with so much Bourbon rancour afloat, even though the King into whose hands the Prince would have been committed was so inordinately anxious to be considered the very fountain-head of mercy and benevolence.

CHAPTER X.

THE EAGLE CAGED.

AS a commuted sentence, imprisonment for life might be hailed by the wretch in mortal terror of the gallows with an outburst of joy and thankfulness; but it is questionable whether, even with him, these feelings last, as year after year spins itself out, and he finds himself enduring a living death, knowing nothing more of existence than that he exists. As a primary doom, especially to a cultivated mind, it must be dreadful. It opens to the view such a barren vista of life, wrapped in unbroken gloom; induces a moral death to take place, and hopes, aims, affections, in a moment, to crumble into dust; makes the wide world narrow itself into a cell; death to assume the aspect of a friend, and the grave a refuge. No such melancholy effects, it would seem, however, were produced on the spirit of Louis Napoleon; because no walls, however massive, could shut out from his sight that star of his destiny whose ray had cheered so many years of exile and of persecution.

It was in the afternoon of the 6th of October that his sentence of perpetual imprisonment was read to him. He smiled as he heard it, and observed, "Formerly it was said that the word 'impossible' was not French: I suspect it is so with the word

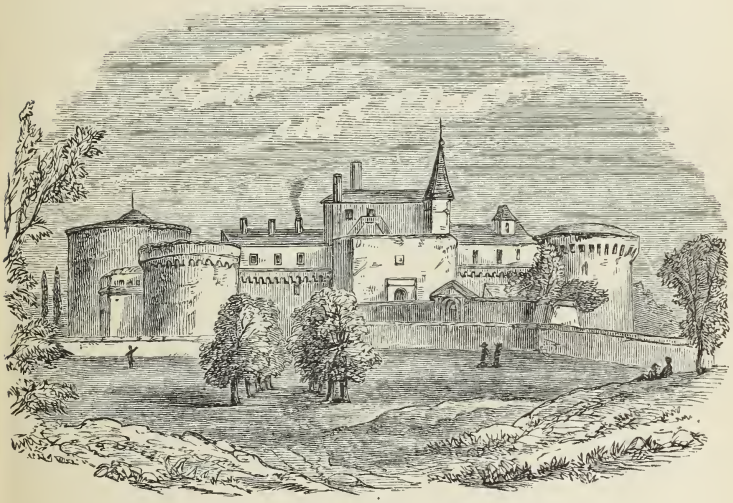
'perpetual' now." He could hardly have expected an acquittal, and might have anticipated death ; but it is probable that the sentence in question was the one most present in his mind as likely to be the issue of the verdict. Taking fully into consideration all circumstances, we are also fain to confess that in our opinion Justice made a good hit here ; for death and acquittal would have been equally monstrous, and no limited term of incarceration could teach such a man a lesson, nor check his ambition.

At midnight on the same day he was taken from the Conciergerie, and removed in a carriage to the Castle of Ham. This is a fortress in the town of Ham, which is something short of a hundred miles north-east of Paris. It has a stern, gloomy-looking aspect, and overlooks a perfect wilderness ; even vegetation seeming to be blighted by its shadow. Given a choice, St. Helena might be preferred to it ; for the sullen rocks which surround that island-prison of Napoleon are much the worst part of it, as Nature has been by no means niggardly to the soil above them, abounding, as it does, in a great variety of the fruits of the earth. The fortress of Ham is in the shape of a quadrangle, with a tower at each angle ; one of the towers rising to the height of a hundred feet. Some tall poplar trees stand by its walls ; but, with the exception of these, nothing, even in the way of a shrub, can be seen in the dreary waste expanding before the view. The castle has but one entrance, which is by a gate in the north-eastern wall, and this is strongly protected. The interior of the structure is even more cheerless than its outer prospect ; the part used as the state prison being an ill-designed, narrow brick building, containing a few wretched rooms, low and damp.

The apartments assigned to the Prince were in a

[1840—1846.]

CAPTIVITY AFTER THE BOULOGNE ATTEMPT.



THE PRISON OF HAM.

The fortress, flanked by four bastions and surrounded by a moat, is in a desolate situation, and the Prince became gloomy under confinement. He relieved the tedium of his prison life, which was by no means oppressively strict, by literary composition. Many of the political tracts written by him at that period are still extant, and it is curious to observe how the principles advocated in them differ from those which were acted upon by the Prince when he came into power. His early convictions, therefore, were not of much practical value.

Among other works he wrote a pamphlet on the extinction of pauperism. He also composed a paper on the sugar question: this fact is curious from the circumstance of his reputed relative, the Duke de Morny, having been the promoter and head of a company for the manufacture of beetroot sugar; as a Minister the Duke afterwards legislated on this matter under the Imperial *régime*.

very tumble-down state; the ceiling with great cracks across it, letting in rain; the doors hanging on infirm hinges; the windows rattling in the wind, and hardly proof against beating showers; the paper hanging on the walls like rags on a beggar's back; and the floor, from the tread of ages of misery, and the gnawing of centuries of rats, in a shaky and perforated condition.

The Prince's rations were limited to the produce of seven francs per diem! This, however, was his least hardship, for he never was much of an epicure, following, in this respect, his uncle, whose rule it was to leave off eating with a live appetite.

To wait upon him, he was positively allowed the luxury of a valet; and, happily, to the Prince his servant was something more than a menial, if he was not what might be called a friend. This worthy follower's name was Charles Phêlin, and, like a real gem of his class, he had been in the service of the family before his present master was thought of, his first entry into life being in the household of Josephine, the grandmother, from which he was transferred to that of Hortense, and finally cast in his lot with the exiled descendant of a race he had known in all its greatness and misfortunes. Taking into consideration his position, the Court had acquitted Phêlin at the trial, and the Government graciously allowed him to share his master's captivity. Louis Napoleon was very much attached to this good creature, and speaks of him in several letters with great affection.

The Prince's gaoler, unlike his uncle's, was a man who would relax from the severity which his position entailed upon him, when off duty. He diurnally went through two totally opposite parts, playing both with equal success. On duty he was a most inflexible guard, with his eye open for every crevice through which

escape could be possible; but having turned the last key, he almost invariably repaired to the Prince to play cards with him, and gave him the benefit of social qualities of the most cordial and agreeable description. The other members of this captive household consisted of Count Montholon and his lady, and the Prince's physician, Dr. Conneau, whose several duties were to cheer and animate each other with as bright hopes of the future as could find their way through those dismal walls.

Always of a studious character, the Prince naturally felt now a greater love for books, as affording mental glimpses of the fair world from which he was shut out; and he also devoted a great deal of his time to literary labour. By a singular oversight on the part of his enemies, he was allowed to correspond freely, and his name frequently appeared in a journal with which he was connected, called the *Progrès du Pas de Calais*. His friends, also, were constantly in receipt of letters from him, in which he tried to show how cheerfully and manfully he was bearing up with his misfortune, though the real truth was his heart was breaking. The following is a copy of one of them:—

"*Ham, 14th August*, 1841.

"My life is passed here in a very monotonous manner, for the rigours of the authorities are unchanged; nevertheless, I cannot say that I am dull, because I have created for myself occupations which interest me. For instance, I am writing 'Reflections upon the History of England,' and I have also planted a small garden in the corner of the yard in which I am located. But all this fills up the time without filling the heart, and sometimes we find that very void of sentiment.

"I am very much pleased at what you tell me of the good opinion I have left behind me in England, but I do not share in your hope as to the possibility of soon being in that country again; and indeed, notwithstanding all the pleasure I should have in again finding myself there, I do not complain in the least of the position to which I have brought myself, and to which I am completely resigned."

The love of flowers inherent to most of us is nowhere so marked as in the centre of great cities, or in places of seclusion and confinement like this, where Nature's child yearns for Nature's smiles hidden from its view. That little garden in the corner of the yard was cultivated with uncommon skill by the same hand that had so lately reached out for a sceptre, and the progress of the tinted nurselings of its care was the source of no small or vulgar delight to this amateur horticulturalist. The Prince's prison missives frequently breathe the odours of that little garden in the corner of the yard. After having read a book where the misfortunes of a prisoner similar to himself were narrated, he consoles himself on being somewhat better off than him in a few respects, and adds: "I am, however, more happy than the prisoner who is the hero of the author of 'Picciola,' and they respect my flowers very carefully. I might, indeed, already gather a bouquet worthy of Lady ———'s garden. Perhaps I boast a little in saying this, but then it is because I see my onions with paternal eyes."

Still the mind cannot for ever be dwelling upon trifles such as these, and deriving such unbroken pleasure from them, as to reconcile it to four massive walls eternally rising before the view to a height beyond which even hope cannot soar. The soul

turns cannibal at intervals, and devours its own heart, like a mad sow its litter. The horrors of imprisonment may well frighten desperate villains who would face the devil; isolation from their fellows is no small punishment to the most callous of men. We can form no conception of the priceless value of liberty, as of health, until we lose it. The Prince's philosophical bearing and evenness of temper, which nothing else could touch, under these circumstances frequently gave way, and irascible outbreaks, with fits of peevishness, imparted quite an altered aspect to his character. These ebullitions at length found vent in a written protest against his treatment in the prison, which we here quote :—

"*Citadel of Ham,*
May 28, 1841.

"During the nine months which I have been in the hands of the French Government, I have submitted patiently to indignities of every description. I do not, however, wish longer to be silent, or to authorize oppression by my silence.

"My position ought to be considered under two points of view—the one moral, and the other legal. Morally speaking, the Government which has recognized the legitimacy of the head of my family, is bound to recognize me as a Prince, and to treat me as such.

"Policy has rights which I do not dispute. Let Government act towards me as towards its enemy, and deprive me of the means of doing any harm. So far it would be right; but, on the other hand, its behaviour will be inconsequent and dastardly, if it treats me, who am the son of a King, the nephew of an Emperor, and allied to all the sovereigns of Europe, as an ordinary prisoner.

"In appealing to foreign alliances, I am not ignorant that they have never been of use to the conquered, and that misfortunes sever all bonds; but the French Government ought to recognize the principle which has made me what I am, for it is by this that it exists itself. The sovereignty of the people made my uncle an Emperor, my father a King, and made me a French Prince by birth. Have I not, then, a right to the respect and regard of all those in whose eyes the voice of a great people, glory and misfortune, are anything?

"If for the first time in my life I perchance boast of the accident which has presided over my birth, it is because pride suits my position, and that I have purchased the early favour of fortune by twenty-seven years of suffering and sorrow.

"With respect to my *legal position*, the Court of Peers in my case has created an exceptional penalty.

"By condemning me to perpetual imprisonment, it has only legalized the decree of fate which has made me a prisoner of war. It has endeavoured to combine humanity with policy, by inflicting upon me the mildest punishment for the longest time possible.

"In its execution, however, the Government has fallen very far short of the intention which I am pleased to ascribe to my judges. Accustomed from my youth to a strict rule of life, I do not complain of the inconvenient simplicity of my dwelling; but that of which I do complain is being made the victim of vexatious measures, by no means necessary to my safe keeping.

"During the first months of my captivity, every kind of communication from without was forbidden; and within, I was kept in the most rigorous confinement. Since, however, several persons have been admitted to communicate with me, these

internal restrictions can have no longer an object; and yet it is precisely since they have become useless that they are more rigorously enforced.

"All the provisions for the supply of my daily wants are subjected to the most rigid scrutiny.

"The attentions of my single faithful servant, who has been permitted to follow me, are encumbered by obstacles of every description. Such a system of terror has been established in the garrison and among the officials in the castle, that no individual dares to raise his eyes towards me; and it even requires extraordinary boldness for them to be commonly polite.

"How can it be otherwise when the simplest civility of look is regarded as a crime, and when all who would wish to soften the rigours of my position, without failing in their duty, are threatened with being denounced to the authorities, and with losing their places? In the midst of this France, which the head of my family has rendered so great, I am treated like an excommunicated person of the thirteenth century. Every one flies at my approach, and all fear my touch as if my breath were infectious.

"This insulting inquisition, which pursues me into my very chamber, which follows my footsteps when I breathe the fresh air in a retired corner of the fort, is not limited to my person alone, but is extended even to my thoughts. My letters to my family, the effusions of my heart, are submitted to the strictest scrutiny; and if a letter should contain any expressions of too lively a sympathy, the letter is sequestrated, and its writer is denounced to the Government.

"By an infinity of details too long to enumerate, it appears that pains are taken at every moment of

the day to make me sensible of my captivity, and cry incessantly in my ears, 'Væ victis!'

"It is important to call to mind, that none of the measures which I have pointed out were put in force against the Ministers of Charles X., whose dilapidated chambers I now occupy.

"And yet these Ministers were not born on the steps of a throne; and, moreover, they were not condemned to simple imprisonment, but their sentence implied a more severe treatment than has been given to me; and, finally, they were not the representatives of a cause which is an object of veneration in France.

"The treatment, therefore, which I endure is neither just, legal, nor humane.

"If it be supposed that such measures will subdue me, it is a mistake; it is not outrage, but marks of kindness, which subdue the hearts of those who suffer.

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

Few can doubt, who have read the history of Bourbonism, that there was some genuine cause for this string of complaints; but the tone in which they are uttered is very like that which is common to men whose minds are so distempered with real trials, that their imaginations create a host of unreal ones, which for their torture serve equally as well. When people become querulous about trifles, and take to misinterpreting looks and gestures, their mental organization is in a very bad state, and their fortitude on its last legs. We are more inclined to favour the idea that to some extent such was the case with the Prince because Louis Philippe, on receipt of his prisoner's mournful outpourings, immediately gave orders that such rigours, if they

existed, should be removed, and every attention be paid the Prince, consistent with circumstances. The faithful Phêlin was then allowed to go into the neighbouring town on commissions for his master, and no embargo was laid on the Prince's reception of visitors.

Not many weeks had elapsed since the incarceration of his nephew, when the body of the Emperor arrived from St. Helena at Cherbourg. It was received with a salute of guns from all the batteries and ships of war in the harbour, and all France was alive to the magical name of Napoleon. The coffin was transferred from the man-of-war that brought it over to a steamboat, which, attended by an immense flotilla, bearing almost all the high and noble personages of France, including the King's son, the Prince de Joinville, made its way up the River Seine to its destination at the Invalides. All along its route, as it may be imagined, the people flocked to the banks of the river on whose bosom was borne the ashes so dear to their own, and tears fell freely from the eyes of the multitude, as they gazed in silence on the mournful cortége gliding slowly along. The pall that covered the sarcophagus had on it, in gold letters, the name of Napoleon, and who can tell what memories that awoke? In due time the pageant was over, and the desire of its subject gratified, for he had said, "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

For all the boasting of the prosecuting counsel, at the trial of Louis Napoleon, of the unbounded loyalty of the subjects of the King, His Majesty must have little relished the repeated cries of "Vive l'Empereur," to the utter exclusion of "Vive le Roi," which were the accompaniments of the heavenly music amidst

which the ashes of the hero of Austerlitz were lowered to their last resting-place. The dead lion was once more an object of greater interest than the live donkey.

Louis Napoleon, with whom his uncle was a golden idol, was much affected by the recitals of an eye-witness of the splendid reception given by France to the sacred dust of its Emperor. His whole soul was moved as he listened to the description of the magnificent obsequies; and, for once in his life, he lost his self-possession. He rushed into a rhapsody "To the Manes of the Emperor," which does little credit either to its author or its subject; and, besides being too long, is too trashy to be quoted here. We may, however, give a single paragraph, as illustrative of our remarks:—

"When you touched the soil of France, an electric shock was felt; you raised yourself in your coffin; your eyes were for a moment re-opened; the tricolour floated upon the shore, but your eagle was not there!" Could anything be more absurd than such rant?

Government spies were posted in the vicinity of Ham, on the entry of the Prince into the citadel, and they found much congenial occupation in pumping people, both in and out of the castle, concerning everything that was going on, and transmitting the produce of their labours to head-quarters. An alarm was once given that there was a conspiracy on foot for the release of the Prince by force, for that several thousand workmen from the plains of St. Denis would, on a certain day, march to the fortress, and, battering in its gate, set free the captive nephew of their Emperor. A panic ensued, and troops came pouring in from Amiens—infantry, cavalry, and artillery enough to storm a town. But they came only to find a mare's nest; for the industrious eavesdropper

who had spread the report about had been most completely gulled!

With a weary, monotonous march, passed month after month, year after year, and the prisoner of Ham was still as far from liberty as on the day he entered. With five years of imprisonment over his head, he writes:—

"Years roll on with discouraging uniformity; and it is only in the promptings of my conscience and my heart that I find strength to stand up against this atmosphere of lead which surrounds me and suffocates me. Nevertheless, the hope of a better future never entirely abandons me."

He heard from his father now, saying that he was dangerously ill. Considering that the relations between them had not been of the closest kind, it will scarcely be allowed by many that this news could affect him deeply; but those who have lost the last tie that bound them to this world will freely sympathize with his feelings at the time. If tears were only bought by benefits conferred, or love reciprocated, it would be quite a rarity to see a wet eye at a funeral. It must be added, too, that whatever may have been the reasons for their non-intercourse, Louis Napoleon always refers to his father in his letters in the highest terms of esteem and respect.

He thought then, naturally, that it was a duty incumbent upon him to make a strenuous effort to get to his father, and attend upon him in his last moments. His father had previously presented a petition to the French Government, that he should be allowed to do this, which being heartlessly refused, the Prince wrote the following letter to the Minister of the Interior:—

"*Ham, Dec.* 23, 1845.

"Sir,

"My father, whose age and infirmity require the attention of a son, has requested the Government to allow me to go to him.

"His application has not been attended with a favourable result.

"The Government, as I am informed, require a formal guarantee from me. Under the circumstances, my resolve cannot be doubted; and I am prepared to do everything compatible with my honour, in order to be allowed to offer to my father those consolations to which he has so many claims.

"I now therefore declare to you, sir, that if the French Government consent to allow me to go to Florence, to discharge a sacred duty, I will promise upon my honour to return, and to place myself at the disposal of the Government, whenever it shall express a desire that I should do so.

"Accept, sir, &c.,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

This letter was sent to the Minister by M. Poggioli, whom the Prince's father had sent to Paris with his petition. The Minister took time to consider, but at length told M. Poggioli that the Prince's request could not be allowed—it would be contrary to law to grant it. It would be tantamount to an act of pardon on the part of the Government, to which it was not entitled, such a prerogative belonging entirely to the King. Here was Louis Philippe again lusting to show himself the most gracious of monarchs and the best of men!

Taking the hint, the Prince applied to the King himself in the following letter:—

"*Ham*, 14 *January*, 1846.

"Sire,

"It is not without deep emotion that I approach your Majesty, and ask, as a favour, permission to quit France, even for a very short time. For five years I have found, in breathing the air of my country, ample compensation for the torments of captivity. But my father is now aged and infirm, and calls for my attention and care. He has applied to persons known for their attachment to your Majesty in order to obtain my liberation, and it is my duty to do everything which depends upon me to meet his desires.

"The Council of Ministers has not felt competent to accede to the request which I made to be allowed to go to Florence, engaging to return and again to become a prisoner, as soon as the Government might desire me to do so. I approach your Majesty with confidence, to make an appeal to your feeling of humanity, and to renew my request by submitting it to your high and generous interference.

"Your Majesty will, I am convinced, appreciate a step which beforehand engages my gratitude; and affected by the isolated position in a foreign land of a man who, upon a throne, gained the esteem of Europe, will accede to the wishes of my father and myself.

"I beg your Majesty to receive the expression of my profound respect.

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

Like the wily humbug he was, Louis Philippe expressed himself willing to exercise his royal clemency, but it must be done conditionally. The reader might almost guess the required stipulations.

A document was drawn up by an astute hand, and sent for signature to the Prince, in which he was called upon to renounce all his claims to the throne of France, and humbly beg His Majesty's pardon for the acts of treason committed against him. Louis Napoleon, though indignant at such proposals, returned the document to M. Odillon Barrot, from whom he received it, quietly remarking that he could not conscientiously affix his signature to that paper, but again urging the painfulness of his position, and appealing to the sympathies of the King, who, he said, like him, had lived through thirty years of misfortune.

M. Odillon Barrot replied that all his negotiations in the matter had proved a failure ; that he had said to the King that if himself and His Majesty had differed in politics, they would at least agree in sentiments of humanity and generosity, but that he found now that this was another of the Utopian ideas of his life. In fact, the Prince was told that what he wished could not be done, unless, like the dupe of a usurer, he signed away, for the small consideration of immediate liberty, all his future prospects and expectations.

Never till now had occurred to him the idea of making an effort to escape ; for, in writing to a friend, when there was some talk of an amnesty, he says : " I prefer being a captive on the soil of France, to being a free man in a foreign land." He had then no object in view in gaining his liberty by flight ; but his sense of filial duty, and that rebellious feeling which springs up in us when we cannot propitiate tyranny, made him form a resolution that, though he might perish in the attempt, he would make it, to free himself.

CHAPTER XI.

"GONE AWAY, LEAVING NO ADDRESS."

RESOLVED to escape, Louis Napoleon did not wait for the opportunity voluntarily to present itself to him ; he set about to make it, exercising all his ingenuity in the conception of a plan by which he could pass the sentinels who guarded his prison gate. . It is generally hazardous to impart to others the knowledge of such intentions, even though their faith and discretion may be thoroughly relied upon, for their zeal is often a more direct clue for suspicion. Nevertheless, the Prince took into his confidence the most trusty of servants, his valet, Phêlin, and his friend, Dr. Conneau, who, though his own term of imprisonment had expired, petitioned the Government that he might still remain, to attend on Louis Napoleon, and was allowed to do so. These three hit upon a contrivance which appeared only to require the favour of fortune to turn out successful.

Whether from motives of humanity, or from absolute necessity, the Government ordered extensive repairs to be made to the premises in which the Prince was confined, and a large number of workmen were consequently going in and out of the Castle. The idea struck the council of three that, disguised as one of

[1840—1846.]

IMPRISONMENT AT HAM.

The Prince occupied the apartments once appropriated to the Ministers of Charles the Tenth. He several times petitioned for a little more liberty, but his various pretexts for temporary enlargement were unsuccessful. The principal anxiety he

expressed in these pleas was his dutiful desire to minister to the last moments of a dying father.

Louis Napoleon took advantage of some repairs proceeding in the fortress to don the dress of a workman, and so effect his escape from a garrison numbering two

ındred, sixty of whom were always ostensibly on guard. According to the caricarist, the Prince was so well disguised that it was impossible to recognize him. ouis Philippe's Government were not unreasonably charged with connivance in is escape: they indignantly exhibited great vigilance when the captive's retreat as secured. Some of the Prince's biographers assert that his filial impulses then peared to cool, and, his object obtained, he did not gratify a feeble and expiring rent with those soothing attentions he had proclaimed himself panting to perform.

the workmen, the Prince might chance the attempt; and that proceeding was accordingly determined upon. Good Dr. Conneau and the devoted Phêlin repaired to the village, as they were now free to do, and bought a suit of the most appropriate garments they could procure, in which the Prince might personate a carpenter, and some dye with which to stain the fugitive's hands and face, so that their cleanliness might not lead to detection. Fortunately, there was no inquisition now into parcels brought into the prison; and the purchases were safely conveyed to the Prince's apartments.

To nick the proper time in which to make the effort was the next thing for consideration. The Prince was favoured by the attentions of three keepers generally; but, on certain days of the week, he observed that two of these guardians of his person absented themselves for a short space of time on some business of their own; and one pair of eyes being less hazardous to encounter than three pairs, one of these days was chosen. An early hour in the morning was further decided upon, because the commandant, who, as before stated, was as vigilant as a weasel when on duty, made his appearance about nine o'clock, and it was a great thing to have him out of the way.

Here we could not do better than give the Prince's own account of how he carried out these arrangements.

"On Monday" [25th of May, 1846], he says, "I saw the workmen enter at half-past eight o'clock. Charles took them some drink, in order that I should not meet any of them on my passage. He was also to call one of the guardians (turnkeys), while Dr. Conneau conversed with the others. Nevertheless, I had scarcely got out of my room when I was accosted

by a workman, who took me for one of his comrades; and, at the bottom of the stairs, I found myself in front of the keeper. Fortunately, I placed the plank I was carrying before my face, and succeeded in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a sentinel, or any other person, I always kept the plank before my face.

"Passing before the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall, and stopped to pick up the bits. There I met the officer on duty, but, as he was reading a letter, he did not pay attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appeared surprised at my dress, and a drummer turned round several times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face, but they appeared to be so curious that I thought I should never escape them, until I heard them cry, 'Oh, it is Bernard!'

"Once outside, I walked quickly towards the road of St. Quentin."

He was soon afterwards followed by Phêlin.

Here was a case, indeed, where fortune really did favour the brave; for it required no small amount of courage and self-possession to carry out successfully such a project, which, though it seemed exceedingly plausible in appearance, was fraught with extreme danger, and liable to a thousand accidents. The adroitness with which the plank was placed before his face when he met a turnkey or a workman; the coolness with which he picked up the pieces of his broken pipe under the nose of the keeper; the intrepidity with which he marched past the sentinels, stamp this man as the very reverse of the coward his enemies declare him. Placed in his position, they would have been sadly in want of some of that boldness with which they have assailed his character.

Two out of the three individuals engaged in this scheme having got away, the third might have also done so, but for the most disinterested friendship that one man could feel for another. Dr. Conneau, though running a great risk of endangering his own liberty, remained behind to do all in his power to cover the flight of the Prince. The latter had left a letter to the Governor to say that he was rather indisposed, and wished not to be disturbed. This letter the noble-hearted doctor took care to have delivered in proper time, thus preventing any person repairing to the Prince's apartments. He then placed a stuffed figure in the Prince's bed, and covering it over with the bed-clothes, succeeded admirably in making it resemble a human form asleep. He then lit the fire, so that its flicker through the window might further induce the belief that the prisoner was preparing his coffee, as was his custom. Having done this, he posted himself as sentry behind the door, caring little for the consequences to himself, so that he could put as many miles as possible between the runaway and pursuers.

At nine o'clock the commandant presented himself, as usual, at the Prince's apartments, where the doctor met him at the door.

"Well, doctor," said the commandant, "how is the Prince now?"

The loveable hypocrite of a doctor put on a doleful face, and replied, with a fib to match it,—

"He is seriously ill, indeed, and must be kept very quiet."

The commandant expressed his sympathy for the sufferer, and went away. He returned at one o'clock, and, singularly enough, again met the physician at the door. The patient was no better, quoth the latter, but had just taken an opiate, which no

doubt would relieve him of pain by composing him to sleep.

Seven o'clock came, and with it the commandant. "Walk in," said the doctor. The commandant entering, gazed in astonishment to find no Prince there. "He is gone out, sir," said the doctor. The secret was soon out: the bird was flown!

Making good use of his time, the Prince directed his course to the Grand Asylum of Europe. Having passed the last sentinel, he quickened his pace till he got out of sight of the fortress, and came upon a cabriolet that Phêlin had ordered the day before, and which he had brought up to a place previously appointed. The Prince found him seated inside, and taking his place by him, directed the coachman to drive as fast as he could to St. Quentin. During the journey, the royal carpenter took off his soiled blouse, and put on a clean one provided by Phêlin, as also a braided cap, making himself look like a respectable mechanic taking a holiday.

Arrived at St. Quentin, the Prince, taking the Cambray Road, walked on, while his indefatigable servitor made his way to the post-house to get another vehicle, having procured which, he overtook his master, who jumped in, and giving the driver a gratuity in hand, and promising him another in the event of his deserving it, urged him to make the best speed he could to Valenciennes. This town they reached at two o'clock, and after a couple of hours' delay were on their road to Brussels by rail. In due time they were placed in comparative security from pursuit. From Brussels they repaired to Ostend, and from thence embarked for England.

The news of the Prince's escape created a sensation both in France and in England, a telegram of the fact being sent to this country as soon as it was

known, and published in large type by the newspapers. In Paris it was the talk for some time. The general impression seemed to be that the affair was connived at by Government, who were glad to get rid of in that way the responsibility of keeping such a prisoner longer in detention. Louis Philippe had just a week or two previously had a marvellous escape from assassination by a man called Lecomte, and it was said His Majesty, wishing to conciliate all the enemies he could, desired nothing more than that such an event should happen as the Prince's flight. The efforts of the Government to recapture him were construed into a mere show; for their success, it was stated, would be more disagreeable to the Government than to the captive. That the French press erred, as usual, in point of veracity, was evident. There could have been no connivance; and, as further proof thereof, it may be stated, that even Count Montholon did not know of his friend's intention to fly, for he subsequently received the following letter:—

"My dear General,

"Believe how much I regret not being able to shake you by the hand before I go, but it is impossible. My emotion would betray the secret which it is so important for me to keep. I have taken measures to ensure your pension being regularly paid, but, as you may be in need of money, I have left with Dr. Conneau two thousand francs, which he will give you. Thus your pension will be paid till the end of September. Adieu, my dear General! Receive the assurance of my friendship.

"L. N."

The commandant, on making the discovery of the

flight, turned pale with fear, lest he should be visited with punishment for neglect of duty. Recovering himself, he hastily withdrew, to see what he could do to overtake the fugitive, and sent out soldiers in all directions, but of course to no purpose. Dr. Conneau was placed under arrest, as were shortly afterwards the commandant himself and the keepers of the gate.

They were all brought to trial about six weeks afterwards. Dr. Conneau, in answer to the usual interrogatories, gave a detailed history of his career, finishing thus: "In the Italian insurrection of 1831, I formed one of the revolutionary staff at Ancona. Thence I proceeded to France, and wrote to Prince Louis Napoleon to furnish me with letters of recommendation. His only reply was to invite me to Arenemberg. There I was loaded with kindness by Queen Hortense, who even thought proper to remember me in her will. She entreated me to remain with her son. Such a request was a command, and I obeyed it."

The trial lasted three days, and the issue of it was, that Dr. Conneau was sentenced to three months' imprisonment—a penalty so lenient, that it was more than ever said that the King and the Government looked upon the flight of Louis Napoleon as a lucky accident for them; and it was, moreover, hinted that a severer sentence would have produced consequences which they were anxious to avoid. With regard to the other prisoners, the commandant lost his post, and the others were acquitted.

Louis Napoleon arrived, for the third time, in England on the 26th of May, the day after his escape. He almost immediately addressed a letter to the French ambassador in London, stating his object in escaping:—

"*London, May* 29, 1846.

"Monsieur Le Comte,

"I come frankly to declare to the man who was the friend of my mother, that in quitting my prison I have not been actuated by any idea of renewing against the French Government a war which has been disastrous to me, but only to be enabled to go to my aged father.

"Previous to my taking this step, I made every effort to obtain from the French Government the permission to go to Florence, and I offered every guarantee consistent with my honour. But finding that all my applications had proved unsuccessful, I determined to have recourse to the last expedient, which the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Guise adopted in similar circumstances under Henry the Fourth.

"I beg, Monsieur Le Comte, that you will inform the French Government of my peaceable intentions, and I hope that such a spontaneous assurance on my part will shorten the captivity of my friends who still remain in prison.

"Receive, &c.,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BUONAPARTE."

The Prince tried his utmost to get a passport to Florence, that he might be present by the death-bed of his father, and receive his last wishes. Count Dietrichstein, the Austrian ambassador in London, was appealed to, but gave an insulting refusal. The Grand Duke of Tuscany was implored, but he also declined to accede to the request, though in terms more befitting a nobleman. "I cannot," said he, "authorize you to remain twenty-four hours in Tuscany. This I regret, but the influence of France

compels me to act in this manner." The same influence was brought to bear everywhere, till not a loophole was left through which the unhappy son could fly to soothe the last moments of his heavily afflicted and dying parent.

Turning, with a sick heart, from the monstrous cruelty that debarred him from his pious wishes, the Prince had not long to wait before he heard that his father had no need of his attention, as he died on the 25th of July, 1846, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. This event, though it put an end to a painful anxiety, was to the Prince a source of deep sorrow, and the sense of his loneliness, induced by exile, was deepened by the thought that he now stood the sole representative of his father's household.

There was not much in the life of Louis Buonaparte to call for remark. Everything of interest about him has already been related. He played but a poor part in the history of his family, being, as far as his natural abilities went, but a mere cypher. He was elevated to a throne, without possessing any of the qualifications of a sovereign. He abdicated his throne because he was almost compelled to do so by the same hand that had raised him to it. For some few years he stood as a landmark of the progress of the French Empire, then he sank into what he was naturally intended for—a complete nonentity. Like all the Buonapartes, he had amassed considerable wealth while the family was in power, and, dying, left sixty thousand francs for the erection of a tomb to mark the spot where lay the dust of a man who had been of the least service to his generation. But, after gratifying this singular vanity, he bequeathed ample legacies to the poor—he was always good to the poor—and then his son came in for the residue.

In his will he expressed a wish that he might be

buried at St. Leu, in France, from whence he took, latterly, the title of Count of St. Leu; but this wish was not allowed to be carried out by the French Government for some months; but it relented at last, and his remains were conveyed to St. Leu, and deposited by the side of his son, who died during the Italian insurrection. The husband sleeps at St. Leu and the wife at Ruel—so that even in death were not united the pair whose marriage could scarcely be said to have been one of those popularly said to be made in heaven.

Almost immediately on arriving in London, Louis Napoleon repaired to his former pleasant resort, Gore House. He asked for Count d'Orsay. The Count was informed that some one wanted to see him. "What sort of a person is it?" asked the Count, for he was, for cogent reasons, not at home to all visitors. The servant, put up to the joke by Louis Napoleon, who knew his friend's weaknesses, replied that it was a man with a sinister cast of countenance. Not relishing the description, the Count declined to see the person. The servant, however, returned with a fresh message, to the effect that the importunate visitor must have an interview, as he was on important business. "Well," said the Count, "what does the fellow look like?"—"Something like a foreigner," replied the lacquey, "with an odd-looking mouth, and big moustachios."—"Louis Napoleon!" cried the Count, and rushing from his lair, he caught the Prince in his arms and embraced him.

Louis Napoleon then visited his cousin, Lady Douglas, afterwards Duchess of Hamilton. The following colloquy is said to have taken place on this occasion:—

"Well," said Lady Douglas, "at last you are free. Will you now be quiet? Will you lay aside those

schemes which have cost you so dear, and brought such misery on those who love you?"

"My dear cousin," replied the Prince, "I do not belong to myself. I belong to my name and my country. It is because my fortune has twice betrayed me that my destiny is nearer its accomplishment. I bide my time."

Gathering thus all his old friends about him, he tried to make the best of his lot, and whatever interval might pass between that time and the attainment of the objects of his ambition, he was determined that it should roll along as pleasantly as possible.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STAR OBSCURED.

TO make up, as it were, for six years of close confinement, and to obliterate its effects upon him, Louis Napoleon now gave up the pursuit of knowledge, to a great extent, for the pursuit of pleasure. During the winter he took to hunting, and became as great an adept at that truly English sport, and as thoroughly enjoyed it, as if he were to the manner born; indeed, his exploits in the saddle, and his perfect seat, were remarkable, considering his nationality.

In the fine summer afternoons he found the British Turf a pleasing source of amusement. Introduced by his friend D'Orsay, he soon made himself at home in the midst of that most agreeable society which is constituted of the upper ten of Turf circles. Racing noblemen and gentlemen, he discovered, were even more affable and pleasant companions than men of their class he met off a race-course. They were more free in their manners and conversation, and less bound by the rigid conventionalities of the social code. If they were less polished they were more hearty, more frank, more sociable than those of their type who conformed strictly to the rules of etiquette, or enshrouded themselves with the dignity of their station. And then the coach-loads of female

loveliness these gay swells carried about with them! Perfect models of English beauty—the flowers of creation—attired with superlative elegance, and, to use a sporting phrase, trained to perfection for winning men's hearts! Iced champagne and lobster salad, under the influence of their eyes and the charm of their smiles, were no bad foretaste to an ardent young Frenchman of the bliss of Elysium. Mahomet himself, under such influences and charms, might have been tempted to pitch his Seventh Heaven on the lawn at Goodwood!

There is, too, an heroic aspect about the struggle of a field of high-mettled horses, carrying all the colours of the rainbow, straining every nerve and sinew, bringing into play all their powers of endurance and speed, with all the appearance of being as conscious of what is expected of them as if they were rational beings; and it must be a dull nature which cannot be moved thereby. Horse-racing has been called a noble pastime, and intrinsically it fully deserves the distinguishing epithet.

Then, to an intelligent foreigner like Louis Napoleon, here was a vast field for the study of English character. From the patrician who supports the institution, down to the cadger who hangs on its skirts, the British Turf affords the widest scope of observation of any other community to the student of men and manners.

There are many specimens of the *genus homo*, indeed, which are entirely indigenous to it. Where else in the wide creation can you meet with, for instance, that lubberly north-country betting man, with a face like a full moon, and a mouth as wide as a washhand basin, from which incessantly roars a voice, the like of which is not earthly? or his antithesis, that most compact of pigmies, the jockey

turned horse-trainer, standing four feet nothing, with a foxy head, and eyes to match, and with his tiny frame encased in such a tight-fitting suit of clothes that he suggests the idea of a natural phenomenon born dressed? In point of costume, by the way, a race-course can only yield to a masquerade ball; and there is no small amount of amusement to be derived in noting the extraordinary assumption of finery by fellows with the cut of tramps and with the deportment of coal-heavers; blending the splendours of broadcloth with the complexion of a potato, and the fashion of a marquis with the gait of a scavenger.

But, on the principle of the rose and its thorns, such pleasures are invested by insidious dangers, and are not infrequently purchased at the cost of a fortune or a reputation. Few are so marvellously constituted as to withstand the infection of the gambling epidemic which pervades the race-course. Louis Napoleon soon caught the betting fever, and the result was the common one, that it never left him till he was purged of his last shilling. There is no other remedy for that disease. Whatever remained to him of his legacies and his other means quickly found its way into the maws of the Turf-harpies, who sight their prey the moment he enters the betting-ring. One vice leads to another, as one road into another. Reluctant as we are, therefore, to do so, we are bound to admit that our hero now wallowed in the mire of dissipation. In vain have we looked for evidence to refute, to some extent at least, the charges brought against his moral character at this period: the search has only ended in the discovery of orgies, too shocking to detail, of which he was a ready participator, and of unquestionable proofs of his fully deserving his reputation for every species of de-

bauchery. Then came the eternal state of impecuniosity, of which we have heard so much, and the consequent devices for raising the wind. As a kite-flyer, Louis Napoleon in those days had few equals. His usual representation in working the oracle was, that he was entitled to a large estate of his mother's in France, and for the recovery of which proceedings at law would be taken that could not but result in his favour. The Jews at last began to fight shy of his signature, but private gentlemen always continued to help him, not so much from any hope of a return, as from consideration of his unfortunate position, and from those truly generous feelings for persons in distress which characterize English people of all classes.

Some of the documents rendered ornate by his autograph got into bad hands. He once wrote to an advertising money-lender, and the reply received being satisfactory, he was induced to part with bills of exchange to the value of several thousand pounds. Not a shilling was advanced, as may be supposed, and the bonds were kept by the loan-office swindler till they were redeemed by a large bonus when the Prince became Emperor. The rogue who accomplished this *coup* was a well-known sporting character, who had earned the *sobriquet* of "Pretty Charley," as the Apollo of blackguards.

One of the favourite resorts of the fast men of that period was the theatre, both before and behind the scenes. A couple of anecdotes will serve to illustrate that Louis Napoleon was quite at home, like the rest of the idlers of his class, in the company of stage heroes and heroines, the most deserving of whom he was never ashamed to acknowledge as old acquaintances when he became an Emperor. The celebrated Bouffé says :—

"In the summer of 1847, I was performing at London with considerable success, and among the pieces which found most favour were the *Gamin de Paris* and *Michel Perrin*. One evening I had got through the former, and had retired to my dressing-room, when I heard a knock at the door. 'Come in,' I exclaimed, with some impatience, for I had to transform myself into Michel Perrin, and I was afraid the intruder would hinder me, as I had no time to spare. I was pleasantly surprised by the entrance of Count d'Orsay, who had always been my good friend, accompanied by a gentleman unknown to me. 'My dear artist,' said the Count, 'I have taken the liberty to bring with me one of my friends, a Frenchman, who never saw you play till this evening, and he wishes to thank you for the gratification you have afforded him.' The stranger then eulogized my performance, and added, 'Were I not afraid of incommoding you, I would ask permission to remain here while you dress. I have just applauded you in the character of a youth; I know you are now about to appear as an old man, and should much like to witness the mysteries of your wonderful transformation.' Count d'Orsay having added his request to the stranger's, I consented, and my metamorphosis was completed in less than a quarter of an hour, just as a signal summoned me on to the stage. I then turned to my visitors and said, 'Gentlemen, Michel Perrin salutes you.' Count d'Orsay's friend then thanked me heartily for having satisfied his curiosity, and we went downstairs together. Before we parted, Count d'Orsay said in a whisper, 'Should you like to know the name of your visitor?' and on my replying in the affirmative, he said, 'Well, it is Prince Louis Buonaparte.'—'The late prisoner at Ham?' I inquired. 'Himself,' said the Count. About two months since,

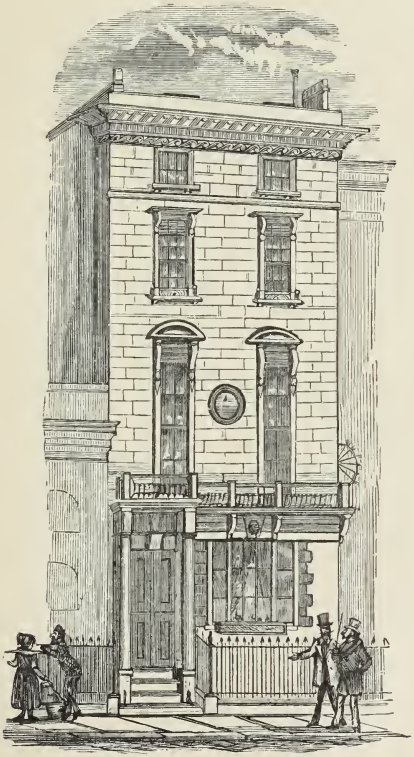
when I was preparing for my benefit, a friend asked me whether it was to take place at the Gymnase, and I replied that I intended to obtain permission for the Grand Opera. 'The Opera!' he exclaimed, 'are you mad?' In order to realize my design, I addressed a petition to the Emperor, and took the liberty of reminding Napoleon III. of the visit paid to me in London by Prince Louis Napoleon. The next day but one my petition was sent to the proper parties, with the words, 'For M. Bouffé, yes! yes! yes!' written on the margin in the Emperor's own hand. And this is how my benefit took place at the Opera instead of at the Gymnase."

In Lumley's "Reminiscences" is the following passage:—

"With the future Emperor of France, when an exile in England, I had been well acquainted. He had been a constant subscriber to Her Majesty's Theatre, was a frequent guest at my house, and had 'assisted' at the afternoon fêtes given by me at my residence, 'The Chancellor's,' at Fulham, where he had entered heart and soul into the amusements of the hour. Frequenters of these 'champêtres' entertainments may remember one occasion when Prince Louis Napoleon figured in the same quadrille with Taglioni, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi; having the director of Her Majesty's Theatre as his *vis-à-vis*. The Prince and I frequently dined in company at Gore House, the residence of the late Countess of Blessington, where all that was distinguished in literature and art was constantly assembled; and it may be worth recording, in connection with the Prince's known firm reliance on his destiny, that at one of these dinners, when Count d'Orsay was expatiating on the evidences that had come before him of the popularity of the Prince in France

[1840 to 1848.]

HIS RESIDENCE IN LONDON.



THE HOUSE IN KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S,
IN WHICH PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON LODGED IN 1848.

The fortunes of the exile during the interval succeeding his escape from Ham and the declaration of the Republic of 1848 were of a very fluctuating nature, and many amusing anecdotes are told of the state of his finances at this period. Previously, however, the Prince must have contrived to dispose of considerable sums. The English friends of the Prince at that date believed in his star of destiny, and their kindnesses to the then banished Napoleon have since been rewarded—if we may believe report—with a munificence which few but princes are able to show.

(although, at that time, the law forbidding any member of the Buonaparte family to enter the country was still in force), the future Emperor sat silent, with a significant smile upon his face, the meaning of which none could fail to interpret. On another occasion, when I was alluding to the part played by General Cavaignac in June, 1848, in firing upon the people after the *émeute* had been quelled, the Prince drily, but in an earnest manner, remarked, 'That man is clearing the way for me.'"

Reduced to pecuniary shifts, the future Emperor of the French occupied very humble quarters indeed during the last few months he resided in London. The best known of these was at No. 10, King Street, St. James's, where he rented a couple of rooms, and lived in an exceedingly modest and circumscribed way. The surrounding tradesmen, when they came to know him, gave him credit for goods freely, and some of them lent him money, when the rigours of fortune were at the worst with him. We have had it on good authority, that a man in a very small way of business was one of these good Samaritans, and that when the indigent recipient ascended the throne of France, his debt to this humble friend in need was remembered handsomely, not only by a tenfold return of the loan, but also by a gracious letter of invitation to the Tuileries, to spend a day or two with its Imperial occupant. Many such stories are current, and there is ample reason to believe that some of them, at least, are not fictitious.

It was while residing at 10, King Street, St. James's, that Louis Napoleon was sworn in as a special constable, on the 10th of March, 1848, at the time of the Chartist riots. His services in this character were not called into requisition, as it was afterwards dis-

covered that there was a great deal of needless apprehension of danger on that occasion.

Penury, thus embittering the other sorrows of exile, with evils accumulating every day, it may be fairly presumed that the "star of destiny" was somewhat obscured at this period of Louis Napoleon's history. Its eclipse was of short duration, and we may cut this chapter short to bring that constellation again into view.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SPECK IN THE HORIZON.

A KING like Louis Philippe on the throne of France for over seventeen years, is one of the marvels of history. Not only did he do nothing for the country, but greedily appropriated to himself and his family all that he could lay hands on. His avarice was unbounded, and the means he employed to enrich himself and all who bore his name, were most unscrupulous. Added to this, he had got about him the very worst set of ministers who ever formed a Government, and these, by degrees, like their royal master, completely ignored the public interests for their own. An extract from a speech made by Lamartine at the end of the seventeenth year of the Citizen King's reign, will show the state of affairs at that time, when the measure of iniquities of the administration was nearly filled up :—

"If the Government," said Lamartine, on the 20th of September, 1847, "deceives the hopes which the country has placed in 1830, less in its nature than its name—if, in the pride of its constitutional elevation it seeks to isolate itself—if it fails entirely to incorporate itself with the spirit and legitimate interests of the masses—if it surrounds itself by an electoral aristocracy instead of the entire people—if

it distrusts people organized in the civic militia, and disarms them by degrees as a conquered enemy—if, without attempting openly to violate the rights of the nation, it seeks to corrupt it, and to acquire, under the name of liberty, a despotism, so much the more dangerous that it has been purchased under the cloak of freedom—if it has succeeded in making of a nation of citizens a vile band of beggars, who have only inherited liberties, purchased by the blood of their forefathers, to put them up at auction to the highest bidder—if it has caused France to blush for its public functionaries, and has allowed her to descend, as we have seen in a recent trial, in the scale of corruption, till she has arrived at her tragedies—if it has permitted the nation to be afflicted, humiliated, by the improbity of those in authority—if it has done all these things, that royalty will fall; rest assured of that. It will not slip in the blood it has shed, as did that of 1789; but it will fall into the snare which itself has laid. And after having had the revolution of blood, and the counter-revolution of glory, you will have the revolution of public conscience, and that springing from contempt!"

What a wonderful prophecy, this, of what really took place, and how short a time elapsed before the events indicated came to pass. The impending revolutionary storm broke out towards the end of February, 1848.

The King and his ministry, while they robbed and dishonoured the country, adopted every means, as a matter of course, to prevent the expression of public opinion. Public gatherings in the streets for the discussion of political questions were put down with a strong arm, and at the point of the sword. Indoor assemblies were then resorted to, as evasions; and

these went under the designation of banquets. They served the purpose in view just as well, and perhaps better; and speeches like that of Lamartine's were uttered on these occasions with freedom. These roused the citizens to a sense of their degradation. They brought into bold relief the turpitude of a King who really was as much a usurper of his throne as Buonaparte had been, but who, unlike the latter, had used his power for glutting himself and his vulture-like race to the impoverishment of the country, rendering nothing in return but smiles and fair speeches. His Majesty's health at these banquets was studiously omitted from the toasts. Passing from the King to the Government, each member of it was attacked by a storm of invectives, his individual iniquities being exposed by merciless criticism. Pictures were drawn of the rapacity, the dishonesty, the chicanery exercised by the whole body in power, arousing the national spirit, which had been charmed to sleep by the crafty smiles of a King, and kindling the popular indignation into a blaze, at which was lit the torch of another French revolution.

A monster banquet of this description was fixed for the 22nd of February, 1848. No less than 1,700 guests, composed of all shades of the Opposition, and 1,500 more, comprising deputations from the colonies and the various schools of learning, were invited. These were to assemble in two separate bodies, the first-named in the Place de la Madeleine, and the other in the Place de la Concorde; and then uniting, they were to march in procession to the place appointed for the entertainment. This place, as will be imagined, was improvised for the occasion. It consisted of a large open space, calculated to hold about six thousand people,

enclosed by four walls, and covered with canvas, and was situated in a quiet, unfrequented street called Chemin de Versailles, opening from the Champs Elysées.

Immense excitement was of course produced by the announcement of such a gathering. The King and the ministry were thrown into a state of alarm, and they determined not to allow it to take place. They hunted up an old law, by which such assemblies were declared illegal. Orders were given for the garrison to be increased immediately to 80,000 men. Still the Opposition party were not daunted, and continued their preparations; for they had in their ranks such men as Thiers, Ledru Rollin, and Odillon Barrot, whose power and influence were unlimited with the nation.

The Government, seeing that all the force it could bring to its aid would be absolutely necessary, now tried strategy to aid force. It pretended to compromise with the Reformers, and gave a partial promise that the meeting should be held on certain conditions. In the meantime, troops poured into the city from all quarters, until it was computed that about 150,000 soldiers of all arms were within its walls. At the last moment the Government broke faith, and issued the following proclamation, which on the night preceding the day of the banquet was posted all over Paris:—

"PARISIANS,—The Government had interdicted the banquet of the 12th arrondissement. It kept within its right in doing this; being authorized by the letter and the spirit of the law. Nevertheless, in consequence of the discussion which took place in the Chamber on this subject, thinking that the Opposition was acting in good faith, it resolved to afford the opportunity of submitting the question of the

legality of banquets to the appreciation of the tribunals and the High Court of Cassation.

"To do this, it had resolved to authorize for to-morrow the entrance into the banquet-room; hoping that the persons present at the manifestation would have the wisdom to retire at the first summons. But the manifesto published this morning, calling the public to a demonstration, convoking the National Guard, assigning them a place ranked by the legions, and ranging them in a line, a Government is raised in opposition to the real Government, the public power is usurped, and the charter openly violated. These are acts which the Government cannot tolerate. In consequence, the banquet of the 12th arrondissement shall not take place. Parisians! remain deaf to every incitement to disorder. Do not by tumultuous assemblages afford grounds for a repression which the Government must deplore."

The eventful morning dawned, and Paris was on tiptoe at a very early hour, to see what would come of the affair. Up to ten o'clock the most perfect order prevailed. Half an hour later, some signs of agitation began to be made manifest. The troops commenced to move in every direction. The Boulevards, from the Bastille to the Place de la Madeleine, were streaming with people, mostly of the lower orders; but there were soldiers in abundance to keep them in order.

Noon.—Large bodies of students were assembled in the Boulevards Italiens and Rue Lapelletier. They brought with them the copy of a petition to the Chamber, for the impeachment of the Ministers. A large crowd had followed them, and were lustily singing the *Marseillaise*. The same state of things existed at the Place de la Madeleine and the Place de la Concorde, where the crowds were increasing

every moment, and National Guards mustering in immense force. All the shops were closed.

As yet, but slight encounters had taken place between the people and the soldiery. There had been a charge of cavalry between the hotel of M. Guizot and the Madeleine, in which a man's head was cut open, and a few stones were thrown at windows by the mob. In the Place de la Concorde also had been a little skirmish. The Municipal Guards had sallied out at the corner of the Turkish Embassy, and attempted to drive the crowd before them, but found their match, and were driven back themselves. A carriage then passed by, and in it was discovered a rare prize for the mob in the shape of a Ministerial Deputy, on his way to the Chambers. The ill-starred Deputy was made to alight, and the mob, seizing hold of him, shook him within an inch of his life. After doing this, however, they allowed him to proceed. Mischief of a similar nature prevailed everywhere, carts and omnibuses being overturned, and other such frolics indulged in, but nothing more.

Evening.—There was uproar in every quarter, but no serious encounters resulted. Barricades were being erected by the people, and the pavements of several of the streets were dug up. But the mob was unarmed, and no great danger was apprehended of an attack.

The Chamber of Deputies was nearly deserted. Of the Deputies, only a few were present, but not a single member of the Opposition occupied the benches. The most prominent of the Ministers in attendance was M. Guizot, who looked pale, but defiant. The Chamber resumed a postponed discussion, relative to the Bank of Bordeaux.

M. Odillon Barrot entered in the midst of it, accom-

panied by Messieurs Thiers, Garnier-Pages, Marie, and others. One of them handed to the President a document, whose purport was the impeachment of the Ministers. M. Guizot, to whom the paper was passed, glanced over it, and then laughed immoderately in the face of those who presented it. The discussion in hand was allowed to continue; but on its termination, M. Odillon Barrot ascended the tribune, and deposited on the table a formal proposition for impeaching the Ministers, but the President raised the sitting without having it read.

Night.—Unexpected order prevailed. In some places rows took place, ending invariably in the repulse of the mob, and the barricades which the latter attempted to throw up were speedily demolished by the troops. Several prisoners were made of the ringleaders in the various disturbances, and safely locked up. A few lives were also sacrificed. Yet this was but the lull before the storm.

The next morning (Wednesday) a most significant incident occurred. At an early hour the *rappel* was beaten for the National Guards, but only a tenth part of them answered to the call. At ten o'clock the crowd, after shouting itself hoarse with "Vive la Réforme!" suddenly raised a most unexpected cry of "Vive la Garde Nationale! Vivent les vrais defenseurs de la patrie!" And then a large number of these troops, mingling with the people, paraded the streets, singing the *Marseillaise* at the top of their voices.

"An hour afterwards," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "the National Guards proceeded, with the sapeurs at their head in full uniform, to the Tuileries, to declare their sentiments.

"They returned about one o'clock, and occupied the Rue Lepelletier again. A platoon closed the

street on the Boulevard. Loud cries of 'Vive la Garde Nationale!' called me to the window again. A squadron of cuirassiers, supported by half a squadron of chasseurs à cheval, arrived. The chef d'escadron gave orders to draw swords. The cries of the people redoubled, although not a man of them was armed. The squadron made a half-movement on the Rue Lepelletier, when the officer in command of the National Guards drew his sword, advanced, and saluted him. A few words were exchanged. They separated. The one placed himself at the head of his soldiers, and gave the word to 'wheel and forward,' and they resumed their march, accompanied by the cheers and clapping of hands of the multitude. The officer of the National Guards returned very quietly to his post, and sheathed his sword.

"I am told the words exchanged by the officers were these—'Who are these men?' 'They are the people.' 'And those in uniform?' 'They are the Second Legion of the National Guards of Paris.' 'The people must disperse.' 'They will not.' 'I shall use force.' 'Sir, the National Guards sympathize with the people—the people who demand Reform.' 'They must disperse.' 'They will not.' 'I must use force.' 'Sir, we, the National Guards, sympathize in the desire for reform, and will defend them.'

"I am assured by persons who say that they heard all that passed, that the officer of the cuirassiers cried 'Vive la Réforme!' but I cannot affirm or contradict it. I know, however, that the soldiers looked serious, but not savage."

By one o'clock the number of National Guards who had joined the people amounted to over 3,000. They set up as their motto, "Reform, and the dismissal of M. Guizot." With this inscription flying from their

banners they assembled round the Place des Petit Pères, and their officers held a council, at which they deputed their colonel to go to the King, and acquaint His Majesty with the views of the National Guard. That officer thereupon proceeded to the Palace. He was not admitted into the Royal presence, but the General-Commander of the National Guard came up to him, and promised to carry the memorial himself to the King. The same evening one of their points was gained.

When the Chamber of Deputies met, the Opposition members being in great force, one of the latter, M. Vevin, rose amidst profound silence, and said that he had a solemn duty to accomplish, which was to call the Minister of the Interior to account for the scenes then passing in the capital; and he went into the details of the disturbances, and the fatal misfortunes attending them. M. Guizot replied that he did not deem it expedient to reply to those questions. The King had that moment sent for Count Molé, to charge him with the reconstruction of the Cabinet.

This announcement was received with loud cheers from the Opposition benches, and by the crowd outside when it was reported to them.

The latter, however, were by no means satisfied. They now demanded to have securities, and expressed themselves to the effect that they would take care there was no mistake this time.

The King, hearing that the concession he had made to the people had been so well received by them, began to recover from fears by which he had been almost driven into idiocy, and to entertain hopes that the dreadful storm was over. He sought the society of his wife and family, who did their best to cheer and encourage him. In the family group was present the Duchess of Orleans, widow of the King's

eldest son, with her child, the Count de Paris, who was then the direct heir to the throne. Embracing the boy with emotion, when she heard of the populace being appeased, she cried, "Poor child; your crown has indeed been compromised, but now Heaven has restored it to you!" Alas for such hopes!

As evening approached, there were unmistakable indications of a brewing tempest. Large bodies of men began to assemble round the office of the *National*, from which, says Lamartine, "a young man of slight stature, with a fiery eye, with lips agitated by enthusiasm, and hair dishevelled by breath of inspiration, mounted the inner wall of the window, and harangued the assembly. The spectators saw but the gestures, and heard but the sound of a voice, and some thrilling expressions emphasized by lips of a southern contour. It was Marast, the editor, who by turns delighted as a wit, and hurled in thunder the sarcasms and indignation of a republican Opposition."

By the agency of firebrands like Marast, the passions of the populace were soon in a blaze, and it was a night of terror for Paris. Military weapons were now in the hands of the people, who gave every sign of their intention to make a dreadful use of them.

Notwithstanding that M. Guizot had retired from the Ministry, so malignant was the popular hatred against him, that the *Hôtel des Affaires des Etrangers* was one of the first places surrounded. It was guarded by a large body of troops. About ten o'clock a young man walked up to the officer in command and blew his brains out with a pistol. At this signal the soldiers fired a murderous volley, which heaped the pavements with dead bodies. These were quickly gathered together by the survivors, and a

cart being brought for the purpose, placed in it. A procession then formed, and the crowd, chanting "Mourir pour la Patrie," wended its way towards what seems to have been the centre of the insurrection, the office of the *National*, the light of torches blazing on the dead. Here the procession halted, and the multitude simultaneously gave one fearful shriek of the word *Vengeance!*

The morrow came, and with it *Vengeance.* Towards noon a mob like a legion of devils broke into the Palais Royal and sacked it. In every apartment, furniture, pictures, and other beautiful works of art were smashed, and the *debris* being thrown out of the windows, a huge bonfire was kindled from it in the courtyard. The next move was to the Tuileries. Here the same work of destruction went on. The drapery which canopied the throne was torn into shreds, and made to decorate the persons of these Vandals. Another bonfire was made of the furniture, books, pictures, and everything the palace contained, at the top of all being placed the throne, while bands of men danced like demons round the burning pile. The King himself would no doubt have been immolated, had he not an hour previously escaped with the Queen.

Up to the last moment His Majesty consoled himself with the thought that all danger was past. He did not retire to rest until four o'clock in the morning, when, having just left M. Thiers, who had undertaken the formation of a new Government on the refusal of Count Molé to do so, he considered the people would be more than ever satisfied. Rising at eleven in the forenoon, he came down to breakfast quite in a hopeful spirit, and with a smiling countenance. These both underwent a serious change shortly. The news came that Paris was in a blaze of revolution, and

that the people and the National Guard were in mixed companies traversing the streets, using the most fearful oaths and imprecations, and menacing the life of all tyrants, including the King. A deadly pallor came over the old man's face, his hands trembled, his knees shook. Yet a desperate courage suddenly inspired him. He retired to his dressing-room, and arraying himself in the uniform of the National Guard, called his two sons, the Duke of Nemours and the Duke of Montpensier, and with them sallied forth to the Place Carrousel, where the troops were being reviewed. As he was leaving the palace the Queen said to him, "Go, show yourself to the discouraged troops—to the wavering National Guard. I will come out on the balcony with my grand-children and the princesses, and I will see you die in a way worthy of yourself, of your throne, and your misfortunes."

The King reached the troops, the Queen ascended the balcony. They both saw the waving of sabres in the air, and heard the shouts of the soldiers. The Queen thought His Majesty was being received with loyal acclamations; the King heard but the cries of savage indignation and vengeance, and made his way back in haste. He was quickly waited upon by M. Emile de Girardin and his own son, the Duke de Montpensier, urging him to abdicate; his son in so doing using such undutiful language as to make the poor old man weep.

Taking then pen and paper, he wrote himself the doom of his kingdom:—"I abdicate in favour of the Count de Paris, my grandson, and I trust that he will be more fortunate than I." Having done this, he took the quill full of ink, and, stroking it peevishly down his son's face, exclaimed, "Now sir! Are you satisfied?"

Hastening now again to his dressing-room, he pulled off the uniform in which he had lately quitted it, and arrayed himself completely in black, including a round black hat. His wife came to him attired in deep mourning, and then this sad-hearted couple sallied out of their magnificent home, never to see it again. As they passed into the court-yard, he had his right arm through the left arm of the Queen, leaning heavily on her for support, his face being cast down, and his whole form overcome with emotion; but his wife walked with a firm step and a brave mien, casting around her looks of anger and defiance.

As they approached the gate, a report was circulated amongst the people round it, that their Majesties were repairing to the Chamber of Deputies, to depose to the act of abdication, when cries of "Vive la Réforme!" "Vive la France!" and even now and then "Vive le Roi!" were heard. Passing the Pont Tournant, and arriving at the pavement surrounding the Obelisk, the Royal pair and their followers were suddenly stopped by a mob, on foot and on horseback. The poor old monarch became terror-stricken; but his fears were quickly allayed, for the mob passed on, apparently without recognizing him. They then bent their steps towards two small black carriages with a single horse each, standing waiting a short distance off. Reaching these, they got into the first they came to, which, beside them, contained two young children, who, as the vehicle moved rapidly along, gazed out of the windows with innocent curiosity on the maddened mass of people surging onwards, and roaring out the terrible cry of *Vengeance!* The other carriage contained a couple of servants and a small amount of baggage, which was all that the fugitives had had time to put together.

So great was the speed with which the coachman urged on his horse, that the poor brute was quite exhausted when it reached St. Cloud, and could not climb the hill leading up to the Château. The King and Queen, with the children, then entered a hackney coach and drove to Versailles, and thence to Trianon. Here a fresh travelling-carriage was procured, but the Royal party had scarcely taken their places inside it when they were informed of the approach of six men on horseback. The panic-stricken King went almost wild with terror, thinking the men were in pursuit of him. He leaped out, and running like he did at Boulogne in the rain, sought refuge in the guard-house near the railway station, carefully concealing himself behind the stove! But he was soon relieved to hear that he had taken a false alarm, and re-entering the vehicle, was driven off towards Dreux, on the road to which place the Royal pair were joined by their two sons, the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier.

It would be a long story to describe all the incidents of this flight. Suffice it to say, the remainder differed little from those given above; and the King, after being frightened out of six at least of his seven senses during the space of a week, succeeded in reaching Havre, from whence, registering himself and his Queen as Mr. and Mrs. Smith in the ship's book, he sailed for England, and landed at Newhaven on the 4th of March, 1848. But such was the privacy observed by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, that even the English papers did not announce the arrival of Louis Philippe and the Queen till weeks afterwards; all the world in the meantime variously conjecturing the fate of the unhappy monarch of France.

Almost at the same time fled the real originator

perhaps of all the mischief that had taken place in France—M. Guizot. He seemed inclined at first to stay and brave it out with the people, but yielded wisely to the solicitation of friends, and reached Folkestone in safety in a few days. In addition to the counsels of his friends, he was no doubt induced by what he heard of the behaviour of the mob opposite the *Hôtel des Affaires des Etrangers* on the morning after the night when the soldiers fired upon it. The people collected there in great numbers, and the name of Guizot was cursed with a vengeance. One man dipped his hand in the blood which still lay in pools about the road, and wrote on the wall of the hotel with it, "À mort Guizot!" The ex-minister knew that this would be no idle threat, and so made his escape, as some say, in a servant's livery.

The King quitted Paris on the 24th of February, and on the 28th Louis Napoleon presented himself there. Immediately upon his arrival he placed himself in communication with the Provisional Government, and offered his services in assisting to restore social order. The chief members of the Government expressed themselves sensible of the patriotism which had dictated his offer; but they urged the Prince not to continue in Paris, as, the conflicting pretensions and passions of parties not having subsided, the illustrious name he bore might become a new element of civil disorder. The Prince, in proof of the sincerity of his sentiments and intentions, immediately withdrew; and his return to England was announced on the 2nd of March.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAVOURING BREEZES.

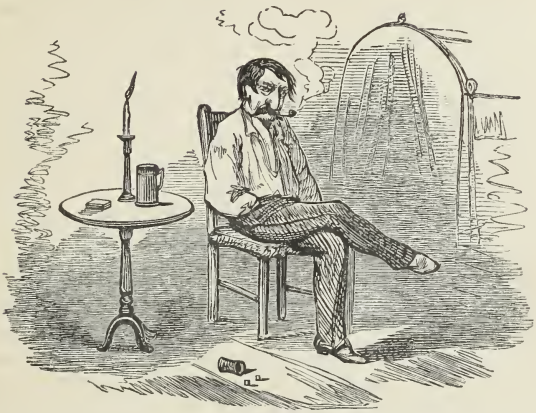
THE legacy the King had left his subjects in the form of his grandson, the Count de Paris, as their future monarch, was not so duly appreciated by them as he could have desired. The Duchess of Orleans repaired to the Chamber of Deputies with the young Prince, to advance his claim to the vacant throne, by craving their support for establishing him thereon. She was accompanied by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Nemours, and M. Dupin. The latter, on reaching the Chamber, ascended the tribune, and earnestly advocated the Duchess's cause by putting the boy forward as the new King, and his mother the Regent.

The Duchess and her advisers must have been stone-blind to the real nature of current events, to have supposed for a moment that their project would succeed. They were quickly made aware that nothing could be more unpalatable to the French people at that time than a king of any kind, to say nothing of one descended from the smiling impostor, whose flight was the cause of universal exultation, while the very sound of whose name was sufficient to provoke a volley of execrations.

On their way to the Chamber, they might have heard too the cries, which rose incessantly, of "Enough

[1848.]

CALLED TO PLAY A PART.



The caricaturist here introduces us to the Prince in decidedly reduced circumstances. Some allowance must be made for dramatic effect in the decayed surroundings, but it is on record that he was often in doubt as to how the means of the hour were to be obtained. Musing thus in London, his ambition is again revived.

The eagle, that mysterious counsellor, stimulates the somewhat phlegmatic perceptions of the Prince by appearing on the scene and taking up his position on a bust over the door of the chamber. The bird prophesies a great fate in store for Louis Napoleon; the change of opinion in France; the flight of the Citizen King; and the proclamation of a Republic. The exile at last detects certain glimpses of the star destined to guide him to future power.

of the Bourbons!" "Enough of Kings!" "Long live the Republic!" As M. Dupin concluded his proposals, M. Lamartine came into the House and ascended the tribune. Looking confidently about him, he said:—

"There is but one way to save the people from danger, which a revolution in our present social state threatens instantly to introduce: and that is to trust ourselves to the force of the people themselves—to their reasons, their interests, their aims. It is a *Republic* we require. Yes, it is a Republic which alone can save us from anarchy, civil war, foreign war, spoliation, the scaffold, destruction of property, the overthrow of society, the invasion of foreigners. The remedy is heroic. I know it. But there are occasions, such as those in which we live, when the only safe policy is that which is as grand and audacious as the crisis itself."

Hardly had this speaker finished, when, like the rush of a tide, poured in the crowd through the doors of the Chamber, completely choking up the entrance, and shouting "Vive la Republique!" with a vehemence almost enough to blow the roof off. They had heard of the Duchess being there, and came to protest, not only by voice, but with muskets and spikes, against her pretensions being in any way favoured by the members of that Assembly. With a courage rendered desperate by her situation, the Duchess essayed to speak, but all that she could be heard to say was, "I have come here with all I have dear in the world," when yells and shrieks the most fearful and piercing drowned her voice, leaving her lips moving in silent supplication. A lull ensued, and M. Lamartine, taking advantage of it, rose.

"I demand," said he, "in the name of the public peace, of the blood which has been shed, of the

people famished in the midst of their glorious leaders, that you should appoint a Provisional Government."

The hall rang again with fiendish shouts. Excitement and confusion of the wildest description prevailed. The President fled in terror from his chair. The Duchess, surrounded by her friends, was hurried away just in time to escape the murderous outrage of a portion of the mob climbing over the benches and levelling their muskets in the direction where she stood. She soon afterwards joined her relatives in England.

In this way another of those transitory forms of government in France, called a Republic, was established. There was no end here, as may be easily imagined, of riot and bloodshed, and all those concomitant evils which attend the rage of factions and the overthrow of one party in power for the setting up of another; but it neither concerns this history, nor would our space admit that we should go into details of the revolutionary storms which ravaged Paris till order was restored. Suffice it to say, that after the lapse of a few weeks, there was an established power in France which could be fairly called a Government, and that there was also a National Assembly.

The entire overthrow of the old order of things necessarily included the abolition of proscriptions against political offenders. Taking advantage of this circumstance, all the members of the Buonaparte family who had survived their exile, were instantly in Paris. They were headed by old Jerome Buonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, most intimately associated with his destinies. He immediately addressed himself to the Provisional Government in the following terms:—

"The nation has torn to pieces the treaties of 1815. The old soldier of Waterloo, the last brother of Napoleon, returns at once to the bosom of his great family. The season of the dynasties has passed away from France. The proscription law which struck me is fallen with the last of the Bourbons. I ask the Government of the Republic to pass a decree declaring my proscription to be an insult to France, and to have disappeared with everything else which was imposed upon us by a foreign Power.

"JEROME BUONAPARTE."

A copy of the above was posted on all the walls of Paris, and, being read by the people, added in no small way to the prevalent excitement. Now was there not wanting amongst the various political cries daily resounding in the streets, those of "Vive Louis Napoléon!" "Vive l'Empereur!" but the personage indicated was quietly biding his time in London, knowing the moment must come when he would receive a popular recall to his country. In the meanwhile his relatives, Jerome, his uncle, and Napoleon Pierre, and Lucien Murat, his cousins, made haste to Corsica, to present themselves to the electors of that island, as candidates to represent it in the National Assembly. They were enthusiastically received and unanimously returned.

The presence of the members of the Buonaparte family in the Assembly was not relished by any party, but more especially not by extreme Republicans, for the obvious reason of the potency of their name; yet they were contented that any of the other members of the family should have the privilege of sitting in the Senate, so long as the statutory heir of the Empire, Charles Louis Napoleon, was debarred

from it; and with a view of rendering this contingency secure, a motion was brought forward for the retention of the prohibition against the Buonaparte family entering France, as it applied only to Louis Napoleon.

The Prince, hearing of the proposed measure, addressed an expostulation to the National Assembly, of which the following is a copy:—

"*London, 23rd May*, 1848.

"Citizen Representatives,

"I learn by the newspapers of the 22nd inst. that it has been proposed in the *bureaux* of the Assembly, to retain against me the law of exile which has been in force against my family since the year 1816; I now apply to the Representatives of the people, to know why I have merited this penalty?

"Can it be for having always publicly declared that, in my opinion, France was not the property either of an individual, or of a family, or of a party?

"Can it be because, desiring to accomplish the triumph, without anarchy or licence, of the principles of national sovereignty, which alone can put an end to our dissensions, I have been twice the victim of my hostility to a Government which you have overthrown?

"Can it be from having consented, out of deference to the wish of the Provisional Government, to return to a foreign country, after having hastened to Paris upon the first news of the revolution?

"Can it be because I disinterestedly refused seats in the Assembly which were proffered me, resolved not to return to France until the new constitution

should be agreed upon, and the Republic firmly established?

"The same reasons which have made me take up arms against the Government of Louis Philippe, would lead me, if my services were required, to devote myself to the defence of the Assembly, the result of universal suffrage.

"In the presence of a King elected by 200 Deputies, I might have recollected that I was heir to an Empire founded by the consent of 4,000,000 of Frenchmen. In the presence of the national sovereignty, I neither can, nor will claim more than my rights as a French citizen; but these I will demand with that energy which an honest heart derives from the knowledge of never having done anything to render it unworthy of its country.

"Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of my sentiments of high esteem.

"Your Fellow-Citizen,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BUONAPARTE."

For all the hearing it got, this protest might just as well have never been addressed to the Assembly. Every class represented in it had some self-interested motive in keeping out this dangerous would-be intruder. They consequently took no notice of the letter or its writer, until they were compelled to do so by a voice they dared not disregard.

Owing to a few double and informal elections, there were several voids to be filled up in the seats of the Assembly, and the day fixed for the filling up of them was the 3rd of June. Overtures were made to Louis Napoleon, by his partisans, to induce him to allow his name to be put up for one of the vacant departments. He declined, stating that he would

wait until his presence in his native country should not be made a pretext for disturbances and annoyances. In spite of his refusal, however, his friends issued the following placard :—

"Louis Napoleon only asks to be a representative of the people. He has not forgotten that Napoleon, before being the Magistrate of France, was first its citizen."

It created a vast amount of enthusiasm, which the Government in vain endeavoured to suppress, and the upshot was, that Louis Napoleon was not only returned for one department, but four departments at once, namely—those of the Seine, the Yonne, the Sarthe, and the Charente-Inférieure.

Then were redoubled the cries of "Vive Louis Napoléon!" "Vive l'Empereur!" The Government, alarmed beyond measure, determined to try their best to avert the danger which threatened themselves and the Republic. Anticipating that, emboldened by the circumstances of this extraordinary election, Louis Napoleon would make his appearance in France, they issued, on the 12th of June, the following order to the Minister of the Interior, and to the Prefects and sub-Prefects :—

"By order of the Commission of Executive Power, arrest Charles Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, if he is in your department. Transmit everywhere the necessary orders."

As if got up to warrant such an outrage as the arrest of an unoffending man, an affair occurred on the very evening of the issuing of the order, out of which the most was made by a member of the Government, who may be said to have been Louis Napoleon's bitterest enemy, and his chief rival, M. Lamartine.

On the day in question, great excitement prevailed

in Paris, from the report that Louis Napoleon would arrive there to claim one of the seats allotted to him in the Assembly. Towards afternoon the streets were in a perfect hubbub, and the *générale* was beaten for the National Guard. The name of Louis Napoleon was to be heard from almost everybody's mouth, in the various groups that were gathered together. A new journal, entitled *Le Napoleonien*, appeared for the first time that morning, and with considerable ability advocated his cause. In the vicinity of the Palace of the Assembly, a great multitude was waiting to hear what the members said of Louis Napoleon's election. In vain they were told that deliberation on that point was postponed till the morrow, and that Louis Napoleon would not arrive till the same time. The mob was not to be put off in that way. At length a diversion was created by a couple of individuals, who had the temerity to cry out, "A bas Louis Napoléon!" These were instantly set upon, and, taking to their heels, were followed by several hundreds of people, hooting and yelling, and now and then aiming a brickbat at them, through several streets.

In the Chamber, at the opening of the Assembly, Jerome Buonaparte ascended the tribune, and said that he was surprised to hear that the name of Buonaparte had at the previous sitting been made the subject of hostile observations. He was the friend and relative of citizen Louis Napoleon, and would not undertake to justify his past conduct, to which he had remained a total stranger. He should have despised idle rumours published in the journals, and infamous statements which nobody had the courage to make at the tribune. The authors of these calumnies were well known. They were parties opposed to the Republic, who, fortunately, were in a feeble minority in that country, and con-

sisted of the less generous portion of the populace, and it was but natural that such a party, wishing to attack the Republic, should make use of a name possessed of some influence. He declared, on his honour, that Louis Napoleon was a total stranger to those machinations. His nephew had not only withdrawn from Paris at the request of the Provisional Government, but had refused different seats in the Assembly offered to him, in order not to disturb order. There was one rumour he (Jerome Buonaparte) could not treat with too much contempt. It had been asserted that money had been distributed by agents of foreign Powers to support the pretensions of the Buonapartes. This was an infamous calumny. Last night, on hearing of the reports in circulation, and of the intention of the Government to introduce a measure of exclusion against Louis Napoleon, he (Jerome Buonaparte) had waited on the President of the Chamber, on the Minister of the Interior, and on the Prefect of the Police, by whom he had been informed that the Government contemplated no such measure. His astonishment had accordingly been great when, on entering the hall, he had been told that the Cabinet intended to bring forward such a measure.

M. Flocon, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, duly replied, that under the present grave circumstances, the Government would know how to provide for the security and independence of the Republic.

The debate for the evening then proceeded. As M. Lamartine was speaking, he was suddenly interrupted by the hurried entrance into the hall of a member who exclaimed, "Buonapartist riots! Shots have been fired at the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, at the Place de la Concorde! An

officer of the line killed amidst cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

This was a dramatic situation to be seized, and M. Lamartine, referring to the matter, said, "You can easily conceive that the emotion which is felt by the Assembly, in consequence of this unhappy event, will compel me to shorten my address.

"The Executive Government will oppose faction under whatever name it may show itself. We will never allow the Republic to be turned from its course. We have adopted the Republic seriously. We shall never allow France to sully herself in the name of her most glorious *souvenirs*. Whenever the people have been spoken to in the language of reason, they have become the soldiers of order. The revolution of February made serious promises, and it will fulfil them: it will fill with benefits and realities that abyss which agitators wish to fill with misfortunes and falsehoods. We have already passed through the greatest difficulties, and we shall do the same with that which now presents itself. It is natural that we should be accused of faults; but we bear the responsibility of circumstances; we accept this misfortune, which will be, one day, our greatest glory. For my own part, I every day see myself accused in the journals, and by parties: it has been said that I have conspired with men whom you will, perhaps, in a few days be called upon to judge with Blanqui and with Barbès. (Several voices: 'No one can believe it.') If I have conspired with these men, it was when they had not been unmasked. I conspired with them as the lightning-conductor conspires with the thunderstorm. I, for a long time, withstood these men. The safety of the country is, in my opinion, in an honest and a national Republic, with universal suffrage without exclusion: it will

triumph when confidence is restored to commerce and industry. Let us make such a Republic, and we shall be proud and happy, even should our names be dishonoured, to serve as its foundation."

Here M. Lamartine produced and read a decree of banishment against Charles Louis Napoleon, which he had brought in his pocket, and which was rendered so singularly necessary by the occurrence of which they had just heard.

The following is a copy of the proposed decree:—

"The Executive Committee:

"Looking at Article 4 of the law of June 12th, 1816:

"Considering that Louis Napoleon Buonaparte is comprised in the law of 1832, which banishes the family of Napoleon:

"That if that law has been departed from by the vote of the National Assembly in favour of three members of that family, who were admitted to take their seats as representatives of the people, such departure from the law is quite personal, and by no means applies to the said Louis Napoleon Buonaparte:

"That Louis Napoleon Buonaparte has twice come forward as a pretender, and that his pretensions might compromise the Republic:

"That the Government cannot accept the responsibility of such acts, and that it would fail in the first of its duties if it did not take measures to prevent the recurrence of them:

"Declares that it will cause the law of 1832 to be executed against Louis Napoleon, until such time as the National Assembly shall decide otherwise."

A large majority of the members seemed disposed to subscribe to this extraordinary document, but the voices of Louis Napoleon's relatives were neither silent nor ineffective.

M. Pierre Buonaparte ascended the tribune, and said:—

"Every one who bears my name will be deeply affected at learning what has just taken place. Shame on those who have cried, while shedding blood, "Vive l'Empereur Napoléon!"—the Emperor, who, to avoid civil war, sacrificed himself in 1815, and all his family. For my part, I cannot suppose that any suspicions can reach me. (Cries of 'No, no.')

At the first cry of liberty, I hastened from my exile, and swore allegiance to the Republic, and never can I entertain any other convictions than what I feel at this moment. The time for trials may arrive, and those trials are the touchstones of patriotism. I shall know how to combat against reactionists or anarchists. I shall be found in the first rank of the defenders of the Republic. Liberty has always been my idol, and I would rather die than see it infringed upon." (Loud and continued applause.)

M. Napoleon Buonaparte applauded with all his heart the words which had just been uttered by his relative, and which had been so well received by the Assembly, but he appealed to their reason at such a terrible moment. M. Lamartine had eloquently told them that the horrible crime which he had denounced to them, was committed to the cry of the name which had never been accused of fermenting discord, and it was under feelings of execration against such an odious attempt that he (M. Lamartine) had proposed to them a bill of proscription. (Agitation.) He, M. Buonaparte, would be sorry to say anything to excite them in any way, but he considered it his duty to protest against such a decree inspired by a crime to which he whom it was intended to proscribe was a stranger.

Minister of Commerce: The decree was prepared beforehand.

M. Napoleon Buonaparte: Then what a moment you have chosen to present it! Think on what you demand! It will be enongh for any wretches to make use of a name to cover their criminal designs! The Empire! who wishes for it? It is a chimerical notion: it will remain as a great epoch in history, but can never be revived. I conclude by protesting against the connection which M. Lamartine appears

to establish between this crime and the name of my relative.

The subject was here allowed to drop for the day, in order to ascertain the fullest particulars of the alleged Buonapartist riots, and the murderous proceedings connected therewith, the news of which had been brought into the House by the excited member aforesaid. On investigation, the dreadful doings were found more matters of fancy than fact. There had been some agitation in favour of the newly-elected member for Paris, it was true, but it did not amount to a riot by a long way. About two o'clock in the afternoon a crowd, consisting of three-fourths bourgeoisie and one-fourth working classes, had assembled at the Place de la Concorde. They were divided into groups, which were severally addressed by stump-orators ; one of these being a young, handsome, and well dressed woman, who made an energetic and impassioned speech in favour of Louis Napoleon,—not holding him up as a pretender to the crown, but as one who had every right to be admitted into the National Assembly as a representative of the people. (Was this Mademoiselle Gordon again ?) There was some opposition to these sentiments, but not beyond a verbal remonstrance. An orator of a different way of thinking got up, and said, "There must be no more pretenders: let us show ourselves good republicans, and shout 'Vive la Republique !' and to stimulate the people thereto, he began shouting it himself, at the same time waving his hat. A few congenial spirits responded, but they were in a sad minority to those who almost simultaneously raised the counter cry of "Vive Napoléon !" "Vive l'Empereur !" Another dissentient orator, by way of clinching his arguments, applied to the name of Louis Napoleon a most opprobrious epithet, which was no sooner out

of his mouth, than a fist from the crowd was in it. A little further off, one more orator, holding adverse views, came to sad grief, for the mob, irritated by his foul vituperations on Louis Napoleon, pounced upon the unfortunate wretch, stripped him of every shred of clothing, and then hunted him, like a wild animal. The soldiers now coming up, the people dispersed quietly. The shots alleged to have been fired dwindled down to the discharge of a single pistol, which the Commander of the National Guard himself declared was, in his opinion, quite accidental.

M. Lamartine's eloquence of the previous day was, it need scarcely be said, completely thrown away when the above facts came to the knowledge of the members of the Assembly, who rejected his decree for the banishment of Louis Napoleon by a large majority.

CHAPTER XV.

"THIS IS MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND."

IF the breath expended by M. Lamartine, in his effort to puff a decree of banishment against Louis Napoleon into favour with the Assembly proved quite ineffectual for that purpose, it served to fan the flame of this new passion of the people for the nephew and appointed heir of their Emperor, on the principle that wishes grow stronger from opposition. Next day the name of riot could be justly given to the demonstrations in the streets. Attempts were made to raise barricades, which were only frustrated by frequent charges of soldiers. A rush was made upon the Treasury, which the guards were just in time to save by rushing inside the gate, and closing it in the face of the crowd. A poor street-keeper in the Rue de Rivoli was set upon for trying to obstruct the progress of the mob, and stabbed in several places; but he bravely drew his sword, and putting his back against one of the pillars of the colonnade, struck out right and left, till he was rescued from his perilous position by a troop of the National Guard. Everywhere rung the cries of "Vive Louis Napoléon!" "Vive l'Empereur!" A placard was posted on the walls of the Ardennes, to the following effect:—

"Frenchmen! After having again been expelled by the tyranny which deceived us in July, we have once more suffered ourselves to be deceived by a tyranny more hypocritical and more infamous, inasmuch as it conceals itself under the veil of democracy. In place of one king who plundered us, we have several who enrich themselves at our expense. Men of the Ardennes! Let us rush to our arms; let us break our chains; let us show an example which France will hasten to follow, and let us place at our head the only man who is worthy of us. Let us place there Louis Napoleon.

"VIVE L'EMPEREUR!"

Repetitions of such tumults took place for several days, for though the decree of banishment against Louis Napoleon had been quashed, nothing would satisfy the people until the exiled citizen was allowed to take the place allotted to him in the National Assembly by four departments at once. Very reluctantly the Government granted this demand also.

But now Louis Napoleon, wisely advised by his friends, showed himself in no hurry to occupy the position open to him. His reasons for so acting were expressed in a letter which he addressed to the President of the National Assembly, and which was read to the House on the 15th of June. It ran as follows:—

"*London, June* 14.

"Monsieur le Président,

"I was about to set off, in order to appear at my post, when I heard that my election had been made the pretext for disorder and disastrous errors. I repudiate all the suspicions of which I have been made the object, for I seek not for power. If the people impose duties on me, I shall know how to

fulfil them; but I disavow all those who have made use of my name to excite disturbance. The name which I bear is, above all, a symbol of order, of nationality, of glory, and rather than be the subject of anarchy and disorder, I should prefer remaining in exile. I send you enclosed a copy of the letter of thanks, which I have addressed to all the electors who have given me their votes. Have the goodness, M. le Président, to communicate this letter to my colleagues, and receive, &c.,

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

A letter more proper in sentiment or more respectful in expression could scarcely be written; but the writer's enemies and rivals, chagrined by the concessions that had lately been forced from them by the people, displayed a wonderful amount of ingenuity in pulling it to pieces and making it assume any but its true aspect. The Minister of War remarked that the word Republic was not mentioned in it; this observation giving rise, of course, to an instantaneous cry of "Vive la Republique!" That omission the said Minister pointed out as denoting personal ambition on the part of the writer, rather than a desire to serve the Republic! A M. Baune protested, in the name of all his colleagues, against that declaration of war of the Pretender. They would not have pretenders; but it was necessary that France should know how that impudent citizen had responded to the generosity of the Assembly. He (M. Baune) handed over the letter that had been read to its just contempt.

Then came a M. Thouret, who did not wish to be uncharitable, but he must allude to one expression in the letter. It was, "If the people impose on me duties, I shall know how to fulfil them." This, M.

Thouret considered, amounted positively to an appeal to revolt, and he demanded that the Assembly should therefore immediately decree that Louis Napoleon Buonaparte had ceased to be a representative of the people!

Even M. Jules Favre, who had been the chief advocate for Louis Napoleon being admitted to the Assembly, took a wrong-headed view of the Prince's communication. He rose to say there was in that Assembly but one sentiment. (A Voice: "No, no.") He would repeat what he said, and was sure that those who interrupted him were not aware how much they insulted the Assembly. There was but one sentiment there—that of indignation. When the 7th bureau proposed to the Assembly the admission of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, no doubt had arisen as to the conditions of that act. But if, two days after, that person sends forth an insolent challenge to the National Sovereignty, it was their duty to reply to it. He (M. Favre) demanded that the letter and the document which accompanied it should be at once placed in the hands of the Minister of Justice.

A large amount of fire was eaten by a number of other members, and a perfect hurricane of passions was raised by a document which has on the face of it, impartially read, nothing but a laudable desire on the part of its author to avoid public disturbances and party conflicts by not coming, at that time, on the scene to provoke them. At length, amidst much agitation, the President succeeded in having deliberation on the matter postponed till next day. "Gentlemen," he said, "in the midst of the various propositions which have been made, it appears to me that it is for the dignity of the Assembly not to make any alteration in the order of the deliberations. Let us

not impart more importance than it deserves to an accident which, after all, may not be as grave as it at first appears." Apparently, this was the only man in his senses in the Assembly on that day.

All the empty bombast that had been uttered the previous day appeared on the morrow in its true light. As fortune would have it, the President received that afternoon a second letter from Louis Napoleon, which made his real sentiments towards the Republic so plain, that some of the fault-finders who created so much fuss about the expressions and hidden meanings of the first letter looked extremely foolish. The following is a copy of the second letter, which was read to the Assembly :—

"*London, June* 15, 1848.

"Monsieur le Président,

"I was proud to have been elected representative of the people in Paris and in three other departments. It was, in my opinion, an ample reparation for thirty years' exile and six years' captivity. But the injurious suspicions to which my election has given rise, the disturbances of which it was the pretext, and the hostility of the executive power, impose upon me the duty to decline an honour which I am supposed to have obtained by intrigue. I desire order, and the maintenance of a wise, great, and enlightened Republic, and since I involuntarily favour disorder, I tender my resignation—not without regret—into your hands.

"Tranquillity, I trust, will now be restored, and enable me to return as the humblest of citizens, but also as one of the most devoted to the repose and prosperity of his country.

"CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

In reference to the resignation of his seat, the President observed, that as the admission of Citizen Louis Napoleon had not been pronounced by the Assembly, and that the Committee had only declared his election valid, the Assembly was not called upon to vote on the matter, which was referred to the Minister of the Interior, with orders to convoke the electoral colleges that had returned Louis Napoleon.

When the Prince's resignation became known, a variety of comments were passed upon it. Some could not account for such a step, when he had been so enthusiastically elected, and seemed to have the people so much on his side. Others considered it a well-advised step, and gave the Prince the fullest credit for self-denial and patriotism. But there were not wanting those who put it down to a deep design on his part—namely, that he considered his cause would derive greater strength thereby, as people would be talking about him and his inherited throne more by his keeping away, than if he at once proceeded to France, and quietly settled down as a citizen. That such were his motives may be fairly doubted, but that he really did enhance his prospects by the exercise of self-denial at that monent is a fact.

The circumstance, however, was but a nine days' wonder, after which sensational period the name of Louis Napoleon was almost forgotten in the excitement of a civil war which shortly ensued.

Partly brought on by the ruinous issues of the events of the year, and partly by the poverty of resources, and inefficiency of the Executive Commission, the condition of the working classes of Paris became most deplorable. Almost a famine prevailed for want of work, and, rendered desperate by their situation, the people sent protest after protest to the Government,

to devise some plan of organizing labour. Fiery speeches were made in the Assembly, calling upon the Executive Commission to adopt immediate measures for ameliorating the state of affairs. An extract from an appeal made by M. Victor Hugo will give an idea of the evils existing:—

"The national workshops," said M. Hugo, "were necessary when they were first established, but it is now high time to remedy an evil of which the least inconvenience is to squander uselessly the resources of the Republic. What have they produced in the course of four months? Nothing. They have deprived the hardy sons of toil of employment, given them a distaste for labour, and demoralized them to such a degree, that they are no longer ashamed to beg in the streets. The Monarchy has its idlers, the Republic has its vagabonds. God forbid that the enemies of the country should succeed in converting the Parisian workmen, formerly so virtuous, into lazzaroni or prætorians."

Instead of active and adequate measures being taken by the Executive Commission for meeting the requirements of the case, a singular amount of apathy was exhibited by them regarding the matter. They did certainly close the Government workshops; but as for providing the people with labour, all they could say was that the Government workmen between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five would be enrolled in the army; that workmen who had flocked into Paris from the country would be sent back to be employed in draining marshes and cultivating wild lands; and that then the Parisian workmen could shift for themselves. The announcement of such half-and-half measures was heard by the people with disgust and indignation. A deputation of working men waited upon M. Marie, one of

the Executive Commission. That red-tapist treated their spokesman, M. Pujol, with lofty insolence, accusing him before the other members of the deputation of having been connected with the Barbès movement of the 15th of May, and therefore unworthy to represent any body of honest men.

One of the protests the deputation determined upon laying before the Executive Commission was directed against the proposed dealing with workmen who had come from the provinces. M. Pujol, notwithstanding the behaviour of the Government official, made this protest.

"I understand you," said M. Marie. "Very well, listen: if the workmen refuse to leave Paris for the provinces, we will compel them by force; *by force*—do you understand?"

"*By force*," replied M. Pujol. "Very well; now we know that which we wished to know."

"Ah!" quoth M. Marie, "and what did you wish to know?"

"That the Executive Commission," rejoined M. Pujol, "has never sincerely desired the *organization of labour*. Adieu, citizen."

The result of this fruitless interview was made known to all the workmen of Paris that same evening, the 21st of June; and they were called upon to meet at six o'clock the next evening at the Place du Panthéon. Eight thousand men were there as the hour struck; and emerging from amongst them, M. Pujol got upon a stool and addressed them:—

"Citizens, you are about to give to France an example of your patriotism and of your courage. Let us unite; and let the cries ring in the ears of our persecutors, 'Work and Bread,' and 'Labour or Death.' If they are deaf to the voice of the people, woe be to them. Forward!"

The whole body then moved on towards the quay of the Hôtel de Ville. Amongst the cries raised by them, those of "Down with Marie!" "Down with the Executive Commission!" "Vive Napoléon!" "Vive l'Empereur!" were the most frequently heard. Some three thousand of this multitude had actually received the money from the Government to enable them to reach the provinces they came from, as ordered by the Executive Commission, but they had stopped immediately outside the barriers and spent it in drink, returning inspired with Dutch courage for their riots. These had improvised a song, and adapted it to an old tune, the chorus of which was, "We will remain! We will remain!" This they sang lustily as they traversed the streets. From the Hôtel de Ville they went to the Faubourg du Temple, with the intention of forming a junction with the workmen of the Temple and St. Antoine, having done which, they spread themselves all over the city in detachments, and remained out all night in the open air listening to the speeches of stump-orators, of whom there sprang up a legion.

On the morrow commenced one of the bloodiest insurrections that even Paris—the Vesuvius of political eruptions—ever witnessed. Early in the morning the people set about erecting barricades, in which work were engaged even women and children. By noon, nearly one half of the streets of the city were covered with these obstructions. The positions round the Pantheon, the Porte St. Denis, the Porte St. Martin, the Faubourg du Temple, the Hôtel de Ville, the Faubourg St. Antoine, the Faubourg St. Jacques, the Faubourg St. Marceau, and the Isle of St. Louis, were completely blocked up.

So rapidly and energetically were the operations of the masses carried on, that the force at the imme-

diate disposal of the Minister of War was quite inadequate to check them ; indeed, the attempt to do so was not made. General Cavaignac had not 20,000 troops that he could muster at a moment's notice—a state of the army induced by the poverty of the Republic—and considering the wide scope of ground occupied by the insurgents, such a small body of men would have been utterly useless to commence hostilities with. To make matters worse, the National Guard, as they did in February, were for the most part in league with the people ; for, to the beating of the *générale*, not a twentieth part of them appeared, while large numbers were seen aiding the mob in erecting barricades. A moiety of the Garde Mobile also proved faithless to the Government, and were seen in the ranks of the insurgents.

General Cavaignac gave up the whole of the day to preparations, and the force under his control was augmented before evening by some 10,000 men from neighbouring garrisons. The Commander-in-Chief divided the 30,000 men into four columns, which he placed under the command of Generals Lamoricière, Duvivier, Demesne, and Bedeau. Lamoricière was ordered to take his post near the Porte St. Denis, Duvivier by the Hôtel de Ville, Demesne at the Place Cambray, and Bedeau round the Pantheon. With twilight, hostilities commenced.

That night was witnessed by weeping angels a city of men in dire fratricidal combat. Goaded by hunger, and that maddening sense of insult and injury which makes a furnace of a Frenchman's breast, and a live coal of his brain, the people fought like devils in despair. The people—not alone the ruffians and vagabonds of a metropolis, but men who had hitherto conducted themselves respectably, and earned honest livings ; not only men, but women and

children—on the one side, and the soldiers on the other, stood that night in the attitude of two bands of hostile savages, not like natives of the same soil —not like a nation in the nineteenth century of Christian civilization.

For the next three days Paris weltered in its blood. The hand of Cain was doing its butcheries in all her thoroughfares, and the dying shrieks of its victims echoed from her walls to the accompaniment of the boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry. Corses strewed her streets for miles, of men *en blouse* and of soldiers in uniform, hugged together in devilish death-struggles; of women with their faces robbed of all feminine traits, and rigid in the aspect of fiends; of children like slaughtered cubs of beasts of prey.

There were but few of the stark forms lying stretched in death during those three days, which could be said to have differed materially in the characteristics depicted; but there was one eminently in contrast with the hideous wrecks of passion around it. It was that of an apostle of peace, the saintly Archbishop Affrè.

That heavenly-minded prelate, heedless of personal danger, issued from his palace on a mission of conciliation, which he hoped to succeed in both by his personal influence and his priestly character, for his name was held in high popular esteem and veneration. Arrayed in his pontificial robes, and bearing the symbol of infinite mercy—the Cross—before him, he repaired, attended by two vicars, to the head-quarters of the insurgents. As he passed through the streets the people fell on their knees, and, deeply affected by his courage and devotion, implored him to desist from an attempt so fraught with danger to himself; but he mildly replied, "A good shepherd gives his

life for his sheep," and passed on with the intrepid step of a follower of Christ.

The Place de la Bastille was where the leaders of the insurrection were quartered. Here he arrived at seven o'clock in the evening, and presenting himself before the rebels, with an attendant waving aloft a green branch, was received by them with profound reverence, a truce being established between the contending parties. There is no knowing the good that might have ensued, but for an accident. The soldiers, distrusting the insurgents, who had frequently fired upon bearers of flags of truce, advanced closer to the insurgents, so that, should the latter prove treacherous, they might have the prelate within their reach. Seeing the troops advance, the insurgents leapt over the barricade, and angry glances were exchanged between the two parties, now so close together ; when suddenly a shot was fired. This was the signal for a cry of "Treason !" Hostilities instantly recommenced, each party retreating to its own quarters. The Archbishop, being seized by the rebels, mounted the barricade to retire behind it, and while descending on the other side, some cowardly villain fired at him from a window above, and wounded him mortally. The expiring prelate was carried to the nearest hospital, and from thence to his palace, where he died soon after, his last words being, " God be praised, and may He accept my life as an expiation for my omissions during my episcopacy, and as an offering for the salvation of this misguided people."

Such were the results of this hellish struggle between a starving people and a Government which, though established but four months, had begun to grow careless of the national welfare, and had in that short period thrown aside the public welfare, which it was started to promote, for party and

personal aggrandisement. Such were the results of battles, fought hourly, in which now the people and then the soldiers prevailed, but neither gaining such an advantage as to be able to hold it long ; point after point being taken and retaken by both, till the arrival of fresh troops from the provinces turned the tide in favour of the soldiers ; when the rebels, after vainly endeavouring to stipulate for a surrender, were obliged to capitulate unconditionally.

The result of these bloody massacres, most pertinent to our story, was the establishment by them of an entirely new mode of government in France. The inefficiency of the Executive Commission, which had been the sole cause of the troubles, was seen in a strong light when rapid decision and resolute action were necessary for the salvation of the country ; consequently, the wrangling, dilly-dallying members composing it—who had rendered themselves hateful, both to the people and the National Guard, by their insolence in office—were sent to the right about, and the brave, quick-witted General Cavaignac invested with absolute power as President of the French Republic.

That there had been woful mismanagement by the Executive Commission was abundantly made manifest when matters came to be inquired into. It can hardly be credited, that while the population of Paris was starving for want of work, 120,000 *ouvriers* in the national workshops were kept in comparative idleness on splendid wages, and that out of the number it was proved, when the census came to be taken, no less than 10,000 were actually professional thieves, and 5,000 more *forçats*, or men who had been sent to the hulks for heinous offences. Was there ever so monstrous an act of treason to the people? By the aid of the vigorous antidotal measures

adopted by the new dictator, however, the evils produced by such atrocious misgovernment were soon remedied, and the Assembly not only granted with acclamation whatever demands General Cavaignac made upon them, but unanimously confirmed him in the office to which they had promoted him in a serious emergency. Peace then once more resumed her sway over a capital from which she had fled so oft.

There were still some seats vacant in the Assembly for which representatives had not been forthcoming, and the new elections were fixed for the 17th of September. As that day drew near, there was not only a better state of things in the House of the Assembly, but the people, hardly recovered from the dreadful calamities of June, were more subdued in their character; and altogether, France seemed in a fair way of settling down quietly under the wise and prompt administration of her military ruler.

Louis Napoleon therefore considered the fitting time had now come for him to return to his native country, and enjoy the immunities from which he had been so long debarred. His friends, too, strongly advised him to go over and settle down amongst them. When asked, therefore, by General Piat whether he would accept of a seat in the National Assembly should his party propose him at the coming elections, he sent the following reply:—

"*London, 28th August,* 1848.

"General,

"You ask me if I should accept the post of representative of the people if I were to be re-elected. I reply, without hesitation, 'Yes!'

"Now that it has been demonstrated, without gainsaying, that my election in four departments at once was not the result of intrigue, and that I have

kept myself a stranger to all manifestations and every political manœuvre, I should consider myself wanting in my duty if I should not respond to the call of my fellow-citizens.

"My name can now no longer be made a pretext for commotions. I am anxious, therefore, to re-enter France, and to take my seat amongst the representatives of the people, who desire to organize the Republic upon a broad and solid basis. In order to render the return of the Government which have passed away impossible, there is but one thing to do, and that is to do better than they; for you know, General, we have really not destroyed the past until we have replaced it by something else.

"Accept, &c.

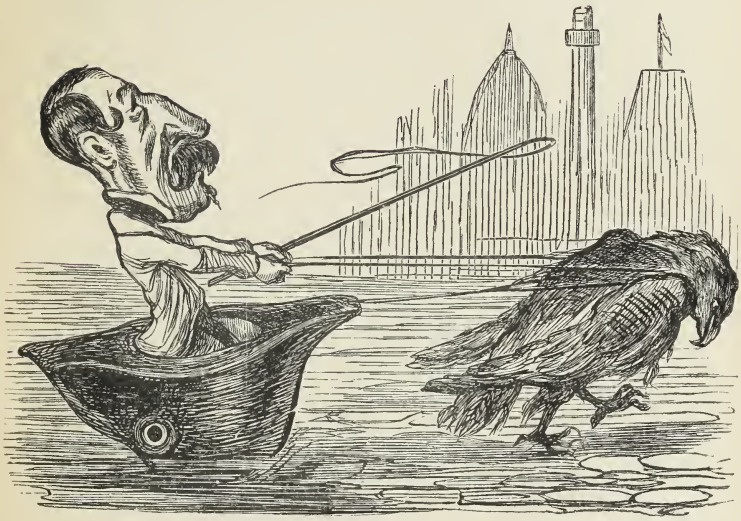
"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

Acting upon the permission given them, Louis Napoleon's friends put up his name for several of the vacant departments, for each of which he was returned with an overwhelming majority; and it was only with him a case of choice of seats. He naturally chose that of Paris, his native city.

Having at length received that call from the voice of the nation for which he had been yearning all his life, the Prince bade adieu to his kind friends in England, and, with a jocose remark that, with all his obligations to them, he should come some day to invade their country for the purpose of avenging Waterloo, set out for Paris immediately after the elections. He was then, as has been stated, in great poverty; but he received timely aid in the shape of funds from the Duke of Brunswick, who was then publishing a German political newspaper in Tottenham Court Road.

[1848.]

"THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE."



PAQUEBÔT NAPOLEONIEN.

France is now a Republic, and after some conference with the heads of the Government, Louis Napoleon appears in Paris. His return to the capital was strongly opposed by the party in power: they clearly foresaw in the enthusiasm accorded to the magic name of "Napoleon" a ready passport, in the hands of an ambitious man, to the subversion of the Republic and the establishment of a personal government. This circumstance is clearly demonstrated, even at this early date, in the histories of the Republic.

We now come to the telling caricatures which appeared in the "Charivari." Each step in the Presidential career was subjected to the sting of graphic comment. The scope of the French caricaturists has too frequently been circumscribed by the absence of liberty of the press—the vitality of free countries. We adhere as closely as possible to the "Charivari" series, until the enactment of the stringent press laws, which prohibited political criticism.

On the 26th of June, 1848, Louis Napoleon was enrolled as a member of the National Assembly of the French Republic.

As the Prince entered the Hall, a sudden agitation prevailed amongst the members, and all eyes were fixed upon him as he made his way up it, and seated himself at the upper part of the left benches. M. Marast was in the chair, and when Louis Napoleon made his appearance at the door a speaker was in the tribune; but such was the confusion in the House when the illustrious visitor's features were recognized, that business was obliged to be suspended for some minutes. Ill-bred and impertinent as was the behaviour of several of the more curious of those who directed upon him their scrutinizing glances, yet finding himself thus an object of general interest could not but have been gratifying to the persecuted exile, who had endured over thirty years of sorrows such as only those situated like him could fully sound the depth of.

Presently the reporter of the Committee to which the election of the department had been referred, entered the tribune, and said the Committee had examined the documents placed before it, and found the election perfectly regular. Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon had obtained 42,000 votes, and the candidate highest in the list after him only 3,000. The Committee accordingly proposed the provisional admission of Charles Louis Napoleon, until he should produce the certificate of his birth and documents establishing his nationality.

To the proposition of a provisional admission the President objected. No provisional admission, he observed, could be proposed.

Here M. Vivien rose and said that the ninth bureau had been unanimously of opinion to propose

the admission of Charles Louis Napoleon, and as respected the documents required, public notoriety might replace them. All the other members being agreed upon this point, the President put the formal question as to whether there was any opposition to the admission of Charles Louis Napoleon. Cries of "No! No!" arose from every part of the house, and Charles Louis Napoleon was duly proclaimed by the President a representative of the people.

Louis Napoleon, bowing to the President in acknowledgment, ascended the tribune and delivered the following address to the House :—

"Citizen Representatives,

"I cannot longer remain silent after the calumnies directed against me. I feel it incumbent on me to declare openly, on the first day I am allowed to sit in this hall, the real sentiments which animate and have always animated me. After being proscribed during thirty-three years, I have at last recovered a country and my rights of citizenship. The Republic conferred on me that great happiness. I offer it now my oath of gratitude and devotion; and the generous fellow-countrymen who sent me to this hall may rest certain that they will find me devoted to that double task which is common to us all, namely, to assure order and tranquillity, the first want of the country, and to develop the democratical institutions which the people have a right to claim. During a long period I could only devote to my country the mediation of exile and captivity. To-day a new career is open to me. Admit me into your ranks, dear colleagues, with the sentiments of affectionate sympathy which animate me. My conduct, you may be certain, shall ever be guided by a respectful devotion to the law; it will prove, to the

confusion of those who attempted to slander me, that no man is more devoted than I am, I repeat it, to the defence of order and the consolidation of the Republic."

Had Louis Napoleon been a man of less worldly experience he might have expected a cordial reception of the sentiments expressed by him ; but he knew too well of what his audience was composed to manifest the least chagrin at the frigid silence with which his speech was received. Alas for France! that there should be feeding upon its vitals a hundred different parties who have a hundred different purposes to serve, not in the remotest way tending to the general good. To these, and not to the infatuated mob that periodically breaks out at their instigation into acts of violence, are owing the constant political disturbances of that unhappy country. So dangerous a rival as Louis Napoleon could expect nothing but ill feeling from such men.

There were no popular demonstrations upon the occasion of Louis Napoleon's installation as a representative of the people, for General Cavaignac, with his usual keen foresight, had taken measures to prohibit all assemblages of people, for any purpose, in the streets, and took care to have a sufficient number of soldiers waiting in readiness to enforce his orders. Every act of this sagacious governor tended to prove that the only form of administration suited to the French people is a military despotism, with the supreme power properly invested. A sceptre in France is as much a "bauble" as Cromwell's mace. The sword is the only talisman of peace for a people who respect nothing else.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

WITH the return of order, the National Assembly occupied itself in discussions as to the best modes of government to prevent repetitions of such disasters as had lately laid Paris in ruins. The first point for consideration was, as to the expediency of having more than one house of legislature, and the next as to the choice of President, whether this functionary should be elected by the National Assembly, or by the universal suffrage of the people.

With regard to the first question, the chiefs of the debaters were, M. Lamartine for the single chamber, and M. Odillon Barrot for more than one chamber of legislature.

M. Lamartine expressed his views thus :—"I have witnessed the misfortunes and catastrophes which have befallen a nation governed by one legislature, but I have seen the same under a government resting on two ; and I see no identity between the situation of the countries in which the latter form is established, and that of our country. The examples of Great Britain and America are not applicable. Has France any aristocracy like England? The considerations which led to the adoption of a Senate in America are widely different from those which have inspired the proposal for a

second chamber in this country. The Senate there represents the federal principle, which is the basis of the Union ; but which is not so of a Republic, one and indivisible.

" How are the regulations of a senate to be made ? Are the members to be chosen on account of their fortunes, or their age ? If so elected, would they form an aristocracy in one sense of the word ? Would they not rather form the representatives of the bankers ? They would not be the chevaliers of the sword, but the chevaliers of the purse. Menaced on all sides, society, as at present, will for a long time be under the necessity of recurring to the protection of a Dictator. In such a case, who is to elect him ? Is the choice to be confided to the two assemblies—almost certain, in that event, to be at variance with each other ; or is it to be entrusted to the one to the exclusion of the other ?"

M. Odillon Barrot replied on the other side. " The project of establishing a single chamber," said he, " is one of the most insane, and fatal to democracy itself, which can enter into a human head. What is the cause of the universal uneasiness and perturbation which prevail, and the general feeling in favour of a dictatorship ? It rests upon the opinion, so often proved by experience, now generally admitted, that a democracy cannot regulate itself. All democracies have begun by establishing one single legislative power ; but experience soon taught them that a balance was indispensable, and that a power responsible to none must soon fall from its very weight, if uncontrolled. There is but one force in France—the democratic force. But does it follow from that circumstance that that single force is to be altogether uncontrolled ? Can democracy not be tempered by democracy ? and can we not discover in

republican institutions such a controlling power? During eighteen years I have laboured in vain to consolidate this constitutional system under the monarchy; but all these efforts were rendered nugatory the moment Louis Philippe resolved to liberate himself from control, and to establish on the throne a system abhorred by the country. What I failed to do to the monarchy, I could now wish to render to the republic. Pretenders are not to be feared. Democracy has no enemy to fear but itself."

Under existing circumstances, there could have been little doubt as to which opinion would prevail; for to France, in those days, anything like an equivalent to our House of Lords would have been nothing short of an abomination. The Assembly almost unanimously voted in favour of a single Chamber of Legislature.

The mode of electing the President came next on the tapis. Here was a bone of contention for all the hungry party dogs. It was not a question with them as to what method of investing power would most benefit the nation, but as to what would most surely conduce to the advancement of themselves and their cliques. Parties were, therefore, pretty equally divided between a packed house and universal suffrage, just as the one or the other would suit them best.

Much as they fought between themselves, there was one man, representing a powerful party, against whom almost all were allied, and that was Louis Napoleon. The majority seemed to be under the presentiment that an appeal to universal suffrage, as France was then situated, would be nearly certain to end in the election of Louis Napoleon to the presidency. They could but too clearly perceive a latent desire in the people to return to power a member of the family which had conferred upon them the greatest glory.

How to get rid of this formidable rival without exciting suspicions as to any fears being felt by them regarding him, was a matter of deliberation for some time; and at length a member of the Assembly put a most specious proposition before the House, making out that it would not be expedient for any member of a family which had previously held rule in France to be eligible for the office of President or Vice-President.

Such a proposition, though intended to be general in its application, could only refer to the Buonapartes and Louis Napoleon, and advocated so barefaced an injustice to them, that it could not of course be countenanced by any body of men pretending to be legislators. The members who were indifferent to the result of the question as regarding themselves, rose man after man, and protested against the designs of the honourable member who proposed the measure. One of these vehemently declared that such a law of proscription would be unworthy of a great people. No one, he felt sure, could deny that the motion had exclusive reference to the Buonapartes, and was most unjust, for the chief of the Imperial family had come forward, and from the tribune protested his devotedness to the Republic.

Louis Napoleon, who spoke seldom, and, in fact, only frequented the House when there were any questions of importance under discussion, ascended the tribune, and replied that he was too grateful to the nation for restoring to him his rights as a citizen to have any other ambition. It was not in his name, but that of 300,000 electors, that he protested against the appellation of Pretender, which was continually flung in his face. Some wrangling followed, but at length the originator of the debate, seeing that his scheme was detected, made a formal withdrawal of the motion.

The Assembly afterwards repealed the law of the 10th of April, 1832, which banished the family of Napoleon from the French territory. Opposition was by no means silenced now. Within a fortnight, a new reason was discovered why the Buonapartes, and especially Louis Napoleon, should labour under a disadvantage not affecting the rest of the community. Towards the end of October, 1848, there had been held some of the old political "banquets," and Louis Napoleon was supposed to be in favour of them, because his name was so frequently mentioned at the meetings. Without waiting for any proof of the Prince's complicity, M. Clement Thomas, the Commander of the National Guard, bounced into the tribune, and delivered himself of a volley of invectives against the Buonapartes in general, and Louis Napoleon in particular, expressing himself in terms far beyond the limits of what is known as parliamentary language. Such animus, indeed, was displayed by M. Thomas, that a plot to goad Louis Napoleon into a duel, where the soldier expected to have the best of him, was as clear as noon-day. By that means would of course have been removed this political stumbling-block, this eyesore to ambition. The furious speaker wanted to know by what right M. Louis Napoleon presented himself as a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, and covered the country with emissaries recommending his candidature to the peasants.

Louis Napoleon was not present that afternoon, and a voice reminded M. Thomas of the fact, but that heated orator met the hint with the retort that it was not the first time he had noted the absence of the representative citizen Louis Napoleon Buonaparte from the Assembly.

Several Voices: What is that to you?

[1848.]

"THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE"—*(continued.)*

The arrival of the Prince in Paris was the signal for a general burst of enthusiasm and good-natured criticism. The two failures which had rendered his previous visits to France notorious were distinguished by a fantastic Quixotism, very flattering to the French love of "surprise."

The masquerade adopted by the Prince was mercilessly ridiculed by the caricaturists. We have seen the satire showered on his assumption of the "Napoleon" boots. The imitation cocked hat and grey greatcoat of his Uncle, which he now added to the famous boots, were further challenges to the wits and satirists of Paris.

"*All this doesn't suit* YOUR *style of figure!*" remarks the impertinent *fripier* (or dealer in left-off wearing apparel) in the picture above.

M. Thomas: A most significant fact. You are aware that there are certain members of this Assembly who are about to present themselves to the country as candidates for very elevated and important offices. Well, it is not by seldom attending your sittings, or by abstaining from taking any part in your votes; it is not by avoiding to say from whence we come, or whither we go, or what we want, that one can pretend to gain the confidence of a country like France. For my part, I distrust such tactics.

For a few minutes some notion of the confusion of Babel might have been formed from the hubbub in the Chamber. Several of the members protested loudly against the unseemly language of M. Thomas, and as for the Prince's two cousins, Napoleon was openly called to order by the President from the chair; though he did not go so far as the hot-headed Pierre, who challenged to mortal combat the Commander of the Guard from the foot of the tribune!

The following day Louis Napoleon attended the Assembly, and mounting the tribune, said:—

"The unpleasant incidents which occurred here yesterday referring to me will not allow me to remain silent. I deeply regret to be again obliged to speak of myself, for it is repugnant to my feelings to see personal questions incessantly dragged before this Assembly, at a time when the most important interests of the country are at stake.

"I shall not now speak of my sentiments or my opinions; these I have already set before you, and no one as yet has had reason to doubt my word. As to my parliamentary conduct, I will say, that as I never take the liberty of bringing any one of my colleagues to account for the course which he thinks proper to pursue, so in like manner I never recognize

in him the right to call me to account for mine. This account I owe only to my constituents.

"Of what am I accused? Of accepting from the popular sentiment a nomination after which I have not sought. Well, I accept this nomination which does me so much honour. I accept it because successive elections, and the unanimous decree of the Assembly against the proscription of my family, authorize me to believe that France regards the name I bear to be serviceable for the consolidation of society.

"Those who accuse me of ambition, little know my heart. If an imperative duty did not keep me here, if the sympathy of my fellow-citizens did not console me for the violence of the attacks of some, and even for the impetuosity of the defence of others, long since should I have regretted my exile.

"I am reproached for my silence. It is desired that I should exhibit great talents, and make a brilliant appearance in this tribune. But it is given to but few persons to bring eloquent words to the support of just and salutary ideas. Is there only one way to serve one's country? That which the country needs above all things else is a Government firm, intelligent, and wise, which is more desirous to heal the evils of society than to avenge them. Often one can more effectually triumph by wise and prudent conduct than by bayonets, over theories not founded upon experience or reason.

"Citizen Representatives, there are those who wish, I know, to strew my path with pits and snares. I shall not fall into them. I shall follow the path I have marked out, without allowing myself to be disquieted or irritated. I shall know always how to exhibit the serenity of the man who is resolved to do his duty. It is my only desire to merit the

esteem of the National Assembly, and of all good men, and the confidence of that magnanimous people who were treated so lightly here yesterday. I therefore declare to those who wish to organize against me a system of provocations, that henceforth I shall not reply to any summons, or to any species of attack. I shall not reply to those who wish to make me speak when I prefer to be silent. I shall remain immovable against all attacks, impassible towards all calumnies."

His resolution was put to the test on many an occasion afterwards, for even rank cowards ventured to insult him to his face, relying upon his assurance that there would be no danger of their being called to account for their dastardly conduct; but he sat unmoved amidst all the storms which envy, hatred, and malice could raise about him, with the serenity of a statue. All through his life, Louis Napoleon has been remarkable for an impenetrability of exterior, and an imperturbability of temperament seldom witnessed; and much of his success in life was owing to these gifts of nature. Had he been anything of a fire-eater, he would never have become an Emperor; for when his enemies found they could not put this obstacle to their ambition away privily, nothing would have pleased them better than to have had a shot or thrust at him openly, and there were hundreds of bravoes who would have gladly risked their lives in the attempt.

The deliberations as to the choice of President lasted several days. The voice of Lamartine prevailed, as it did in the matter of a single Chamber of Legislature, and it was decided that the First Magistrate of the realm should be elected by universal suffrage.

Lamartine was an ambitious man, and his splendid

orations, combined with his polished writings, had gained him such a world-wide fame, that he relied upon an appeal to an admiring public to procure him the President's chair. Yet he hypocritically made a great pretence that he did not seek so high an honour, for in a letter to the editor of the *Journal des Débats*, he says :—

"Sir,

"I read in the *Débats* an article borrowed from the *Courier de la Gironde*, and beg permission to rectify it. I made the following answer to a correspondent at Bordeaux :—'I do not put myself forward as a candidate for the Presidency. I pray to God and my friends to keep me from a burden so much beyond my strength. But if the country should think proper to appoint me to the Magistracy, I do not think I have any more right to refuse it than I thought myself warranted, on February 24, to refuse the designation of the people, and leave Paris without a government. I do not believe that I am in any degree threatened with such a danger, and I only rectify the *Courier de la Gironde* in order to avoid all misunderstanding. To solicit the Presidency would be ridiculous, to desire it would be rash, to refuse it would be wanting to the Republic and the country. I am devoid of this ambition, but incapable of such an act of cowardice.

"LAMARTINE."

The charming modesty of this effusion completely evaporates when we recollect that this very man afterwards said, that he regretted nothing more in his life than that his *coup de théâtre*, with regard to the proscription of Louis Napoleon, did not succeed, for then his path to power would have been as smooth as

ivory. This was said when he was entirely discarded by the people, and, after having spent the colossal fortune he had with his wife, an English banker's daughter, as also another fortune which came to him by way of legacy, he was a struggling author, writing for bread, books which made his early readers weep for the wreck of so great an intellect. The decline in popular favour of this gifted man dated from the period we are now at: he fell like Lucifer—never to hope again, and died in obscurity about twenty years afterwards.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE 10th of December, 1848, was the day fixed for the election of the new President of the French Republic by the will of the people.

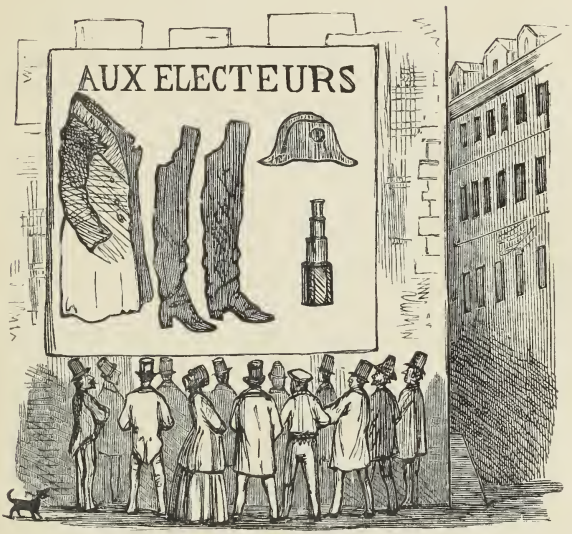
General Cavaignac, the President elected by the National Assembly during the June revolution, offered himself for re-election by the nation. He had every reason to look for success. A brilliant soldier, who had won distinction in the field; the son of a republican, and a republican himself, in his ideas, even while serving in Louis Philippe's army; a ruler, as proved by recent events, just the man for the place, there could have been little question about his claims to popular support. His partisans made strenuous efforts on his behalf, and the General issued an address to the electors, setting forth his determination to keep in view the maintenance of social and political order and the advancement of Republican institutions.

MM. Ledru Rollin, Lamartine, Raspail (then in prison), and General Changarnier, were the other candidates beside Louis Napoleon.

The manifesto of the last named to the electors ran as under:—

[1848.]

"ADVANCING."



PRINCIPLES PROFESSED BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The 10th December was fixed for the election of a new President, to be appointed according to the will of the people. The most influential opponents of the candidature of the Prince (as illustrated above by the satirist) were General Cavaignac, Lamartine, and Ledru Rollin,—names which subsequent history has treated with respect.

The friends of the Prince were most energetic in their canvass. Their great influence was with the peasantry, a body most easily dazzled with Napoleonic glitter. This section has uniformly followed and confirmed the acts of Louis Napoleon both as Prince President and Emperor, and by their number and their pliability have in the specious scheme of universal suffrage utterly negatived the verdict of the educated section of the community.

The caricaturists understood and commented on this stronghold of the Prince. One of the canvassers accosts a "clod" at his oxens' head.

"Here is your *brevet* as labourer to the Court. Of course *you* are for Napoleon?" He presents a scroll (the address), which the ploughman cannot read.

"His vote is a certainty," remarks the canvasser, perfectly satisfied.

" To my Fellow-Citizens.

" In order to recall me from exile, you elected me a representative of the people. On the eve of the election of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, my name presents itself to you as a symbol of order and security. These testimonies of a confidence so honourable to me are due, I am aware, much more to the name which I bear than to myself, who have as yet done nothing for my country. But the more the memory of the Emperor protects me and inspires your suffrages, the more I feel myself called upon to make known to you my sentiments and my principles. There must be nothing equivocal between us.

" I am not an ambitious man, who dreams at one time of the Empire and of war, and at another of the application of subversive theories. Educated in free countries and in the school of misfortune, I shall always remain faithful to the duties which your suffrages and the will of the Assembly may impose upon me. If I am elected President, I shall not shrink from any danger, from any sacrifice, to defend society, which has been so audaciously attacked. I shall devote myself wholly, without reserve, to the confirming of a Republic which has shown itself wise by its laws, honest in its intentions, great and powerful by its acts. I pledge my honour to leave to my successor, at the end of four years, the executive power strengthened, liberty intact, and real progress accomplished.

" Whatever may be the result of the election, I shall bow to the will of the people ; and I pledge, beforehand, my co-operation with any strong and honest Government which shall re-establish order in principles as well as in things ; which shall efficiently protect our religion, our families, and our properties,

the eternal bases of every social community; which shall attempt all practical reforms, assuage animosities, reconcile parties, and thus permit a country rendered uneasy by circumstances to count upon the morrow.

"To re-establish order is to restore confidence, to repair by means of credit the temporary depreciation of resources, to restore the finances, and to revive commerce.

"To protect religion and the rights of families, is to ensure the freedom of public worship and education.

"To protect property is to maintain the inviolability of the fruits of every man's labour; it is to guarantee the independence and security of possession, the indispensable foundation of all civil liberties.

"As to the reforms which are possible, the following are those which appear to me most urgent:—

"To adopt all measures of economy which, without occasioning disorder in the public service, will permit of a reduction of those taxes which press most heavily upon a people.

"To encourage enterprises which, while they develop agricultural wealth, may, both in France and Algeria, give work to hands at present unoccupied.

"To provide for the relief of labourers in their old age, by means of provident institutions.

"To introduce into our industrial laws ameliorations which may tend, not to ruin the rich for the gain of the poor, but to establish the well-being of each upon the prosperity of all.

"To restrict within just limits the number of employments which shall depend on the Government, and which often convert a free people into a nation of beggars.

"To avoid that deplorable tendency which leads the State to do that which individuals may do as well—and better—for themselves. The centralization of interests and of enterprises is in the nature of despotism. The nature of the Republic rejects monopolies.

"Finally, to protect the liberty of the press from the two excesses which always endanger it—that of arbitrary authority on the one hand, and its own licentiousness on the other.

"With war we can have no relief to our ills. Peace, then, would be the dearest object of my desire. France at the time of her first revolution was warlike, because others forced her to be so. Threatened with invasion, she replied by conquest. Now she is not threatened. She is free to concentrate all her resources to pacific measures of amelioration, without abandoning a loyal and a resolute policy. A great nation ought to be silent, or never speak in vain.

"To have regard for the national dignity is to have regard for the army, whose patriotism, so noble and disinterested, has been frequently neglected. We ought, while we maintain the fundamental laws, which are the strength of our military organization, to alleviate, and not to aggravate, the burden of the conscription. We ought to take care of the present and future interests, not only of the officers, but likewise of the non-commissioned officers and privates, and prepare a means of subsistence for men who have long served under our colours.

"The Republic ought to be generous, and have faith in its future prospects. And for my part, I, who have suffered exile and captivity, appeal, with all my warmest aspirations, to that day when the country may, without danger, put a stop to all proscriptions, and efface the last traces of our civil discord.

"Such, my dear fellow-citizens, are the ideas which I should bring to bear upon the functions of Government if you were to call me to the Presidency of the Republic. The task is a difficult one—the mission immense. I know it; but I shall not despair of accomplishing it, inviting to my aid, without distinction of party, all men who, by their high intelligence or their probity, have recommended themselves to public esteem. Besides, when a man has the honour to be at the head of the French nation, there is an infallible way to succeed, and that is the desire to do so."

The above address was issued to the people about a fortnight before the election, which interval was made the most of by the partisans of the several candidates. The one most confident of success, up till now, had been General Cavaignac, but from certain indications he could not but observe—after Louis Napoleon's sentiments began to permeate the people, causing his name to be universally mentioned, as if he were the long-expected political Messiah who should come to regenerate France—the General's hopes began to waver, and he began to entertain feelings towards his formidable rival such as only jealousy can inspire and its blindness excuse. But with all his rancour and enmity, he was too brave a soldier, and too much of a gentleman, to resort to the underhanded and unmanly devices of some of Louis Napoleon's rivals, to degrade him in the eyes of the people.

The press was of course the chief instrument of warfare between the contending parties. Suborned by the Government, the majority of the journals made a plump for General Cavaignac, and in fact advocated his cause with such bursts of enthusiasm, that stains of "palm oil" could be perceptibly traced on their broad sheets. The result of their efforts, however, showed that there is as much evil done,

both personally and to a cause, by too much zeal, as by the want of it; for the shopkeeper who puffs his wares the most, is not unreasonably suspected of selling the worst article. That the General's supporters did not muster in any stronger force at the call of the fourth estate was discouragingly evident from day to day. As for the other candidates, save Louis Napoleon, their chances looked hopeless from the very start.

At the same time that General Cavaignac was the beau ideal of a President, according to the veracious authorities who embellished newspaper columns, Louis Napoleon necessarily was the very reverse. Contributors of a lively turn of mind were immoderately funny about the man with a name so much bigger than himself; wishing to know, by way of parenthesis, whether the "eagle" was alive and well, and if so, what that sagacious bird said to its master's new projects? Pages of journals usually staid and sententious, burst all over into wrinkles of type-laughter at the bare notion of the madman of Strasburg, and the Quixote of Boulogne, being allowed to rule the destinies of a nation. Ingenious artists, catching the risible itch, soon produced thousands of caricatures, more or less like their original, representing a man always with a very long nose and a very large moustache, in a variety of preposterous situations, invariably expressing by his attitude and sentiments something absurd, immoral, or iniquitous. From that day to this, it can safely be said, that no man has been in this kind of way more before the world than Louis Napoleon. It was stated at the time, on good authority, that most of the valuable contributions to fine art aforesaid were issued from a public department popularly imagined to be steeped in important business.

Professional liars were likewise engaged to go about the country and circulate such specious reports as would, in their honest judgment, best find acceptance in the districts they traversed. In the north, especially, the peasants were assured, upon honour, no doubt, that Prince Louis Napoleon had gone mad; to pot-politicians was imparted the secret that Prince Louis Napoleon had a strong tendency towards Russia, a country not then in much favour with the French people. These perversions of fact prevailed of course, as long as they could, against the spread of truth.

Opposing influences need scarcely have been brought to bear on the other side, as far as the result of the elections appeared to be concerned, but they were. One of the stoutest champions of the Prince's cause was M. Odillon Barrot, his old friend, that told Louis Philippe he was wanting in humanity towards the prisoner of Ham, in not allowing him unconditionally to go and see his dying father. M. Barrot drew public attention to the fact that exile and captivity had drawn the Prince to study, in which he had discovered much that could be successfully carried out for the welfare of the nation; that he bore a name which France universally was attached to, though he did not use that as a title to suffrages, but as a guarantee, not only that he would not dishonour it, but of good government, that he was totally free from connection with any party, and open to serve faithfully the people undivided. "In fine," said M. Barrot, "in my most profound conviction, the Presidency of Louis Napoleon will be the most sure defence of our Republican society, not only against the attacks of demagogism, but still more against retrograde and monarchial tendencies."

A rejoinder quickly made its appearance in the

columns of the *National*, showing the Prince, in another and a novel light, unworthy of the suffrages of the people, namely, in that he presumed to be too much like his uncle! "If M. Louis Napoleon," says the *National*, "appears as little as possible, and never speaks in public, knowing well that he should gain nothing by being known, on the other hand, in the little circle of his friends, he thinks it necessary to give himself Napoleon manners. When he appears, he has himself preceded by a *Chasseur* in grand livery, who announces his entry by the solemn words, 'The Prince!' At once the ladies rise, and form a line from the door to the chimney. The Prince, one hand behind his back, and the other in his waistcoat, in imitation of his uncle, advances, distributing smiles and salutations to the Court—touching preludes to the grave functions of Presidency of the Republic, and which show how strongly the candidate of the *Presse* is penetrated with the spirit of the age and with the customs of this country." The omnipotency of palm-oil! Alas! if the press of this country were in any measure the venial sycophant of Power, as that of France, what an absurdity would be the vaunt that it is the fourth estate of the realm! In that it is but the expression of the people's mind, and the outburst of the nation's heart, consists its majesty, and that electric influence by which it guides events.

Such was the prelude ushering in the opening day of the elections, the 10th December, 1848.

Proceedings connected with the polling for candidates commenced dully. From outer indications it could not be supposed that so important an event was taking place as the choosing by the people of the supreme ruler of the country. A few men were to be seen at the doors of the Mairies, with the cards of the candidates in their hand, but no stir, no enthusiasm

was manifest. By the way, it may be mentioned, that a report had for some days been current amongst the supporters of Louis Napoleon, that among other expedients which would be resorted to by his opponents for endeavouring to obtain his defeat, would be a distribution of voting cards, which, by the means of a chemical preparation applied to the paper, would, when dropped into the ballot-box, change the inscription of "Louis Napoleon Buonaparte," into "General Eugène Cavaignac!" So magical a process being possible was by no means doubted by the voters, for they knew how clever were French chemists; consequently, the ground about the polling places was literally strewn with fragments of cards gratuitously distributed, these being torn up and thrown away with a gesture of impatience.

Animation was aroused as the time wore on; and on the evening of the first day, innumerable groups of men were seen on the Boulevards, but with the exception of their raising a cry against the Gardes Mobiles, who occupied the military post at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, and now and then shouting "Vive Napoléon!" they were comparatively orderly; while strong patrols of *Gardiens de Paris*, preceded by peace officers, were continually moving about and dispersing the people, who submitted good-humouredly. One of the Prince's most demonstrative partisans on this occasion was a little old woman, with a little yellow face like a squeezed lemon, who was three sheets in the wind, and whose enthusiasm therefrom being at the highest possible pitch, found vent in shrill shrieks of "Vive Napoléon!" and "A bas Cavaignac!" to the infinite delight of the *gamins*, who followed her about as she staggered along, loudly cheering her patriotic sentiments. Much in the same way passed away the few days preceding the closing of the poll.

[1848.]
THE PRESIDENCY.

THE REPUBLIC OCCUPIED IN SELECTING HER "HEADPIECE."

The artist presents her in classic guise, fair and ingenuous. She is choosing between three caps for the edifice. Her back is turned on the military *casque* of General Cavaignac, and the civilian castor of the poet Lamartine (symbolized by the lyre) is already rejected. She coquets with the Napoleonic presentment, and is thus suggestively advised:—"Believe me, madame, the little cocked hat does not become you. Do not listen to those who would impose their *Empire* on you."

[10th December, 1848.]
LOUIS NAPOLEON ELECTED AS PRINCE PRESIDENT.
He takes a solemn oath of fidelity to the Republic.

"I am not an ambitious man, who dreams now of empire and of war, now of the application of subversive theories. I will make it a point of honour to leave to my successor, at the end of three years, power consolidated, liberty untouched, and real progress accomplished. I, who have myself been familiar with exile and captivity, anxiously desire to see the day when a magnanimous pardon may, without danger, put an end to all proscriptions."—*Louis Napoleon's Address, 27th Nov.*, 1848.

The while that Paris was so unexpectedly tranquil, the country elections were carried on amidst scenes of noise and frenzy. The name of Napoleon naturally awoke in the minds of the peasants recollections of those glorious times, when victory after victory, won by their forefathers, inspired their young breasts with military ardour, and made them long for the conscript's uniform, as a preliminary decoration to the Marshal's *batôn*. No other name would go down with them now, and voters were rallied to the cry of "Vive Napoléon!" and were the Prince's adherents to a man. The mouth of the enemy attributed all this enthusiasm to a rumour having been widely circulated, by Louis Napoleon's emissaries, amongst the ignorant and superstitious clodhoppers, that it was their old Emperor, returned from exile, who claimed their suffrages; while such as had heard of his death were gulled into the belief that he only shammed death, and that he really was alive when they brought him away from St. Helena in a coffin.

In ten days, namely, on the 20th of December, the result of the poll was made known. The electoral contest had been like the famous race, in which "Eclipse" was first, and the rest nowhere. Louis Napoleon had been returned with a majority of nearly 4,000,000 votes over his nearest opponent, who was, of course, General Cavaignac. Thus stood the list of suffrages:—

Louis Napoleon	5,434,226
General Cavaignac	1,448,107
M. Ledru Rollin	370,119
M. Raspail	36,900
M. Lamartine	17,910
General Changarnier	4,790
Votes lost	12,600

The proclamation of the President took place some days earlier than the time originally fixed, on account of reports reaching the Government that an immense popular demonstration was being organized, and that Louis Napoleon's installation would be received with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The Prince, being equally anxious to avoid disturbances, gladly acquiesced in the anticipation when proposed.

The Palace of the National Assembly was completely invested by soldiers some hours before the doors were open. At three o'clock, M. Marast took the chair. The House was full of members, and the public galleries were crowded.

M. Rousseau, the Chairman of the Committee of the Elections, entered the tribune, and said that the Assembly, being itself elected by universal suffrage, had wished the President of the Republic should be chosen in the same way. The people had responded to the appeal, and nothing could exceed the dignity manifested by them. All Europe would admire that grand and magnificent spectacle, as well as the calmness and freedom which had characterized the proceedings. No less than 7,349,000 citizens had deposited their votes in the electoral urns. The elect belonged to no party. There was no victory, no defeat, no conquerers, no vanquished. After so calm and patriotic a manifestation, no man could presume to substitute the will of a few for the will of all.

Here M. Rousseau presented the list of votes for the various candidates given above, and paying a high tribute to General Cavaignac, which was cheered by the loud acclamations of the entire Assembly, he concluded by calling upon the House to proclaim the President, exclaiming, "Have confidence: God protects France!"

[1848—1849.]

THE PRINCE PRESIDENT.

The Citizen King is thrown aside as worthless—a mere broken "tumbler."

Their first President, General Cavaignac, is dismissed into obscurity.

THIS IS YOUNG FRANCE'S NEW TOY,

from the pencil of an English caricaturist, who cleverly sums up the situation. The popularity of the Prince was then considerable, for, as delineated in the sketch, he was ready at that moment to jump whichever way France should please to pull the string!

Louis Napoleon has now exchanged the poverty of his early appearance in 1848 for the power of a Prince President, whose will soon became absolute. The bird who roused him from his former doubtful position, now takes a conspicuous place in the state arrangements. The eagle again becomes an ensign of approaching Imperialism.

General Cavaignac then rose and said, "I have the honour of informing the National Assembly that the Members of the Cabinet have just sent me their collective resignation, and I now come forward to surrender the powers with which it had invested me. You will understand, better than I can express, the sentiments of gratitude which the recollection of the confidence placed in me by the Assembly, and of its kindness for me, will leave in my heart."

The House rose *en masse*, and cried "Vive la Republique!"

When order had been restored, the President of the Chamber pronounced the following proclamation:—

"In the name of the French people.

"Whereas Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, born in Paris, possesses all the qualifications of eligibility required by the 44th Article of the Constitution: Whereas the ballot gave him the absolute majority of suffrages for the Presidency: By virtue of the powers conferred on the Assembly by the 47th and 48th Articles of the Constitution, I proclaim him President of the French Republic from this day, until the second Sunday of May, 1852, and I now invite him to ascend the tribune and take the oath required by the Constitution."

The Prince, who was dressed in black, decorated with a *crachat*, set in diamonds, on his left breast, and wore the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour under his coat, advanced to the tribune and took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution administered to him by the President. He then addressed the Assembly:—

"Citizen Representatives,—

"The suffrages of the nation, and the oath which

I have taken, command my future conduct. My duty is marked out, I shall fulfil it as a man of honour. I shall look upon those as enemies to the country who attempt to change, by illegal means, what entire France has established. Between you and me, fellow-citizens, no real difference can exist. Our wishes, our desires, are the same. I wish, like you, to re-establish society upon its foundations, to establish democratic institutions, and to search out all the means of relieving the sufferings of the generous and intelligent people who have given me so conspicuous a proof of their confidence.

"The majority which I have obtained not only fills me with gratitude, but it will give to the new Government a moral force, without which there can be no authority. With peace and order, our country can rise, heal her wounds, bring back her scattered children, and calm her passions.

"Animated by this spirit of conciliation, I have called around me men of honesty, capable and devoted to the country, assured that in spite of the diversity of their original politics, they will, with one accord, unite with you in the application of the constitution to the perfecting of the laws and the glory of the Republic.

"The new administration, in entering upon business, must thank its predecessor for the efforts which it has made to transmit the power intact, and to maintain public tranquillity. The conduct of the Honourable General Cavaignac has been worthy of the loyalty of his character, and of that sentiment of duty which is the first qualification of the head of the State.

"We have, Citizen Representatives, a great mission to fulfil. It is to found a Republic for the interests of all, and a Government just, firm, and animated

[1849—1850.]

THE PRINCE PRESIDENT—*(continued.)*

The wedge is now firmly inserted! The Prince President does not conceal his hand so cautiously; indeed, the moment to display his cards approaches!

A Republic has been declared at Rome, and the French national cock, "La Gloire," is sent off to dispose of it, as skilfully represented in the above cartoon from the pencil of a powerful English satirist.

The Prince President is tripped up by the stump of the tree of Liberty, felled by his order. He cries: "What, not a single friend to bid me 'Beware'!"

This gives the earliest French indication of distrust in the sincerity of the Prince President, aroused by the Roman affair. His strength and power of keeping on his legs was under-estimated, as the *Charivari* caricatures exemplify.

with a sincere love of progress, without being either reactionary or Utopian. Let us be men of the country, not men of a party, and, with the assistance of God, we shall at least accomplish useful, if we cannot succeed in achieving great things."

Again arose from the entire Assembly the cry of "Vive la Republique!"

The newly elected President then descending from the tribune, made his way to where General Cavaignac was seated, and offering him his hand, it was cordially shaken by the brave soldier, who was above resentment to the man who had beaten him in a fair fight. M. Odillon Barrot, with Louis Napoleon's friends, then advanced to offer him congratulations, and shortly afterwards the whole party left the Hall together.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A TASTE OF HIS QUALITY.

THE new President had as much to do as have other new magnates, from a new premier to a new schoolmaster, in establishing his authority. He had considerably more to do than some. Many of his subordinates had been his rivals, not a few were his sworn enemies, who would neither acknowledge his capacity for, nor his right to, the position the nation had placed him in.

The new President's coat was soon full of holes picked out by his numerous foes. A civil war commenced in the Assembly. Discontent manifested itself even amongst Louis Napoleon's party, as if it were an itch, and Prince Napoleon, his own cousin, gave vent to sentiments injurious to his relative, as he has done on some occasions since. He received the following letter of reproof:—

"*Elysée National, April* 10, 1849.

"My dear Cousin,

"It is said that, on your way through Bordeaux, you made use of words capable of sowing dissension even among the best-intentioned. You are reported to have said that I did not follow my own inspirations, because I was ruled by the leaders

of the reactionary movement; that I was impatient of the yoke, and wanted to shake it off; and that, in order to assist me at the approaching elections, it was necessary to send to the Chamber men hostile to my Government rather than those belonging to the moderate party.

"Such an imputation, coming from you, cannot but surprise me. You should know me well enough to be aware that I never brook the ascendancy of any one, and that I struggle incessantly to govern for the interests of the people, not for the interests of a party. I honour those men who by their capacity and experience can give me good counsels, but if I receive daily the most contradictory advice, I obey nothing but the impulses of my own head and heart.

"Censure of my political conduct was least of all to be expected from *you*, who found fault with my manifesto because it had received the entire sanction of the chiefs of the moderate party. This manifesto, from which I have not deviated, still continues to be the conscientious expression of my sentiments.

"My first duty was to reassure the country. Well, confidence has been increasing during the last four months. Every day has its own task. Security first, reform afterwards.

"The approaching elections, I entertain no doubt, by strengthening the Republic in order and moderation, will hasten the period of all possible reforms. To bring all the old parties together, to reconcile them, to unite them, should be the constant object of our exertions. Such is the mission attached to the great name I bear, and it would prove a failure if it served to divide, and not to rally, the supporters of the Government.

"Henceforward then, I hope, my dear cousin, you will use every exertion to enlighten the people

regarding my real intentions, and to avoid furnishing grounds, by inconsiderate expressions, for absurd calumnies, which go so far as to assert that sordid self-interest alone rules my conduct. Nothing, repeat it aloud, shall trouble the serenity of my judgment, or shake the strength of my resolution.

"Free from every moral constraint, I shall advance in the path of honour, with my conscience for my guide, and when I shall retire from power, if I may be reproached for faults fatally inevitable, I shall at least have performed what I sincerely consider my duty.

"Receive, my dear Cousin, the assurance of my friendship.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

The growling and snarling of that political pack increased day by day, but their intended victim stood inaccessibly at bay. Say what they would, do what they would, his immobility was as fixed as fate. The missiles of insult, invective, and injustice incessantly hurled at him, stuck, as it were, in a mud wall—never rebounded. Yet his silence was not submission, but a haughty contempt, a lofty indifference.

The very first measure of the President was of course the appointment of a new Ministry. It consisted of the following members:—

M. Odillon Barrot, President of the Council; M. Drouhyn de Lhuys, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Leon de Maleville, of the Interior; General Rulhières, of War; M. de Tracy, of the Marine; M. de Talloux, of Public Worship and Instruction; M. Bixis, of Agriculture and Commerce; M. Hippolyte Passy, of Finance.

The finances of the country, when the President entered office, were in the most deplorable condition

[1850.]

THE PRINCE PRESIDENT—*(continued.)*

"Charivari," 25th Feb., 1850.

L'Invalide.—"Ah! and is that my Emperor? Those rascals of English, how they have changed him!"

This is founded on a curious belief among many of the old soldiers that *their* Emperor could not be dead; and on the appearance of Louis Napoleon in Paris, they fully believed that they were again to meet the national idol.

The caricaturist here affords us a good representation of the Prince President's general characteristics and habits at this period. "Mufti" is worn after the English fashion, in preference to uniform, usual among the French. The style of dress and the appearance of the "turn-out" is British: the Prince evidently impressed the Parisians as an inaugurator of London customs.

His companion, whose face, frequently recurring in French caricatures, is not unsuggestive of the Prince's, is probably the Duke de Morny, already alluded to as a reputed near connection of the President.

imaginable, and in fact the poverty of the resources of the Republic was the original cause of all its late troubles. The receipts for the year had amounted to 1,383,000,000 francs, and the expenditure had exceeded that sum by 419,000,000 francs. To meet this deficit, no less than 103,790,000 francs had been borrowed from the sinking fund, 250,000,000 francs from other sources, and there was a floating debt of 150,000,000 francs from the Bank of France. The removal of such a crushing burden from the country was a task worthy of the most unblushing tax-monger.

The Pope was his next care. That anomalous sovereign, who professed to be invested with two powers totally irreconcilable with each other, the one of this world and the other of the next, had fled from the Vatican on the invasion of Rome by Italian patriots, and taken refuge at Gaeta. When General Cavaignac was President, he had sent three steam-frigates with soldiers for the succour of the Pontiff, but their aid was unavailing. Austria was again arming to crush the Papal insurgents ; but Louis Napoleon and his Ministers considered it would be better to have French influence at Rome than Austrian, and sent a detachment of the Army of the Alps, numbering 6,000 men, under the command of General Oudinot, to Civita Vecchia. This force too proved quite inadequate for the fulfilment of its mission, for after a severe battle with the Italian troops it was completely routed. Much gratification was afforded by the defeat to the enemies of the President, who, however, nothing daunted, wrote a letter of sympathy to General Oudinot, with a promise of a reinforcement, so that the honour and dignity of France might be vindicated. The promise was made good in the course of a few weeks by the

arrival at Palo, to which place General Oudinot had retreated, of eight regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and a train of siege artillery. Spain offered 6,000 men to assist the French troops, but the offer was declined.

The two foremost men of the Roman Republic were Mazzini and Garibaldi. The master of political plots was Dictator, and the lion-faced hero of modern Italy Generalissimo of the insurgent army. These, before the second French army marched upon Rome, were waited upon by M. Lefrege, a diplomatic agent from Louis Napoleon, asking them whether they would not make a bloodless surrender of the city, for that they could not resist Austria if France withdrew, in which case they would fare worse. Their answer, as might be imagined, was a defiant negative.

The army of General Oudinot was then further reinforced, and early in June 28,000 French troops marched upon Rome. Of the Italian insurgents, there were 20,000 men within the walls of Rome, which had been greatly strengthened, the ramparts being heavily mounted with cannon. It took, consequently, a whole month to effect a breach for the entry of the invaders into the city, but this was successfully accomplished on the 2nd of July, 1848, and Rome once more declared to be under the sovereignty of the Pope. Mazzini and his associates fled at midnight, leaving behind them a proclamation on the walls, of which blood and blasphemy were the component parts. From that day till recently, the throne of the Pope rested upon French bayonets.

Whatever might have been Louis Napoleon's reasons for such a policy, it certainly was a wonderful contrast to his act of eighteen years before, when he was one of the most prominent leaders of a movement exactly similar to that which he here

[1850.]

THE PRINCE PRESIDENT—*(continued.)*

"*Charivari*," 19*th June*, 1850.

A HEAVY BILL OF FARE.

THE PRINCE PRESIDENT.—"But that is more than I can digest."
HIS MINISTERS.—"Don't be afraid; you will find that eating brings an appetite."

M. Thiers is uncorking a bottle of white wine (an allusion to his Orleans proclivities), and M. Ch. Véron brings in his *plat* of a ten years' Presidency, Louis Napoleon having been elected for three years; Count Montholon—it is believed—is bringing in the loaf *(loi de l'instruction)*. A representative of the Bourbon type presents a tongue—suggestive of the operation of the Prince President eating his own words.

Space prevents our enlarging on the subject of the President's changes of Cabinet (he tried some ninety individuals in all, ten members generally constituting a Ministry). The caricaturists satirized the difficulties the Prince encountered in obtaining men sufficiently subservient to his will, which became more absolute as opportunity occurred. In one cartoon the Prince is rushing in quest of Ministers, official portfolio in hand; but statesmen take flight and escape from such ungrateful service in all directions, with one exception. M. Thiers is satirically introduced lying down, full in the path of the searcher (ready to upset him, it is very possible!), but the Prince does not seem to distinguish this opportune succour.

crushed. History exhibits some most extraordinary examples of political inconsistencies, and this is one.

That France, who then vaunted herself so much on her Republicanism, should, moreover, have sanctioned the step, is inexplicable. As a matter of course, agitators sprang up in all directions, calling the President and the Assembly to account for such an unconstitutional proceeding. They were accused of a breach of trust, for in the Preamble to the Constitution it was declared, "that the Republic respects all foreign nationalities, in the same manner as she expects her own to be respected. She undertakes no war with the idea of personal aggrandizement, and will never employ her strength against the liberty of any nation."

The Socialists and others presented, through M. Ledru Rollin, an act of accusation against the President and his Ministry. This, of course, the Assembly could not receive, for it had itself aided and abetted in what was done. Nor could those who laid it before the Assembly have had the least hope of its being heard; and, indeed, it was perfectly apparent that the proceeding had but one object, and that was to base a revolution on the refusal of the Chamber to stultify itself by condemning its own actions.

The act of accusation was presented on the 10th of June, a week after General Oudinot's army was encamped round Rome. Louis Napoleon took the hint. He knew what M. Ledru Rollin and his associates meant by their movement, and lost no time in checkmating them. That was done very quietly, but most effectually.

General Changarnier was then the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and in this brave, resolute officer the President found an able ally. Putting their heads

together, they arranged plans by which those who should attempt to resist the authority of the country would find that it was no longer within their power to do so—that the day was gone by when a handful of ferocious savages of the city, behind a barricade, could keep in check a regiment of drilled and armed soldiers.

Two days passed quietly over the city. The mischief was brewing, but nobody could see any outward sign of it. The soldiers were ready, too, but lay in ambush for the coming insurgents, whose plans were all known to the President and General Changarnier. On the third day, the first speck of the boding storm could be discovered.

Early in the morning of the 13th of June, Paris had an intuitive knowledge of what was about to take place. The usual groups were about, going through the usual formula for the commencement of an insurrection. Some fifteen thousand men assembled before the Château d'Eu, not a few of whom were National Guards in uniform, but without arms. They were headed by an officer of the National Guards, named Arago. They formed themselves into a body, but scarcely had they done so, when they were charged by the troops, who came upon them unexpectedly.

The fifteen thousand bravoes were soon reduced to fifteen thousand sheep, flying helter-skelter in all directions. In their retreat, they attempted to erect barricades, but these were swept away before they had reached a foot high, by the soldiers, who scoured every locality, and who were assisted in the clearance of the obstacles by the householders and shopkeepers of the neighbourhood.

The panic-stricken mob, meeting at various avenues, inundated the Boulevards, where a large crowd was already assembled. The military element was here

[1850.]
THE PRINCE PRESIDENT—*(continued.)*

"*Charivari*," 4*th Sept.* '50.
"THE FIDDLER" (*addressing* LA FRANCE).—"IT IS YOU, MY GOOD WOMAN, WHO ALWAYS PAY!"
"*Le joueur de Violon*," a French synonym with our English version of "paying the piper."

In this cartoon we find the Prince President still courting popularity. Public balls were among his earliest baits to secure friendly votes. We further obtain a glimpse of the Napoleonic gallantries, so renowned and diversified. The *sacrifices* made by Louis Napoleon on the altar of "tender intrigue" have already engaged the attention of many writers and journalists. Each crisis of this changeful life has produced an instance of female devotion, or of his devotion to a female. Mdlle. Gordon was captured after Strasbourg; in America the Prince sustained the *rôle* of Don Juan; on his first visit to London he availed himself of every opportunity for this indulgence; Mdlle. Gordon was again traced at the Boulogne failure, and certain ladies of position in that town were accused of corresponding with Louis Napoleon, but these complicities were proved to be strictly affairs of the heart, without political reference or danger to the existing Government. Marguerite Berjoux, it is recorded, was favoured with the particular attentions of the Prince during his incarceration at Ham: she was the daughter of an inhabitant of that town. A crowd of *amourettes* of every shade occupied the Prince until the Republic; then Miss Howard reigned in the ascendant, and the cost of her supremacy at the Elysée is now revealed by the papers found in the Tuileries, and recently circulated in the papers. The costs of the *Coup d'Etat* are there shown. Mdlle. Théric, and other daughters of Melpomene, also shared the President's interest. The papers already referred to produce indisputable evidence of more recent *egarements*.

also in resistless force, and the soldiers soon had the Boulevards all to themselves.

In the afternoon the Commander-in-Chief, at the head of a numerous staff and escort, rode along the immense line of troops, and was well received both by the soldiers and the respectable classes of the people. He harangued both the soldiers and the people, and his exhortations for the preservation of order were received with loud acclamations. To show the rebels that he was not to be played with, he gave an immediate order for the troops to load, and every man bearing a fire-arm was immediately in a position to make the best use of it. In the meantime, a shot or two had been fired by some miscreants at the skirts of the crowd, but they did no particular harm, and were taken no notice of by the troops.

Paris was declared in a state of siege. The shops were all closed. The first-floors of the houses, in all the neighbourhoods where danger was most apprehended, were the billets of soldiers, while a proclamation was issued, stating that no mercy would be shown to those attempting to erect barricades ; in fact, not a stone was left unturned in preparing to meet the worst evils that might ensue.

The insurgents were awed. Their leaders were quickly put under arrest, but some of them managed to make their escape. Amongst these was their chief, M. Ledru Rollin, who, by dint of much squeezing, succeeded in forcing his ponderous frame through a back window when the soldiers were in front of the house he was in, terrifying him with shouts of "Vive la Président!" "A bas Ledru Rollin!"

At five o'clock in the evening, the President, attended by a brilliant staff, rode along the Boulevards, proceeding to the Place de la Bastille, and from thence

to the Faubourg St. Antoine, returning to the Elyseé by the Rue de Rivoli. This was a triumphal procession, and everywhere the President met with the most enthusiastic reception.

General Changarnier was at the head of the President's staff; and the gratitude of the well-disposed portion of the people to him, for having saved them from the horrors of a revolution, passed all bounds. As he rode by, men, women, and children ran up to his horse, and were clamorous for the honour of shaking hands with their protector; while from the windows thousands of hats and handkerchiefs waved the grateful blessings of their owners to their guardian.

Profiting by the sad results of the insurrection of the year before, arising from a want of military power to nip the evil in the bud, the General had taken the most prompt and effective measures to stamp out the rebellion the moment it flickered; and, further, proved what an omnipotent power for good in France is the sword. That the General had all his wits about him will be proved by the following anecdote:—Colonel Guinard, who commanded the Artillery of the National Guard, and who the General knew was secretly in league with the insurgents, made an application to him two days before the movement for eight pieces of artillery stationed in the Court of the Tuileries, at the same time pledging his honour that, if they were given up to him, he would in all respects act under the orders of the General. The latter consented to deliver the guns up on the receipt of an official demand from the Colonel, in writing. This Colonel Guinard retired to write out, when the General addressed a command to his subordinate to bring his artillerymen to the Court of the Tuileries—and there to remain

[1850.]

THE PRINCE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS.

[26th September, 1850.]

The caricaturist has here indicated the difficulties besetting Napoleonic ambition. The President, seated in the state car, remarks,

"It is easy enough to say, 'it moves without difficulty, its runs alone !'—I don't at present find it runs too freely !"

The propelling power is given by the Prince's friends ; Véron (represented invariably as an ex-apothecary) assists with a syringe, and the influence of his journals ; the army, already enlisted in the cause, lend their support and their voices. "*Vive l'Empereur*" is partly displayed, and the direction of the State is pretty manifest. On the other hand, the President does not observe that he stands on the gulf of a precipice, that the rock of the Republic, the figure of Liberty, and the Constitution he has sworn to uphold, stand opposing his progress to the seat of Empire—the throne perched aloft in the far distance.

with them! Colonel Guinard, in obedience to the mandate, presented himself and his men, when, lo! he found the ground occupied by two batteries of the regular Artillery and two battalions of Chasseurs d'Afrique, who had received orders from the General how to deal with Colonel Guinard and his followers should they manifest the least sign of what he suspected was their purpose. The Colonel was not long in finding himself successfully trapped.

It was soon apparent that there was no cause for fear of any further disturbance. The night passed away with the most perfect tranquillity; and in the morning the tradesmen began to feel so much reassured that they opened their shops, and business went on as if nothing had happened. Such was Louis Napoleon's first *coup*.

In the proclamation the President issued to the people, when the attempted outbreak was crushed, he told them that some factious men had dared to raise the standard of revolt against him because he was elected by universal suffrage. That they had accused him of violating the Constitution unjustly, and that there could be no doubt in his mind the same party were in enmity against him who had endeavoured to oppose his election, both as a representative of the people and as President. That he was determined this sort of thing should cease. He kept his word in due time.

Meanwhile he made a tour of the provinces, where he was fêted as if he had been the Emperor, his uncle, returned to life. He went to Chartres on the 6th of July, and from thence to Amiens, and from thence to Ham. The feelings with which he revisited a spot whose name was indelibly engraved on his memory may be imagined, and so may the reception he met with from the inhabitants, who but

three years before commiserated the unhappy lot of a prisoner in whom they now beheld the wielder of their nation's destinies. The mayor made a most appropriate and feeling address on the occasion, to which the Prince replied in these words :—

"I am profoundly moved by the affectionate reception with which I have been greeted by your fellow-citizens ; but, believe me, I am not come to Ham from pride, but from gratitude. My heart impelled me to thank the inhabitants of this village and of its environs for the marks of sympathy which they unceasingly gave me during my misfortunes.

"To-day, when, elected by entire France, I have become the legitimate chief of this great nation, I cannot take pride in a captivity which was caused by an attack upon a regular Government. When we see how revolutions the most just draw evils after them, one can scarcely appreciate the audacity of having wished to assume one's self the responsibility of a change. I do not complain, then, of having expiated here, by an imprisonment of six years, my temerity against the laws of my country ; and it is with satisfaction that, in these places in which I have suffered, I propose to you a toast in honour of the men who are determined, in spite of their convictions, to respect established institutions."

From Ham he went to Angers, Nantes, Saumur, Tours, Rouen, Elbeuf, Dijon, Epernay, and everywhere he was pleased beyond measure to find how prosperous the country was growing, and how soon would be obliterated from its face the scars of so many revolutions.

The President had long been impressed with the fact that he had made a bad choice of Ministers on his entry into office. He found he had taken an ill-advised step in selecting men composed of such

[1850.]

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS—*(continued.)*

"Charivari," 7th Oct. '50.

"WE CAN ALWAYS DRINK, IT DOES NOT PLEDGE US TO ANYTHING."

The army, from the importance of its support, was the object of every civility, and received court in a way most likely to secure its sympathy. The President hurriedly fills the soldier's champagne-glass from the contents of his basket, eager to anticipate the arrival of a stout representative of the Bourbons laden with "Bordeaux," who is followed by the vigilant Thiers, bearing "Orleans" white wine to the scene of action. Like the Prætorian Guards of Rome, the army must have anticipated a glorious future.

The caricaturist, in an equally spirited sketch, designs the Prince with his champagne-basket, attentively serving the pleased soldiers, while in the foreground a handsome indignant *vivandiere*, irritated at the loss of her customers, complains to her captain—"But what right has he to interfere with my trade? do I meddle with his business of President?"

various shades of opinion, for nothing but discord sprang from that combination of incompatibilities. He determined to get rid of them, and addressed a message to the President of the Assembly, to the effect that he found it necessary to have recourse to a change of Ministry; for that, under the existing grave circumstances, it was absolutely impossible for business to be carried on promptly and effectually with such an opposition of views in the Executive.

The Assembly received the President's message with marks of disfavour. On the contrary, the people greeted it with applause. It need scarcely be stated what the result was. The President carried his point, and a new Ministry was formed, which eventually had as many as ninety members comprising it.

Now free from all shackles, the President's administration began its great work of national regeneration. To hinder him in his purpose, incessant war was waged against him by the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the Socialists, all fighting under the banner of Republicanism, to which none of them could be said to have had the shadow of a claim. The people saw through their flimsy pretensions, and upheld the power of the ruler they had set over them.

The fact was patent to all but those who would not acknowledge it, that within a few months France had risen like a phœnix from her ashes, and that her renovation was owing entirely to the spirited, though arbitrary, policy of Louis Napoleon, whose sagacity, ability, and energy made due amends for the species of despotism he had assumed with the will of the nation, which, after all, was the best judge of the man she should obey. A short paragraph in one of the Parisian journals of the day will convey in a few words the happy results of the first year of Louis Napoleon's term of Presidency:—

"A year ago," it runs, "the State finances were greatly compromised. There was a deficit of more than 300,000,000. Now, without loans, we can show an exchequer with balances. A year ago, labour and commerce had ceased everywhere. Now, factories are in full activity. The custom-houses have reported as favourably as in the most prosperous years. The actual augmentations of the indirect revenue over the year 1848, is 77,000,000 of francs. A year ago, the city of Paris alone gave support to nearly 100,000 poor. Now, the number is reduced to 10,000. A year ago, the tolls of Paris had considerably diminished, the workmen were withdrawing their deposits from the Savings Banks, and pledging their effects in the Mont de Piété. To-day, the tolls are 6,000,000 more than last year; deposits in Savings Banks are increased by 25,886,000 francs; and, according to the official reports, the total value of effects released from the Mont de Piété is much greater than that of effects pledged. A year ago, the stocks were at seventy. To-day, they are at ninety-seven."

Add to these blessings, the sense of security felt by the country against those popular outbreaks which had so often destroyed in a few days the national progress of years; for, though the people knew that *émeutes* were inevitable, they felt confident, from late experiences, that a riot would end in a riot, and there need be no dread of its expanding into a revolution. What mattered it, then, to those whom it most concerned what name the Government bore? A nation, like any other employer, chooses its servants by character, but retains or discharges them according to the value or worthlessness of their services. And would a wise master send away an honest butler because he bullied the footman who

[1850.]

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS—*(continued.)*

LOUIS NAPOLEON ADDRESSES PATRIOTIC SPEECHES TO HIS ARMY.

The English caricaturist ironically connects the President's policy with the Strasbourg sausage, and the ring of his eloquence with the ring of coin.

The Prince gave military banquets to twenty thousand soldiers at one time, and he even regaled thirty thousand on the plain of Sattory with champagne and roast fowls in one day. Such costly liberality deserved a *return!*

The artist, who has laughed at the wine, places all his confidence in the sausage (this, he insists, is the real support of the Empire). The Prince, amidst the profoundest emotion, produces the famed *saucisson* of Strasbourg, and the heads of the army swear to follow it to glory.

gave himself airs? What, then, was it to the people, that the President rode the high horse over the Assembly, so long as he discharged his duty to them in so satisfactory a manner? France found in Louis Napoleon just the man she wanted at that time, and declared for him from one end of her territory to the other. She turned upon her heel from the calumnies of his enemies; she refused to see his faults through the microscope offered to her by one party and another; it was enough they did not strike her naked eye; she weighed in the scale the benefits he had conferred upon her, and the supposititious iniquities imputed to him, and the balance was all in his favour. "Vive le Président!" was her verdict.

CHAPTER XIX.

SALVATION.

THE war of the Assembly against the author of so much progress was now carried on with tenfold vigour. The years of 1850 and 1851, during which it lasted, were fully qualified to try the fortitude of him whom it was directed against. At length the flames of persecution raged like those of eternal torment—the stake was ready, the martyr was doomed.

Every step Louis Napoleon now made in the way of reform was over demolished barricades. His enemies were determined that he should not retain his hold upon the nation by any further benefits conferred. They opposed him at all times, and upon all occasions. The right or wrong was according to which side he was upon. What would have been praiseworthy in others, was execrable in him. He tainted every cause, damned every principle he advocated—no matter what; his schemes were iniquitous, whatever their aim.

Nothing daunted, his friends actually had the audacity, at this crisis, to propose an increase to his salary! Could anything be more monstrous than the bare-faced idea? A great deal was said about flinging the nation's money at the feet of beggars; a great deal was said about the present allowance being amply sufficient for a professed patriot; a great

[1858.]

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS—*(continued).*

[14th October, 1850.]

A CHAMPAGNE SOLUTION.

La France.—"Come, Sir, this is no Game of Chance; do not tamper with the Scales."

The caricaturist has here given a more serious turn to his satire. The Republic rebukes an evidence of chicanery with gravity. The votes for the maintenance of the constitution weigh down the balance, and the scale for a prolongation of Presidential power is too light; but the Prince is surreptitiously insinuating champagne-bottles to falsify the equilibrium.

The President, who has certainly exhibited a taste for dramatic costume, is presented in the dress he then adopted, or, it may be, invented: the extensively plumed and feathered cocked hat (which must have helped to increase the physical stature of its wearer) was too extravagant to escape satire. In one caricature the Prince is drawn contemplating a statue of his Uncle in the habit of a First Consul—the ultra fashion produced in the first Revolution: his hat bears the three *panaches* or plumes worn by Republican officers; and the Prince remarks, "Why, you were nearly as well-feathered as I!"

deal was said about the advisability of making it less ; but, like a great deal more said about such matters, it was said to no purpose. The nation doubled the President's income !

There was a grain of truth in the accusation that the nation's money was being flung at the feet of beggars, but it was in a way not intended to be conveyed. There has never been a ruler in France who was the poor man's friend more than Louis Napoleon; the needy were his especial care from the moment of his entrance into power. France will speak out with one voice for him in that respect. One-third of the income his enemies grudged him found its way into the coffers of charity, and the starving families of Paris shared the President's crust.

Finding that, by fighting separately, the President was a match for any one of them, the conspirators against his authority coalesced, with the one view of upsetting his power. Their next step was to gain over to their side all the most formidable supporters of their enemy, and they actually succeeded in inducing to join them the very chief who had rendered Louis Napoleon such great aid in suppressing the late rising against him—General Changarnier. That gallant officer, like all persons who are too well paid for their services, had begun to pique himself upon being one of the most indispensable men in the country. He took a great deal too much upon himself, and forgot his soldier's discipline. For instance, on the 26th of August, 1850, died Mr. Smith of Claremont, in England, who had once been a King of France. Such an event could affect his late subjects but very little, yet General Changarnier took upon himself to order funeral services for his late Majesty in the chapel of the palace, without consulting the President. The latter, who did not choose to

quarrel with his subordinate on so trivial a matter, quietly remarked, on having the affair pointed out to him, that he did not regard prayers for the dead as any acts of political opposition.

Emboldened by impunity, the General next refused to acknowledge the superior authority of the Minister of War, who thereupon appealed to the President, by whom the Minister was upheld. The animosity engendered in the mind of the General by this proceeding found vent shortly afterwards. At a review which took place in October, 1850, three regiments of infantry, in passing before the President, did so in perfect silence, while they were immediately followed by several squadrons of cavalry, who rent the air with the cries of "Vive Napoléon!" "Vive l'Empereur!" The contrast was curious, and on the matter being inquired into, it turned out that General Neumayer, who commanded the silent division, had given orders that no cries of any kind were to be raised during the review. It was, of course, preposterous to suppose that he would have dared to take such a liberty without at least the acquiescence of his superior officer. General Neumayer was removed from his command, though he was given another in the provinces.

A fortnight later, a general order appeared, signed by Changarnier, forbidding all the troops under his command from uttering any cries while under arms. Here was a declaration of war; but nothing definite came of it till some time afterwards, for the President could not very well interfere in a matter of military discipline, or did not choose to do so. Not content with so open an insult to his chief, the General proceeded to another act of the same nature, by causing to be revived an order, issued some years before, commanding the army not to obey any commands

[1850.]

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS *(continued.)*

"*Charivari*," 10*th Dec.* '50.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE TENTH OF DECEMBER.

TESTIMONIAL OF A SWORD OFFERED TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, IN THE NAME OF ALL THE GRATEFUL CHAMPAGNE-GROWERS!

The caricaturist has here suggested an appropriate celebration of the date of the Prince President's election. In addition to the extravagances of the Prince's personal establishment, the cost of his outlay in champagne and sausages was very considerable. The income of Louis Napoleon was found to be quite disproportioned to his expenditure. He applied for an increase of the President's salary, previously deemed adequate for the position: it was doubled; but the Prince continued to make fresh demands on the national purse, and finally applied for five times the amount originally granted. This demand was satirized in the form of a monster carrot, which his agents in vain attempted to force into the Chambers.

but those of the General-in-Chief—to the exclusion of those of *every functionary, civil, political, or judiciary.* The President asked the Assembly to censure the General-in-Chief, who had done this without proper authority; and on their hesitating to do so, he himself dismissed the General. A division was then made in the troops, the National Guards being placed under General Perrot, and the regular troops under General Baraguay d'Hilliers.

So bold a step, although perfectly legal, was, as might be imagined, severely commented upon by the Assembly; and the now united opposition against the President threatened to overwhelm him. He tried his utmost to effect a pacification of them. He declared his earnest desire to remain on good terms with the legislature; offered to take his Ministers from the majority; to abandon his enlarged civil lists; to do everything they desired, except give up the right the Constitution gave him of dismissing an inferior officer.

It is questionable whether he thought that any good would really result from such an effort; but there could be no mistake about the offensive attitude of the Assembly towards him from that day, January 8th, 1851, to the 2nd of December, when he dealt his adversaries a blow that laid them, one and all, level with the dust at his feet.

From day to day he watched their movements, ready to act upon the first sign of treason. From time to time he heard of their secret designs against him. "These designs," says Alison, "were to denounce the President, and declare his power terminated, commit him to Vincennes, and subsequently transport or banish him from France. All civil or military officers refusing their support to the Assembly were to be proceeded against according to

law, as guilty of treason ; and this decree was to be publicly affixed in all the barracks of the Republic. This motion was remitted to a committee of fifteen, consisting of the leaders of the three coalesced parties, by whom it was, with one dissenting voice, agreed to. The motion once carried, the command of the army was to be assumed, and the President lodged in Vincennes. Those who agreed to this scheme were the leaders of the Legitimist, Orleanist, Moderate, and Jacobin parties. The execution of the plan was fixed for an early day ; while in the interior the most entire secrecy was enjoined upon the design."

Yet was not his extraordinary self-composure in the least perturbed ; if anything, he appeared calmer and more silently resolute than ever. He waited with confidence for the result, for not only were the people for him, but the army had transferred to him the devotion it had paid to his uncle. There was a sublimity in the attitude of this one man serenely facing a legion of menacing enemies, and boldly daring them to do their worst.

The conspirators met for the last time on the 1st of December, 1851 ; that night their fate was sealed.

The same night a grand ball was given at the Palace Elysée, the President's residence. There was a large and brilliant assemblage, and the President was remarked as the gayest personage of it ; he dispensed his splendid hospitalities with his accustomed suavity, and his countenance never for a moment relaxed from its affable smile. The entertainment over, the President retired into a private chamber, into which he was followed by three of his most intimate friends, namely, Count de Morny, General St. Arnaud, and M. de Maupas. Between this council of four had been arranged a plan, the

[1850.]

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS—*(continued.)*

"Charivari," 15th Jan., 1851.
A BALL AT THE PALACE OF THE ELYSEE,
(*The residence of the Prince President.*)

M. Thiers (whose partner is evidently Miss Howard) is figuring opposite to Count Molé. The Prince President, Prince Napoleon, and General Le Breton—conspicuous from his huge nose—fill up the background. Count Molé, remarkable for his satyr-like head and elongated foot, occupies a position of considerable influence. The grotesque ball which the artist has composed is possibly conceived on the suggestion of certain attempts to fuse members of an anticipated opposition with the Prince's cautiously winnowed circle of loyal retainers.

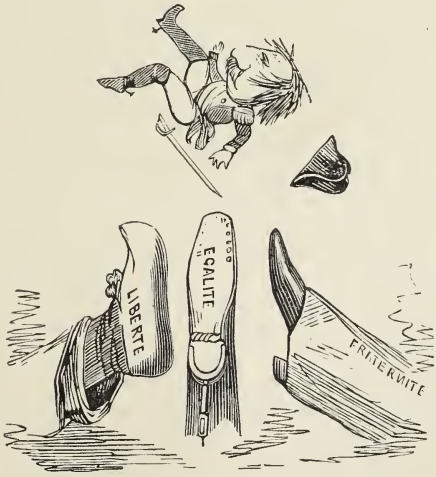
*** From this date cartoons bearing on political questions may be considered to cease in the French journals: the approaching press enactions already sobered their wit, and limited their irony until the point became harmless,—mere social pencillings had to content the French taste for satire, all political allusions were *prohibited.*

Our own artists, although not so intimately associated with the events then proceeding, record the successive acts of Louis Napoleon with finished force and cleverness. We continue the caricature history at this point from our own resources, until the German comic press increases our field of selection.

[1851—1852.]

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS—*(continued).*

The French satirist left the Prince President indulging in the pleasures of the Elysée. The English artist introduces us to another picture from the same gallery. The dissipations of the bachelor host and his *convives* directed public attention to his private life, and furnished materials for ironical comment and statements reflecting rather freely on the morality of the ruler of France.



The expression of real public opinion, in the meanwhile, did not endorse his popularity as a legislator. The artist here describes the Prince President as being equally rejected by the three great divisions of the people. He is spurned by the possessor of the wooden shoe to the cry of *liberty;* the military boot is raised against him, and elegant *fraternité* kicks out with scornful vehemence. The Prince was beginning to show an iron rule to the disaffected Parisians.

most minute in detail, for the carrying out of a *coup d'état.* Every move was calculated to such perfection that when the President and his friends retired, as stated, they had but to put the match to the train of the mines underneath the obnoxious Assembly to settle its fate.

By six o'clock next morning, seventy-eight of the ringleaders of the conspiracy were simultaneously arrested. Most of them were asleep when the police made their appearance in the bedroom, and they certainly may be said to have opened their eyes at so unexpected an intrusion. General Changarnier sprang out of bed and seized a pistol. The commissary caught his arm, and said,—

"What are you about, General? Your life is not threatened; then why do you defend it?"

The General gave up the weapon and replied, "I will follow you. Let me dress myself."

General Cavaignac, being apprised of the character of his visitor, locked himself in his room, but shortly capitulated.

"Why do you arrest me?" said he.

The commissary could answer no questions.

M. Thiers sat bolt upright in bed, and stared wildly at the officer waiting upon him.

"What is it you want?" said M. Thiers.

"I am come," replied the officer, "to arrest you; but don't be alarmed:" an assurance, it appears, rendered necessary by the captive beginning to tremble.

"But what are you doing that for? Do you know that I am a representative of the people?"

"Yes, I am not come to dispute that point; I am here to execute the orders I have received."

"What you are doing may send you to the scaffold!"

"There is not any consideration that will stop me in the discharge of my duty."

"But this is a *coup d'état*—is it not?"

"I cannot answer questions; pray rise."

"Suppose I blow out your brains?"

"I do not believe, sir, that you could be guilty of such a crime; but I am prepared, and could easily prevent it."

M. Thiers disputed no further, but, arraying himself, followed his inexorable captor. In like manner were the whole of the seventy-eight individuals who had, for so long a time, been plotting the ruin of Louis Napoleon, made prisoners in the Mazas, where their former courage forsook many of them to a deplorable degree.

While the police were obeying their instructions in the private chambers of the leaders of the Opposition, the soldiers took entire possession of the city at the command of General Magnan. That officer had been let into the secret of the intended movement some days before it took place, and not only commended it, but begged to be sent for the moment he should mount his horse. Upon receiving this signal, the whole of the troops under his command were at their previously appointed posts to the precise minute. The despatch with which all these arrangements were carried out was perfectly electric, for within the space of an hour Paris was placed in a state of siege.

The 42nd Foot surrounded the National Assembly Palace. Yet, through the stupidity of some official connected with the movement, a private door leading into the Hall from the Rue de Bourgogne was left unguarded, and some sixty factious members, making an entrance through it, began to hold a turbulent debate on the occurrences of the day. M. de Morny,

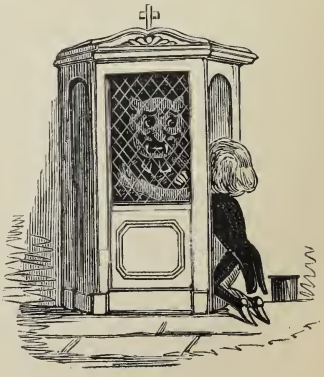
[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?

The English caricatures now illustrate the methods and means resorted to by the Prince President to secure a permanent dominion in France, his absorbing object from the moment of his return from exile.

An elaborate system of ESPIONAGE now prevailed on all sides. The artist selects a few types of the hated race.

The dandy visitor at your *soirée*, and the venerable loiterer who shares your seat in the sunshine; the earnest devotee, so constant in the sanctuary; and the reverend pastor, into whose ear your most sacred confessions are poured for the comforts of religion, are, *one and all*, base spies, ready to enlarge the most trifling suspicions into the foulest utterances of treason.

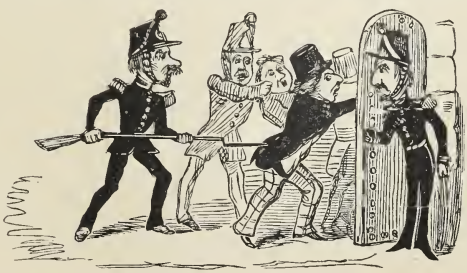


[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*

The artist here traces the President's jealousy of criticism, and his determination to check the expression of opinion and the freedom of discussion. He now appears violating even the privacy of his subjects.

The most ignominious means are employed to trace and secure dissentients from his own ambitious policy. The prison doors are opened for adverse journalists;



papers are consigned to the flames; offices are seized; fines and imprisonment reward even the mildest question of the righteousness of a Prince's acts.

when he heard of their proceedings, sent an immediate order to have them turned out; but they seemed disposed to resist the order, till M. Dupin, their President, who appears to have been the political weathercock of the age, said,—"Gentlemen, the Constitution has been violated. We have the law on our side; but we are not the strongest. I advise you to go away. I have the honour to wish you good morning!" Considering the facility with which M. Dupin had turned his coat from that of an Orleanist to that of a Republican, it may not be unfair to suppose that, by the above speech, he intended to turn it once more into that of a Buonapartist.

The early risers of Paris, as they passed along the streets to their various occupations, rubbed their eyes in considerable doubt as to whether they were still asleep and dreaming. For, lo! the walls were covered with proclamations of a most astounding character—announcing, in fact, that in the course of the night the miraculous event of a silent revolution had happened. They stood and stared at the placards in stupefied wonder, till they no longer could doubt their senses, and then burst into exclamations of surprise and admiration at the marvellous courage and adroitness of the man who had accomplished so stupendous a feat. They then went on reading his "Appeal to the People":—

"Frenchmen,

"The present situation cannot last much longer. Each day the situation of the country becomes worse. The Assembly, which ought to be the first supporter of order, has become a theatre of plots. The patriotism of 300 of its members could not arrest its fatal tendencies. In place of making laws for the general interest of the people, it was forging arms

for civil war. It attacked the power I hold directly from the people, it encouraged every evil passion, it endangered the repose of France. I have dissolved it, and I make the whole people judge between me and it. The Constitution, you know, had been made with the object of weakening beforehand the power you had intrusted to me. Six millions of votes were a striking protest against it, and yet I have faithfully observed it. Provocations, calumnies, outrages, found me passive. But now that the fundamental part is no longer respected by those who incessantly invoke it, and the men who have already destroyed two monarchies wish to tie up my hands in order to overthrow the Republic, my duty is to baffle their perfidious projects, to maintain the Republic, and to save the country by appealing to the solemn judgments of the only Sovereign I recognize in France — the people.

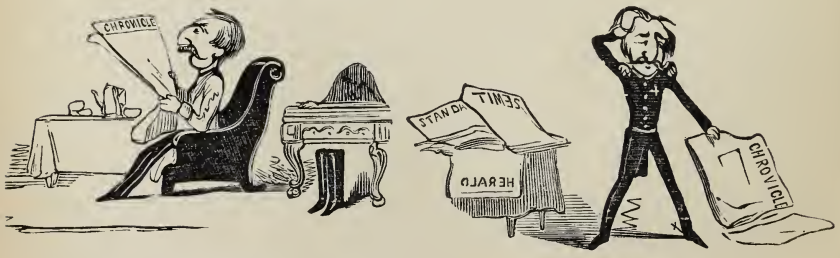
"I, then, make a loyal appeal to the entire nation, and I say to you, if you wish to continue this state of disquietude and *malaise* that degrades you and endangers the future, choose another person in my place, for I no longer wish for a place which is powerless for good, but which makes me responsible for acts that I cannot hinder, and chains me to the helm when I see the vessel rushing into the abyss. If, on the contrary, you still have confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the grand mission I hold from you. That mission consists in closing the era of revolution, in satisfying the legitimate wants of the people, and in protecting them against subversive passions. It consists especially in creating institutions which survive men, and which are the foundation on which something durable is based. Persuaded that the instability of power, that the preponderance of a single Assembly, are the per-

[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*

The expression of honest conviction deserves an acknowledgment—let the plain speaker reap his harvest of free thought in a dungeon!

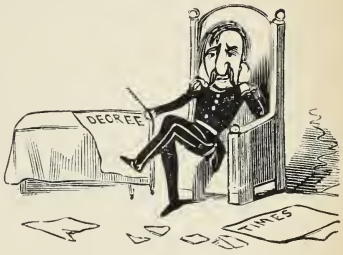
The French journals are all suppressed, or reduced to slavish submission. The acts of an all-wise Prince will now escape the stricture of being judged by the laws of ordinary mortality.



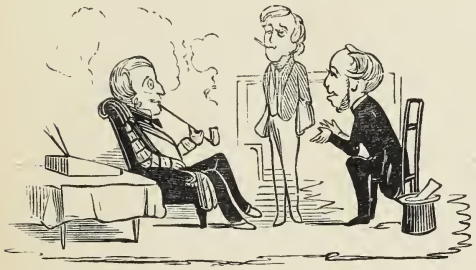
The English press assumes a hostile attitude. Every paper fearlessly examines and discusses the justice of the Napoleonic progress. The Prince President cannot escape public criticism.

[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*



At a moment when the Prince President meditates an act on which he would prefer the world to remain silent, the comments on his motives become most irritating. He directs a decree in *La Patrie* against English journalists who furnish accounts from Paris.



These journalists escape the notices of the Prince's Ministers to quit Paris, by remaining within doors. Meanwhile confidential friends bring the latest *on dits* regarding the Prince, who, however, holds a rod in pickle!

He solaces himself in the interval with the conviction that—a day will come, and then—we shall see!

manent causes of trouble and discord, I submit to your suffrages the fundamental bases of a Constitution which the Assemblies will develop hereafter :—

"1. A responsible Chief named for ten years.

"2. The Ministers dependent on the executive alone.

"3. A Council of State, formed of the most distinguished men, for preparing the laws and maintaining the discussions before the Legislative Corps.

"4. A Legislative Corps for discussing and voting the laws, named by universal suffrage, without the *scrutin de liste* which falsifies the election.

"5. A second Assembly, formed by all the illustrious persons of the nation, a preponderating power, guardian of the fundamental pact and of public liberty.

"This system, created by the First Consul in the beginning of the present century, has already given to France repose and prosperity. It guarantees them still. Such is my profound conviction. If you partake it, declare so by your suffrages. If, on the contrary, you prefer a Government without force—Monarchial or Republican, borrowed from some chimerical future, reply in the negative. Thus, then, for the first time since 1804, you will vote with complete knowledge of the fact, and knowing for whom and for what you vote.

"If I do not obtain the majority of the votes, I shall summon a new Assembly and lay down before it the mission I have received from you. But if you believe that the cause, of which my name is the symbol, that is, France regenerated by the revolution of 1789, and organized by the Emperor, is still yours, proclaim it to be so by ratifying the powers I demand of you. Then France and Europe will be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed,

rivalries will have disappeared, for all will respect, in the will of the people, the decree of Providence.

"Done at the Palace of the Elysée, this 2nd of December.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

By the side of this proclamation was another, addressed to the soldiers, encouraging them to preserve order, for by so doing they would prove the salvation of the country. Their President assured them that he placed the utmost reliance upon their fidelity, not only to himself, but to the nation, and he hoped through their instrumentality to accomplish great aims, which had so long been shackled by the enemies of their country. He admired their imposing attitude, and France looked upon them, he said, as her Guard of Honour."

Then came half-a-dozen decrees, which ran as follows :—

"In the name of the French people, the President of the Republic decrees :—

"Art. 1. The National Assembly is dissolved.

"Art. 2. Universal suffrage is re-established. The law of the 31st of May is abrogated.

"Art. 3. The French people is convoked in its elective colleges from the 14th of December to the 21st of December following.

"Art. 4. The state of siege is decreed throughout the first military division.

"Art. 5. The Council of State is dissolved.

"Art. 6. The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of the present decree.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

In explanation of Article 2, it may be here stated

[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*

It is pretty evident that the Republic is in danger, and there is an inclination to defend the Constitution.

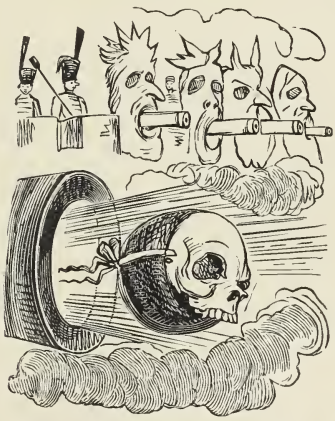
At this critical juncture the Prince issues his decrees, his journals promulgate them, and the guillotine is ready to see to their execution.

All is now prepared for the *Coup d'Etat*, and the Prince President, in the security of the Elysée, stoically gives the order to sweep away opposition and clear the Imperial road!

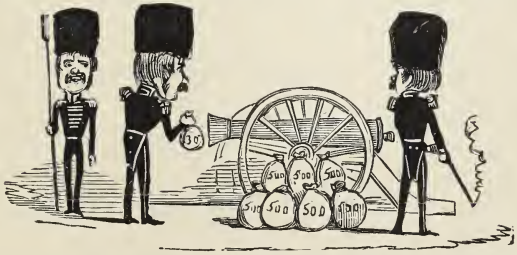
[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*

There is opposition in the streets, but the soldiers can disperse it. The jaws of



death are opened, and the artillery is well served. Day and night the streets are



heaped with the ghastly corpses of a few thousand unarmed victims. The conflict is most sanguinary: death, destruction, and dismay spread on all sides for days.

that the suspension of universal suffrage was one of the measures forced from the President by his enemies to serve their own ends.

The serenity that pervaded the city, even after those who were first about in the morning had become cognizant of what had been done, was really wonderful. So profound, indeed, was the tranquillity, that half Paris had taken its breakfast before it was called upon to digest the news. When people who had gone into the streets came hurrying back with wonder-stricken faces, to tell their friends at home that a revolution had taken place, they aroused serious suspicions as to their having suddenly gone mad. It took hours for many to fully realize the startling fact and credit their own senses.

As dawned the morning, so passed the day, in peace, the aspect of Paris differing only from that of the previous day in its broad stare of astonishment. The shops were open all day, and the theatres were filled in the evening with large and brilliant audiences. Every now and then some people would leave the performances and hurry to the Boulevards, to ascertain if any movement was going on, only to return perfectly satisfied that Paris for once in her life had passed through a bloodless revolution. Alas! it was again but silent thunder.

At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the President issued from the Palace of the Elysée, and, attended by a numerous staff, rode along the Quais. His appearance everywhere was the signal for loud and ringing cheers. The people cried "Vive l'Empereur!" because they recollected that on this very day was the anniversary of the coronation of their Imperial idol, as well as that of his most glorious achievement, the victory of Austerlitz. Compared with the days of the Strasbourg and Boulogne under-

takings, the day of the *coup-d'état* was admirably planned.

While the President was thus abroad, congratulating himself upon the unprecedented success of his *coup*, the Vice-President, M. Daru, was entertaining a select party of marplots at his residence, who were planning a scheme for upsetting not only the President, but the peace of the city. Of them there were over 200 present. One of their first resolutions was to proceed in a body to the Palace of the Assembly and demand their right to be admitted. It was carried out; but with an ignominious result. The soldiers guarding the building gave them a warm reception with the butt-end of their muskets, and they had to make a precipitate retreat to the house of M. Daru.

Their courageous spirits, however, could not brook defeat; and a second expedition was organized, now to the Mairie of the tenth arrondissement. Here they found admission into the Hall, and for three hours a lively debate took place as to what should be done with the Chief of the State, who had kicked over the traces. They came to the unanimous determination to depose him, try him before the High Court of Justice, and, if they could, cut his head off! But—unhappy mortals—while they laid the flattering unction to their souls that all this was very easy to do, in came a posse of police, seized each man of them by the collar, and conducted them forth in couples, between two files of soldiers, to the Fort Valérien and the Mazas, where, as far as they were concerned, sedition slept that night. But the decree which they had issued, denouncing Louis Napoleon, was soon printed and posted on the walls. It was almost as soon torn down by the sergens de ville. Then it was printed in the form of a newspaper, and slipped under the doors of the houses.

[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*

Within doors the opponents of the Imperial scheme are arrested without distinction.

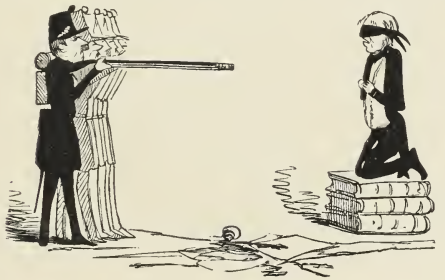
Cavaignac (the former President), Bedeau, Lamoricière, and Changarnier are secured in the early morning before they leave their beds.

Even the intrepid Thiers is arrested! The gaols are filled.

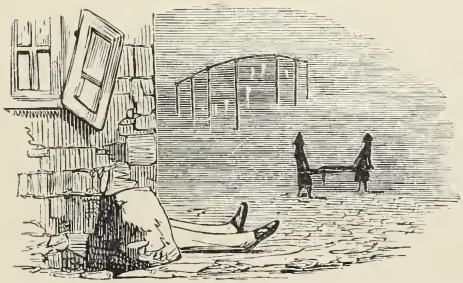
[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*

Hundreds are deported to Cayenne, and their goods are confiscated to the State.



Others are disposed of by a summary process.



The outbreak of popular opposition is practically silenced !

Many other ingenious devices were also adopted for circulating this precious document, which had for its object the shedding of innocent blood ; for its framers knew too well what would be the work of that malicious effusion.

A calm night closed a quiet day, but the blood-red streak of the ensuing dawn was a true omen of the coming carnage. Assured by the events of the previous day, the shopkeepers did not hesitate to pull down their shutters ; and the city wore at early morn her usual gay appearance. But one by one was met in the street, as noon came on, faces which are seldom seen in public by daylight, and which, without any touch of superstition in the beholder, might be taken to bode evil. There was no mistaking the mission of those who carried them, when shortly from under their blouses they produced muskets and knives. These were the infamous Montagnards. They brought with them appeals to arms in manuscript, some in red and others in black, which they proceeded to display on the walls. These dreadful documents were signed, amongst others, by Emmanuel Arago, with whom the reader has had a former acquaintance.

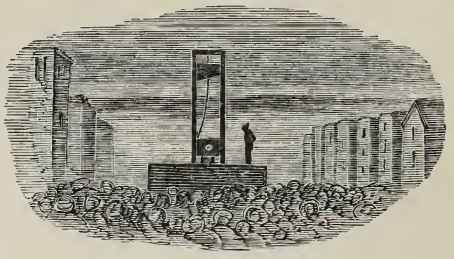
At eleven o'clock a small group formed at the Boulevard St. Martin ; and as it passed along the Boulevards of St. Denis, Bonne Nouvelle, and Montmarte, vociferating the sentiments of the incarcerated agitators, it waxed strong in numbers. Eventually, it made a sudden halt, and showed fight to the soldiers, by whom it was immediately dispersed. Being separated then into several sections, each section took a separate route. One stopped at the Rue St. Marguerite, and succeeded in erecting a small barricade. The troops who advanced to demolish it, were received with a deadly volley, which was returned ; and so flowed the first blood.

That any more blood was spilt was from no fault of the military arrangements. Could anything have awed the turbulent multitude, the presence everywhere of soldiers armed to the teeth should have done so. At the mouth of almost every important street stood a regiment, divided into groups, ready for any emergency. Windows round the most dangerous quarters bristled with well-armed troops. The houses in the street in which the Archbishop of Paris was killed in June, 1848, and in which such a prolonged resistance had been maintained against the army, were packed from cellar to garret with musketeers. Not a loophole scarcely was left through which an insurrection could burst forth; and yet infuriate handfuls of men were desperate enough, in all directions, to seek certain death by insane attacks upon superior forces.

On the third day another scene of slaughter was witnessed at the Porte St. Denis. One dreadful feature of this insurrection was the total absence of singing or other noisy demonstration while it lasted; and consequently, the mob had succeeded in erecting a barricade in the locality mentioned before the soldiers were made aware of their proceedings. The road was seventy feet wide, but the crowd soon procured enough materials to block it up with. Every cab and omnibus that passed by was seized upon, and their drivers sent on their way on the backs of their horses. There was a house being built close by, and the scaffolding was, of course, a rare godsend to the barricade builders. In pulling it down, observed one man, "It 's good for trade." "Ay," replied another, "the house of the people against the house of Napoleon!" This redoubt of insurgent warfare stood twelve feet high in a short time. It was swept away by artillery, as soon as

[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*



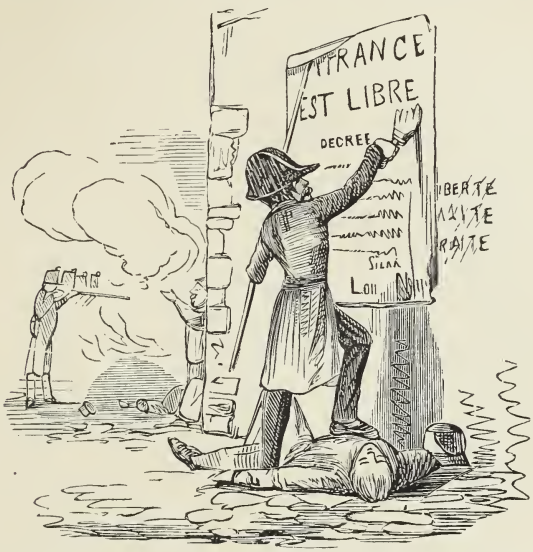
This argument will convince the most factious. Any doubts entertained by the opponents of the Empire are disposed of expeditiously and laid finally to rest.

Liberty is gagged and suppressed during the Prince's pleasure.

The future Empire is at once promised the ready and independent support of the clergy. The Emperor can present a beneficent Church with the gold of the victims of his ambition, to purchase masses for the repose of the souls set free before their time by the humanizing instruments of Imperial advancement.

[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*



At length France may, in the language of her illustrious head, be proclaimed "free" to record her unbiassed wishes, uninfluenced by the distraction of inimical factions.

The army is not unmindful of favours received; its gratitude is appealed to in the hour of trial. The President has secured a profitable cat's-paw to snatch an Imperial prize, which is in a dangerous position.

guns could be carried to it, and its *debris* strewed a sickening human shambles.

But why conjure up, one by one, these scenes of horror? Such a task might suit those who connect massacres with the name of Louis Napoleon; as if that staunch friend and preserver of the people gloated on the sight of the stark victims of misguided men or unscrupulous miscreants. It would simply be an insult to the reader's common sense for us to endeavour to assure him that the slaughter which followed was no part of the original plan of the *coup-d'état;* for it is evident to every sensible mind that the extensive ramifications of its design display a desire for the prevention of bloodshed. We turn with disgust from such gory details of Louis Napoleon's "handiwork" as given by M. Victor Hugo. Believe it who may, that the soldiers were made drunk on purpose to butcher the people, but we do not. Nor do we credit the story of unoffending shopkeepers being consigned to the fury of the troops; for it was only when the latter were fired upon from the windows that they entered any house.

Happily, on the fourth day returned perfect tranquillity. The few mad followers of the *drapeau rouge* shot down and dispersed, the tricolour waved once more over a peaceful city on Friday, the 5th of December. Deplorable as was the fact of blood having been shed at all, yet this reign of terror was of the shortest duration of any in so serious a revolution, and no great mischief was done. If there was one thing to be more deeply regretted than another, it was the fact, that in place of the poor infatuated and goaded wretches who fell in the struggle, were not found the riddled carcases of the men by whom they were duped, so that they had not bred the future vampires of France.

As soon as the city was quiet, the President issued the following proclamation :—

"Frenchmen,

"The disturbances are appeased. Whatever may be the decision of the people, society is saved. The first part of my task is accomplished. The appeal to the nation, for the purpose of terminating the struggles of parties, I knew would not cause any serious risk to the public tranquillity. Why should the people have risen against me? If I do not any longer possess your confidence—if your ideas are changed—there is no occasion to make precious blood flow; it will be sufficient to place an adverse vote in the urn. I shall always respect the decision of the people. But as long as the nation shall not have spoken, I shall not recede before any effort, before any sacrifice, to defeat the attempts of the factious. That task is, besides, made easy to me. On the one hand, it has been seen how foolish it is to struggle against an army united by the bonds of discipline and animated by the sentiment of military honour and by devotion to the mother country. On the other hand, the calm attitude of the people of Paris, the reprobation with which they condemned the insurrection, have testified with sufficient clearness for whom the capital pronounced itself. In the populous quarters, in which insurrection formerly recruited itself so quickly among *ouvriers*, docile with respect to such matters, anarchy, on this occasion, was able to find nothing but repugnance for these detestable excitations. Thanks be rendered to the intelligent and patriotic population of Paris! Let it persuade itself more and more that my only ambition is to ensure the repose and prosperity of France. Let it continue to lend its aid to the

[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(continued.)*

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK;
OR, THE BRUMMAGEM BONAPARTE OUT FOR A RIDE.

We have here selected one of the most powerful cartoons of our great English satirist. The reckless vagabond air of the tattered rider galloping swiftly to destruction is finely conceived. The dripping sword, the cross of death, the "champagne" holster, and the shabby masquerade of a world-renowned uniform, contrast grimly with the dread reality of the slaughtered citizens trampled under the hoof. Louis Napoleon has since avowed his horror of bloodshed.

[1851—1852.]

WILL THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?—*(concluded.)*

The slippery pole is nearly climbed: it has its dangers, but the bait is worth a few sacrifices.

All is now ready for the Empire, which receives 7,439,219 votes—*written with steel pens.*

The Imperial eagle has disposed of the Republic,—her fate is quickly told.

authorities, and the country will be able soon to accomplish in tranquillity the solemn act which must inaugurate a new era for the Republic.

"Done at the Palace of the Elysée, 8th December, 1851.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

With the above manifesto from the author of what has been construed by some historians into the grossest act of political turpitude on record, we crave the verdict of the reader, while we pass on to record the verdict of the French nation. Two questions may be fairly suggested for the reader's consideration, not to bias, but to assist his judgment. First: What would have been the result if a revolution had ensued, as it was bound to ensue, from the successful issue of the conspiracy of the Assembly against Louis Napoleon? Second: Have subsequent events shown that the *coup-d'état* of Louis Napoleon, though baptized with blood, was the salvation of France?

CHAPTER XX.

VIVE L'EMPEREUR!

THE 20th of December, 1851, was the day fixed for receiving from the people throughout France, by votes, a verdict either condemning or ratifying the *coup-d'état* of the President. The proceedings connected with the voting were conducted in the most orderly manner, and on the 31st of December the result was communicated to the President. The committee appointed to receive the votes repaired on that day to the Palace of the Elysée, and laid before the Prince the following responses to his "Appeal to the People":—

Ratifying the *coup-d'état* . .	7,439,216
Condemning the same . .	640,737

Thus, by a majority of seven millions of the people, was acknowledged the wisdom and the beneficial tendency of an act which a few perverse and self-interested individuals have held up to public execration and eternal infamy.

M. Baroche, the chairman of the committee, after having presented the report, said:—

"Monsieur le Président,

"In making an appeal to the French people by your proclamation of the 2nd of December, you

[1852 to 1853.]

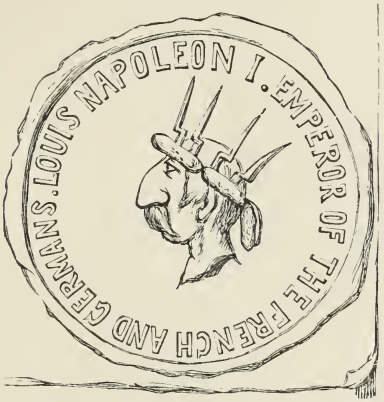
THE FASCINATION OF EMPIRE.

PLAYING A DANGEROUS GAME.

The artist has summed up the situation of events at this critical juncture, by delineating a Parisian blouse trying his hand as a snake-charmer, and yielding to the fascination said to be possessed by these reptiles. He is foolishly subdued by the jewelled crest and stealthy eye of a deadly cobra, whose coils are gradually encircling his arm, extended to the fatal influence. Stories of snake-charming occupied considerable attention at the date this caricature appeared.

[1852—1853.]

THE EMPIRE.



Suggestion for a commemorative Medal to inaugurate the Empire!

Reverse of the Medal: the emblems of the dynasty in its modern establishment! The reader will note the two principal characteristics of the medal—the Strasbourg sausage and the bayonet of the *Coup d'etat.*

said, 'I do not wish for authority which is powerless for good, and which chains me to the helm when I see the vessel drifting into the abyss. If you have confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the great mission I hold from you.'

"To this loyal appeal, made to her conscience and to her sovereignty, the nation has responded by an immense acclamation — by nearly seven million four hundred and fifty thousand suffrages. Yes, Prince, France has confidence in you: she has confidence in your courage, in your deep reason, in your love for her; and the testimony she has just given you is so much the more glorious, as it is rendered after three years of a Government whose wisdom and patriotism she thus consecrates.

"Has the elect of the 10th of December, 1848, shown himself worthy of the trust which the people imposed upon him? Has he well comprehended the mission he then received? Let these questions be asked of the seven million voices which have just confirmed the trust by adding to it a mission still more great and glorious. Has ever the national will in any country or at any time been so solemnly manifested? Has ever a Government obtained such an approval, on a base more wide, an origin more legitimate and more worthy the respect of the people?

"Take possession, Prince, of this power so gloriously presented to you! Use it to develop by wise institutions the fundamental basis which the people themselves have consecrated by their votes. Re-establish in France the principle of authority too much shaken for the last sixty years by our continual agitations. Combat incessantly these anarchical passions which assail even the foundations of society. It is no longer mere odious theories which you have

to pursue and repress: they have manifested themselves in deeds, in horrible overt acts.

"Let France be delivered from those men always ready for murder and pillage—from those men who, in the nineteenth century, transfuse horror into civilization, and by exciting the most gloomy recollections, seem to throw us back five hundred years.

"Prince, on the 2nd of December you took for your motto,—'France, regenerated by the Revolution of 1789, and organized by the Emperor;' that is to say, a wise and well-regulated liberty—an authority strong and respected by all. May your wisdom and your patriotism realize this noble thought! Restore to this noble country, so full of life and of the future, the greatest of all benefits—order, stability, confidence.

"You will thus save France, preserve entire Europe from incalculable dangers, and add to the lustre of your name a new and imperishable glory."

The President replied:—

"Gentlemen,

"France has responded to the loyal appeal which I had made to her. She has comprehended that I departed from the legal only to return to the right. More than seven million votes have absolved me by justifying an act which had no other object than to spare France, and perhaps Europe, from years of troubles and misfortunes. I thank you for having authenticated officially how entirely this manifestation has been national and spontaneous.

"If I congratulate myself upon this immense adhesion, it is not through pride, but because it gives me power to speak and act in a manner becoming the chief of a great nation such as ours. I comprehend all the grandeur of my new mission. I do

not deceive myself respecting its grave qualities; but with an upright heart, with the co-operation of all good men, who, like you, shall enlighten me with their intelligence and sustain me with their patriotism; with the tried devotedness of our valiant army; in fine, with that protection which to-morrow I shall solemnly pray Heaven to grant me again, I hope to render myself worthy of the confidence which the people continue to repose in me.

"I hope to assure the destinies of France in founding institutions which will correspond at once with the democratic instincts of the nation, and with the universally expressed desire of having henceforward a strong and respected Government: in truth, to satisfy the demands of the moment, by creating a system which reconstitutes authority without injuring equality, or closing any channel of amelioration, is to lay the true foundation of the only edifice capable of sustaining hereafter the action of a wise and salutary liberty."

The pageantry of the next day, at the inauguration of the President in his renewed authority, has never been surpassed in splendour and magnificence. The new year awoke to salvos of artillery and inspiriting strains of military music. The march of thousands of troops was heard proceeding to their various positions with banners unfurled, and shouting "Vive Napoléon!" "Vive le Président!" All Paris was astir soon after dawn, and though the morning was cold and misty, all the principal positions by which the coming procession would pass were thronged from an early hour. To prevent disorder, a double line of infantry was drawn up through the entire route, from the Palace of the Elysée to the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

It was to that sacred edifice the President was

about to repair, to consecrate himself and the new power the nation had lately ratified to him, to the service of the people. It was filled by forenoon by the most brilliant and distinguished assembly that ever congregated to celebrate a similar occasion. As the clock struck twelve, the Archbishop moved down the aisle to receive the President, carrying in his hand a reputed piece of the "true cross." This the President, with the blind devotion of a true Catholic, kissed with due reverence on its being presented to him, at the same time meekly deporting himself before the font of holy water. Then, led by the Archbishop, the President and his attendants proceeded to the altar, near which a regal seat, covered with rich velvet, was assigned to him. From the organ and the orchestra now arose the sublime music of the Grand March composed for the Emperor by Lessueur. This was succeeded by the "Vivat," and when the sweet strains of that melodious anthem died away, the magnificent building vibrated to the rolling harmonies of the *Te Deum.* Finally, in soft and solemn accents, fell from the lips of the High Priest the benediction of the Church upon the head of her first son, now on his knees before the altar.

The service over, the vast multitude in the cathedral cried "Vive Napoléon!" and the shout was echoed like a refrain along the streets as the President proceeded to the Tuileries. Here a grand reception was given by the public bodies and the military and civic dignitaries. Here, too, a splendid banquet was provided, to which nearly five hundred guests sat down; and at which the most loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and drunk with acclamation, while the beatified city lay basking in a brilliant illumination.

Only a short period intervened before the fact was announced, but to all intents and purposes the Empire was re-established on this memorable day.

The interval, though short, was replete with work done and successes achieved. A new constitution was promptly drawn up according to the principles advocated by the President in his proclamation of the 2nd of December, and presented to the people on the 14th of January. The property in France of that miserable money-grub, Louis Philippe, was ordered to be sold, since the members of the Orleans family were not now allowed to have any possessions in the country. Part of this property did not belong to the King really and personally, though he had of course appropriated it with his wonted greed; and after some debate in the legislature, the proceeds were voted to purposes of charity. Quiet having been permanently restored, the greater part of the prisoners apprehended before and at the *coup-d'état* were set at liberty. This proceeding, though satisfactory no doubt to all whom it concerned, was especially so to one of the captives, General Cavaignac. That gallant officer, when arrested, was just on the eve of marriage with a beautiful and wealthy lady, to whose parents, however, he was allowed to write, stating his awkward situation, before being removed to the Mazas. On his release the General made up for the cruel delay of his happiness by claiming his bride at once, and repairing with her to Italy for the honeymoon.

Another political prisoner was liberated to whom freedom was almost equally dear. This was the roving son of the desert, Ab-del-Kader. Several years before, that hapless captive was put into durance with two wives and a limited number of attendants, and, no doubt, in the absorbing struggles

of the times, the brave African chieftain pining in prison was absolutely forgotten; but the President made amends for the neglect by sending him a very kind letter, after ordering his release, and Ab-del-Kader was made a lion of by the people on his route back to his native country.

The poor, always the care of Louis Napoleon, both as President and as Emperor, had a very much needed benefit conferred upon them. Seeing that indigent families in Paris were deprived under existing circumstances of the rites of Christian burial, from their inability to pay the priest, the President decreed that there should be attached to each of the three chapels of The Trinity, St. Ambrose, and St. James, two vicars, under the title of Almoners of Last Prayers, paid by Government grants of twelve hundred francs a piece.

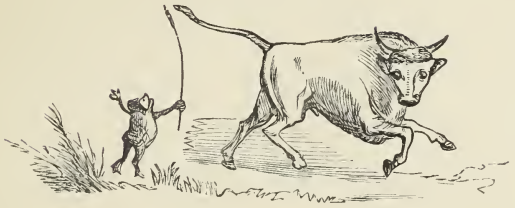
In the army, the eagle was once more attached to the national banner, and the cross of the Legion of Honour was reintroduced as a badge of distinguished services.

The license of the press was curbed, to the great benefit of public morality and the lasting peace of society. By this means the services of professional liars were at a discount, and those literary varlets had to seek a more honest livelihood. The disturbers of the equanimity of the nation generally were more closely looked after. Those hotbeds of discord, the secret societies, were put under a ban; and the streets were ordered to be cleared of all stump orators the moment they mounted the rostrum. Many of these worthies, finding their occupation gone, repaired to more congenial and profitable spheres of action.

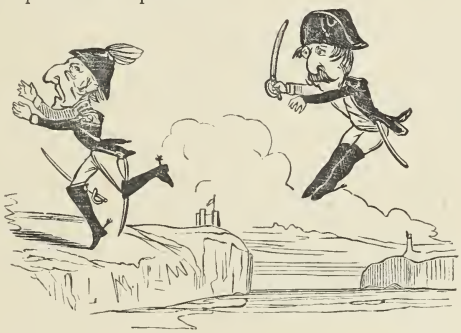
It is not a little curious that amongst the most violent of agitators during the time of the *coup-d'état* was our friend M. Victor Hugo, who signed

[1852—1853.]

INVASION PANICS.



The English press, after the freedom of its strictures on the President's progress to Empire, exhibited indications that a reckoning might be demanded for their straightforward expression of opinions.



Invasion was freely canvassed, and caricatures on both sides of the channel record their anticipations of a day of settlement.

For a time alarmists were inclined to dream that some fine morning the Emperor would pop across the Channel, as indicated above, and take his revenge—possibly by setting the Thames on fire!

several proclamations breathing the most horrible denunciations: yet we find the same individual, upon leaving France, becoming quite a benevolent character in his retreat at the Island of Guernsey, taking especial delight in providing Christmas treats for infants! There must be surely something obnoxious in the atmosphere of the country that could transform so good a man at a tea-party here into so furious a political bully there. The beneficial effects of the change of air, however, do not seem to have extended to the virulence of his soul against Louis Napoleon. The latter, on taking up a book containing M. Hugo's most venomous attacks upon him, under the facetious title of "Napoleon the Little," remarked, in his usual quiet way, "Ah! Napoleon the Little by Hugo the Great!" Not a bad tit for tat.

After the adjournment of the new Legislative Corps, which took place at the end of June, the President made another tour through the provinces. He proceeded to Strasbourg to take part in the inaugural ceremony of the opening of the railway. If possible, his line of route was marked by a greater display of enthusiasm and hospitality than ever before. He was the living wonder of the day, and drew homage equally from high and low. At Strasbourg he found himself in a very different situation to that in which he was placed some fifteen years before. Things had taken quite a turn for him there. Instead of entering a prison portal, he passed through triumphal arches; while his name, once ciphered in the gaol register, was now to be read in flowery devices on the fronts of the houses. That name, which had then been a by-word, as that of an impostor and a madman, was now the subject of the happiest wishes, and the burden of the heartiest cheers. The fairy

dream in which he indulged on his first arrival at Strasbourg was most completely realized at last.

Upon his return to Paris, the city showed itself glad to have him back. His welcome rang as cheerily as that of coming day from waking birds. "Vive Louis Napoléon!" was a cry the people had got quite used to now, and they did not forget to make use of it.

Soon after his return he celebrated the birthday of Napoleon, the 15th of August, with great festivities. Amongst other demonstrations was a novel ball for market-women. Funny as the idea of it appears, the thing itself was quite a grand affair. The Market of the Innocents was converted into the ball-room, and lit up with over 300 chandeliers, containing some thousands of candles. The decorations of the hall were superb, and the music provided fine. It scarcely remains to be added, that the company were numerous, and the enjoyment perfect. The President himself was not present, from a sudden attack of illness, but he sent the whole of his staff. M. de Persigny had the honour of dancing with a buxom potato vendor; General Magnan was similarly favoured by a lady who kept an apple-stall; while gentlemen of high standing, too numerous to mention, were all likewise mated, dancing with vigour amidst the most uproarious merriment. Nor were the ladies of these distinguished personages too proud to accept antithetical partners, but were discovered whirling in the mazes of the waltz with porters and grooms! The correct taste of such a proceeding was, of course, much questioned, and there certainly does not appear to have been a great deal to recommend it.

The seeds sown by a wise and vigorous Government were beginning to crop up before many

[1852—1853.]

THE EMPIRE IS PEACE!

THREATENED FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND IN 1853.

JOHN BULL (*quizzically*).—"I'm not sure, Master Prince President, that it's right to allow Foreign Refugees to land in England!"

The dread of invasion was succeeded by a partial feeling of uncertainty, and the downfall of the newly restored dynasty was considered rather imminent. Small respect was paid to the Empire,—France had all the immense advancement she has made under the Imperial rule still lying unexplored in her more brilliant future. The Emperor gave indications of a desire to retain cordial feelings with England. In all the changes of a policy founded on expedience, the most consistent side of the Emperor's enigmatical character has conspicuously been his firm attachment to England and his furtherance of British enterprise. That this policy was profitable, the diversion of English capital for the advancement of French projects has practically demonstrated.

Beyond the mere consideration of interest, it is generally felt that, as a nation, we are indebted to our faithful ally; it is certain that we have suffered less and gained more by his particular sympathy with England than any nation favoured with the Imperial friendship. In the present hour of his real or partial retirement this consideration may suggest a gentler feeling for his fate. Sometimes justice is stronger than gratitude.

months had passed, and by the end of the year their fruits were abundant. The nation, in fact, again stood upright, and her arm, palsied by so many revolutions, was mighty in commerce and industry. The city of Paris began to regain her lost beauty, and to add to her charms ; for instead of barricades arose palaces ; in the place of dens of squalor and misery appeared the neat homes and bright gardens of a well-to-do population.

Was it a wonder, then, that the nation's heart should long to reward her benefactor, even according to the wishes of his own heart? She knew what would be the most appreciative gift she could bestow upon him. It was not wealth, for he gave back to her poor a part of what he already received in that way ; gold was dross to that title, empty as it really was, of Emperor—the shining glory of his day-dream from a child. It was nothing to part with, for was he not then as autocratic a ruler as the very Czar of Russia? Yet, like the ribbon on a warrior's breast, it had a value of its own to him.

From all parts of the country now came requisitions that the Empire should be re-established. The Councils-Général of the various electoral departments were unanimously in favour of that step ; and, from a second tour in the provinces, the President learnt from the voice of the whole people that they heartily wished him to assume the Imperial crown. At every halt in this memorable journey, nothing was heard but "Vive Napoléon III.!" "Vive la Sauveur de la France!" The Empire was re-established.

The first attempt for the taking of a life so valuable to the nation was discovered during this tour. This was at Marseilles, where the Socialists had organized a most horrible plan, from which, had it

not been found out, the President could not possibly have escaped death. Three hundred musket-barrels were placed in a room on the ground floor of a house, and would have swept the street when fired. The police were fortunate enough to discover the plot, and arrest those concerned in it.

Again, when he reached Paris, the President was received with acclamations that a Cæsar might have envied. All the dignitaries of the land, civic, military, and clerical, met him at the railway station, and escorted him at the head of a brilliant body of troops to the Tuileries. The procession, as it passed along, was cheered both from the street and from the windows of the houses, for the nation's deliverer was entering the metropolis. It was now no dream with him of his path being strewn with flowers, and the air being resonant with popular acclamations: it was a fact. Groups of beautiful young girls, dressed in pure white, scattered fragrant blossoms under his horse's feet, and with united heart and voice the people cried, "Vive l'Empereur!"

On the triumphal procession reaching the Boulevards, the head of the Municipal Council advanced and addressed the hero of it:—

"Prince, the Municipal Council of Paris eagerly salutes your return. It congratulates itself with you for the triumph which has marked every step of this glorious journey. If the most noble enjoyment, after that of saving one's country, is to find the country grateful, what happiness must fill your heart! Everywhere you have met the acknowledgment of the service rendered—everywhere the plaudits and the acclamations of the people. Where civil discord had sown despair and death, you have carried consolation, hope, and life.

"Prince, France a few months ago surrendered to

you the supreme right to form her laws. To-day the voice of the people, after having consecrated the 2nd of December, demands that the power which has been confided to you should be consolidated, and that its stability may be the guarantee for the future.

"The city of Paris is happy to associate itself with this wish, not in your interest, Prince, and to add to your glory—there is no greater glory than to have saved the country—but in the interests of all, and in order that the mobility of institutions should leave hereafter to the spirit of disorder neither hope nor pretext.

"You have anticipated France when it is necessary to rescue her from peril; but now, when France, guided by her souvenirs, inspired by her love, opens to you a new path, follow it."

To this unmistakably unanimous requisition of Paris, in common with the provinces, that he should invest himself with the Imperial dignity, the President responded :—

"I am the more happy, in view of the wishes you express to me in the name of the city of Paris, since the acclamations which I have received here are the echoes of those of which I have been the object during my journey.

"If France desires the Empire, it is because she thinks that that form of government better guarantees her grandeur and her future. As for me, under whatever title I may be permitted to serve her, I shall consecrate to that service all I have of force, all I have of devotion."

The President subsequently communicated the sentiments of the nation to the Senate, which, without loss of time, issued the following decrees :—

"*Senatus Consult.*

"Article 1. The Imperial dignity is re-established. Louis Napoleon Buonaparte is Emperor, under the title of Napoleon III.

"Article 2. The Imperial dignity is hereditary in the descendants, direct and legitimate, of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, from male to male, by order of primogeniture, to the perpetual exclusion of women and their descendants."

Then followed other articles of a technical character, and the whole were put to the vote of the French nation. The people were convoked to meet at the poll on the 21st and 22nd of December, to decide by universal suffrage whether the Empire should be re-established or not.

Nothing, of course, could exceed the fury of the President's enemies on hearing these tidings. Here was the very event they dreaded most actually about to be accomplished. The Empire had been a nightmare in their dreams, but now it was a waking reality. Secure under the protection of a foreign power, they fairly outstripped themselves in vituperations. The personage about to receive the Imperial dignity was a brigand, to commence with; that he should meet a brigand's fate was, of course, just. It was then patent that those who executed on the ignominious scaffold so great a social criminal were ministers of Justice, and God would reward their righteousness. Louis Napoleon was an outlaw; he was out of the pale of humanity; and it would be an act of imperishable glory to take his life, and save the country he was now reducing to slavery.

The most conspicuous of these blasphemous patriots were, that benevolent patron of Guernsey urchins, M. Victor Hugo; that gigantic advocate of universal

murder and self-aggrandisement, M. Ledru Rollin; and that amiable, but somewhat erratic genius, M. Louis Blanc.

The will of the nation, however, was as the oak to the storm raised by such hands. In less than a week the following record of the people's sentiment in the matter was made public :—

Affirmative Votes for the Empire -	7,864,180
Negative do. - - - - - - - -	253,145

This startling majority, exceeding any which had yet proceeded from the same source, was duly announced to the President at the Palace of St. Cloud.

For the first time in his life he then mounted a throne, which had been erected upon a platform at the extremity of the Hall; and, surrounded by his relatives and friends, the Emperor elect stood thereon, and said :—

"Gentlemen,

"The new reign which you inaugurate to-day has not for its origin, like many others in history, violence, conquest, or stratagem. It is, as you have said, the legal result of the will of the entire people, which consolidates, in the midst of tranquillity, that which it had founded in the midst of agitations.

"But the more power joins in expert and in vital force, the more it has need of men enlightened as those who surround me each day, of men independent as those whom I address, to aid me with counsels, to bring back my authority within just limits, if it can ever pass them.

"I take, to-day, with the crown, the name of Napoleon III., because the logic of the people has already given it to me in their acclamations, because

the Senate has proposed it legally, and because the entire nation has ratified it.

"Is this, however, to say that, in accepting the title, I fall into the error with which that prince is reproached who, returning from exile, declared as null, and not having happened, everything which had taken place during his absence? Far from me a similar delusion! Not only do I recognize the Governments which have preceded me, but I inherit in a measure the good or the evil which they have done; for Governments which succeed each other, notwithstanding their different origins, are responsible for their predecessors.

"But the more I accept all that which for fifty years history has transmitted to us, with its inflexible authority, the less it will be permitted to me to pass in silence the glorious reign of the chief of my family, and the regular title, though ephemeral, of his son, whom the Chambers proclaimed in the last outburst of vanquished patriotism.

"Thus, then, the title of Napoleon III. is not one of those dynastic and obsolete pretensions which seem an insult to good sense and to truth; it is the homage rendered to a Government which was legitimate, and to which we owe the best pages of our modern history. My name does not date from 1815; it dates from the moment in which you make known to me the suffrages of the nation.

"Receive, then, my thanks, Gentlemen Deputies, for the *éclat* which you have given to the manifestation of the national will, in rendering it more evident by your control, more imposing by your declaration. I thank you also, Gentlemen Senators, for having desired to be the first to address to me your felicitations, as you have been the first to give expression to the popular will.

"Aid me, all, to establish upon this land, agitated by so many revolutions, a stable government, which shall have for its basis religion, justice, honesty, and love for the suffering classes. Receive here the oath, that nothing shall I count too dear to assure the prosperity of the country, and that, in maintaining peace, I shall yield nothing that can protect the honour or the dignity of France."

On the next day, the 2nd of December, the anniversary of the coronation of his uncle and of the battle of Austerlitz, the newly created Emperor of the French rode, attended by his staff, to the Champs Elysées, where an immense multitude proclaimed him with the cry of

"Vive l'Empereur!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.

HAVING now sighted the haven to which we have been tending, we must shorten sail. From the day that Louis Napoleon ascended the Imperial throne of France, his history became the history of his country, and of course it was no part of our plan to compress into a few pages the story of a nation's progress through twenty bright years. Another day we may undertake to amplify this glorious reign, to detail the unexampled success, the unsurpassed wisdom, the unrivalled grandeur of a sovereign who, though he owed his elevation to the throne in some degree to his name, yet upheld his so-acquired dignity only by his sterling genius.

Still, to preserve the unity of this narrative, something in the way of a retrospect of that glorious period which intervened between the rise and fall of this extraordinary man is requisite. It must be very short, for, since it cannot do full justice to it by elaboration, it should not spoil a story which may be developed in another volume, when Louis Napoleon's later history is ripe for discussion.

A dynasty reclaimed after so great a struggle, and fraught with such happy prospects, had, of course, as one of its most indispensable needs, an heir. But for that consideration, it is questionable whether

[1853.]

EARLY DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

THE INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW.

The artist here cleverly gives a comparative view of his impressions of the standing of European Powers. The French cock, valiant in the borrowed beak of the Imperial eagle, and ornamented with long spurs, measures his height with the royal bird, massive and stalwart, symbolizing Prussia, single headed and firmly seated. This attitude is replete with meaning at this moment, for in 1871 the comparison seems renewed. Russia and Austria occupy a very similar position in the same relation.

Louis Napoleon would have married. Ever since his mother's death, as has been stated before, he became a man of mystery, perfectly unapproachable, and matrimony could have had little charm for him. The exigency of his position, however, determined him to seek a bride. To men so minded, it may be admitted, without endangering the value of the fair sex by suggesting the idea of its plenitude, that there is no lack of choice. And the very kind of wife as quickly presents herself as the resolution to marry is taken, which is really curious.

A young Spanish beauty, bearing the title of the Countess de Teba, dawns upon Paris a very few days after the new Emperor ascends the throne of France. A splendid Castilian brunette she is, slightly toned by a mixture of English blood. She makes a most successful *debut* into society, and, designedly or not, completely enslaves the new autocrat of the realm. He is smitten at first sight, and is soon in the suppliant position of all true lovers—at her feet. The sweet consent, which thrills alike the bosom of the prince and the peasant, is given, and the happy recipient announces his august intention to the Senate, of taking unto himself a wife.

The speech of the Emperor on this occasion was one of the happiest he ever delivered. He alluded gracefully to Josephine as the modest and excellent wife of General Buonaparte, not of royal blood, and declared that the nephew of that great man had chosen just such another. "The one," said he, "who has become the object of my preference, is of elevated birth. French in heart, by education, and by the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honours and dignities.

Endowed with all qualities of mind, she will be the ornament of the throne, as in the day of danger she will become one of its most courageous supporters. Catholic and pious, she will address the same prayers to Heaven with me for the happiness of France. By her grace and goodness, she will, I firmly hope, endeavour to derive in the same position the virtues of the Empress Josephine."

After so flattering a character, bestowed upon her in such glowing terms, France of course could not choose but accept this prodigy of feminine grace and excellence as her new Empress.

The wedding, which took place on the 29th of January, 1853, was one of the grandest affairs of the century. The ceremony was celebrated in two places, first at the Tuileries, and next at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It would scarcely be sufficient to say that the latter edifice was filled, for it was crammed ; the major part of the spectators of the scene being, as usual, of the fair sex. Two thrones were elevated in front of the altar, and occupied severally by the Emperor and Empress. The Archbishop performed the imposing service, and, at its conclusion, the bride and bridegroom were saluted with all the customary good wishes of such occasions by their liege subjects as they drove along the gay streets of the city, which was decked with flowers from the one end to the other. And now was blended with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur" the new one of "Vive l'Impératrice."

In the course of time came the blessing to this union. People were beginning to fear that the Empress Eugénie was too like the Empress Josephine to please her Imperial Consort, but she at length rejoiced his heart with a son, on the 16th of March, 1856.

That pleasing event was attributed to the fertilizing influence of the English climate! for the Emperor

[1853.]

A SEASON OF SUNSHINE.

THE EAGLE IN LOVE.

We have already ventured to make a cursory allusion to the susceptible temperament of the *Prince.* It was considered expedient that the *Emperor* should find a suitable consort for the Imperial throne. Negotiations with this view were pursued in various directions, and overtures were made by De Morny with the family of a princess of the North; the descendants of Vasa, however, are said to have declined the distinction.

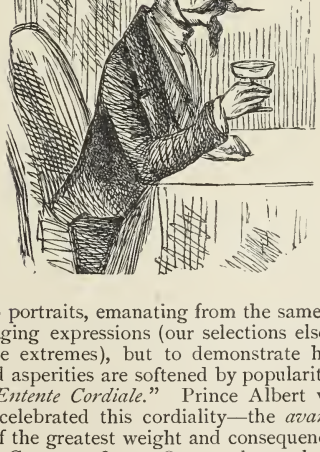
The perplexities of selection were avoided by the appearance of the charming Countess de Théba at the hunts of Compiègne. The heart of the Emperor became the spoil of the chase; the rivals of this fair Diana were all neglected. Colonel Fleury opposed the influence of the new star, De Morny became her partisan; and finally Louis Napoleon announced to the nation the choice of his affections.

Eugénie de Théba is the second daughter of the Marquess de Montijo. Her mother was the daughter of Kirkpatric, who was engaged in Malaga. The career of the lady mother has been freely handled by scandalous chroniclers. Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo was attached to the Court of Isabella II. of Spain, where she was associated, it is said, with the Duke de Joinville and the Duke de Nemours, the Orleans princes. She has filled the position of Empress with dignity and grace.

[1850 and 1854.]

POPULARITY THE REAL "BEAUTY-RESTORER"!

The caricaturists preserve in the gentle or severe handling of the features of public characters the favour or displeasure marking popular opinion regarding their acts. We have seen in preceding cartoons the repellent expression assumed by the Imperial face when it was apprehended he was unfriendly to England, and when he was justly reprobated for the slaughterous *Coup d'Etat.*



We now produce two portraits, emanating from the same artist, not as a contrast of forbidding and engaging expressions (our selections elsewhere will afford sufficient evidences of these extremes), but to demonstrate how prominent features become toned down and asperities are softened by popularity. 1854 witnessed the inauguration of "*The Entente Cordiale.*" Prince Albert visited the Emperor at Boulogne. The artist celebrated this cordiality—the *avant courier* of a personal and political intimacy of the greatest weight and consequence—by representing the Imperial host and the Consort of our Queen pleasantly pledging the national intimacy.

EMPEROR.—"Well, now you have found your way here, we hope we shall see you often."

PRINCE.—"Oh, yes; and the next time we have a holiday, I hope our wives may be present."

and Empress, the year preceding it, paid a visit to our country. They came in April, 1855, and were received by her Majesty Queen Victoria with the utmost cordiality. This was a grand occasion of fêtes and banquets, and England welcomed her great ally with hearty British cheers. The *Times* published an additional verse to the National Anthem, blessing him, whom it has damned ever since. That imposing personage, the Lord Mayor of London, gave a grand dinner to their Imperial Majesties, and acted the part of host with his customary magnificence.

It is worthy of note that, amidst the splendour of his reception in England, Louis Napoleon, as his carriage drove down St. James's Street, ordered it to stop at the corner of King Street, that he might once more behold his humble home of seven years before.

The Empire was peace, but it was found necessary to have recourse to war for the maintenance of peace. This was the Russian War, the expediency of which has often been disputed, though there can be little doubt that France and England, in their invincible alliance against the aggrandizing policy of the Czar of Russia, accomplished much for the peace of Europe. If this alliance did no other good, it brought into friendly relations two nations who, much against their mutual interests, had been at deadly strife for ages. Louis Napoleon here first showed himself the friend to England which he has proved to be ever since, notwithstanding his jocosely threatened invasion for the avenging of Waterloo. If brothers ever did fight side by side for one cause, the English and French did in the battles of the Crimea, and the bad blood between them was shed there, let us hope, for ever.

This war cost France dear, as it did England, but it enhanced the glory of both, and balanced the power

of Europe. The Emperor lost a most dear friend in it in Marshal St. Arnaud—one of the few who were in the secret with him in his memorable *coup-d'état.* The Emperor's grief on hearing of the Marshal's death was unbounded, and he wrote a gracious letter to the Marchioness, in which he deeply sympathized with her, assuring her that his sorrow was almost as great as her own.

Eventually the treaty of peace was signed, and the Empire once more was peace.

On the 14th of January, 1858, a most dastardly attempt at assassination was made on the Emperor's life by a miscreant called Orsini, who was supposed to be one of Mazzini's emissaries. The Emperor and Empress were proceeding in their carriage to the Opera, when Orsini and his associates threw under it some bombs, ingeniously constructed to ignite from concussion. A dreadful explosion took place, scattering death in every direction, but the charmed life of Louis Napoleon escaped, while the Empress, with the exception of a dreadful fright, was nothing the worse.

Two years later, a similar outrage was perpetrated by an emissary from the same quarter, called Græco, but again Providence protected the life it had chosen as the instrument of so much good to its generation. Louis Napoleon's courage and self-composure in the midst of danger were never more exemplified than on these dreadful occasions, and his calm and philosophical speech made after one of them is worth quoting, as displaying his real character, and belying the stigma of cowardice fixed upon it by some historians. It ran as follows:—

"In the position which I occupy, life has only one attraction—that of being useful to the grandeur and prosperity of France. As long as I live I shall pur-

[1855.]

A MILITARY EMPIRE.

LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

Royal visits are exchanged, and the Emperor re-enters London—a guest of the nation. The alliance with France is a practical fact; French and English soldiers are shedding their blood in the Crimea, side by side, in the new character of firm allies. This record of progress, this disappearance of traditional hatred before the demands of civilization, furnished our artists with materials for finely patriotic illustrations of the event. The pencils of the French caricaturists were congenially engaged in ridiculing the well-intentioned efforts of our notorious Peace party, under the leadership of Bright and the Society of Friends.

[1856—1857.]

THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.

In 1856 an Imperial heir was presented to the throne of France. In regarding the probable continuance of the Napoleonic dynasty, a more liberal form of government engaged attention. The caricaturist has represented the Emperor occupied in rocking the cradle of the infant Prince; Liberty presents herself, and very suggestively asks, "Please may *I* be godmother?"

We here introduce a German caricature, which is important, as it conveys the impression that England was not altogether consulted about the conclusion of peace with Russia. John Bull, an old woman dealing in flat fish, is asleep

over the *Times*, while France, as a purveyor of the more sprightly lobster, grants the gallant Cossack an assignation in the woods of Compiègne.* This graphic suggestion of concealed favour is not unsubstantiated by the evidence of our own satirical cartoons on the event. The coquettish female figure of France, in one instance, playfully inserts a laurel of victory in John Bull's button-hole. The national prototype is in the greatest bewilderment; "but I really do *not* understand!" he remonstrates.

"Never mind," persists France, archly, "you shall come and see the fireworks!"

Recent facts, too, clearly prove our work was but partially accomplished. The results were considered, even at the time, unworthy so costly a sacrifice of blood, effort, and wealth.

* The warlike proclivities of France are happily symbolized in the smart military "casquette;" while the naval supremacy of John Bull is denoted by the tarpaulin hat.

sue that object, and Providence, who has hitherto so visibly lent me support, will not abandon me. In presence of so many parties, animated by rival ambitions and subversive passions, there is only one way of safety for France, namely, that she remains closely bound to my dynasty, which alone is a symbol of order and progress. But it would probably happen that the circumstance of my being struck down would contribute more to the consolidation of my dynasty than the prolongation of my life. A political assassination always produces an effect the very opposite of what was intended. Look at Servia: the conspirators hoped, by killing Prince Michael, to bring in another dynasty, whereas they have consolidated for a long time the family of the Obrenowitch. Here, in France, if one of the numerous attempts made against King Louis Philippe had succeeded, the great probability is that the House of Orleans would still reign over the country. If to-morrow I were to fall, the people would rally round my son; and even if the whole Imperial family disappeared, it would go, as in Servia, and seek out some grand-nephew or other distant relative —some Milan or other—to uphold the standard of the Empire, avenge my murder, and once more confirm this truth, that 'the party which imbrues its hand in blood never profits by the crime.' Therefore I look to the future without any apprehension, as, whether I live or die, my death will be equally profitable to France, for the mission which has devolved on me will certainly be accomplished either by myself or by my family."

A passing cloud here cast its shadow upon the friendship between England and France, for upon learning that all these regicidal schemes were hatched in London, by the Italian rufugee Mazzini, the French

people were naturally irritated that we should harbour such blood-thirsty conspirators against the life of their Emperor, who had shown so sincerely amicable a disposition towards us. But what could we do? Our Grand Asylum of Europe was once as free for the plotter against Louis Philippe, and we could make no distinctions without infringing our glorious charter of liberty. The Emperor became sulky, and the French press indignant and bellicose. We saw an impending quarrel, but that, instead of frightening us from our duty, only made us more steadfast in it. And then sprang into existence that patriotic, and now highly efficient, auxiliary of the national forces, the British Volunteers, who will some day prove that they were not enrolled in vain. But France, on cooling down, saw no reason to disturb the amity existing between her and this country, so recently cemented with blood, and we were again on the most cordial relations with our neighbours.

After the lapse of three years, the Imperial visit to England was returned by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, who became the Emperor's guests in August, 1858, and the grand doings on this occasion by no means fell short of those which characterized our reception of Napoleon and his Empress.

One anecdote, apparently authentic, may be related referring to this occasion. While the Emperor conducted Her Majesty and Consort to the Invalides, to view the tomb of Napoleon, Jerome Buonaparte, with a brother's jealousy, absented himself with the keys of the vault. His nephew instantly sent for him, saying he should have felt more grateful to Her Majesty, who had restored to France the glorious dust of its Emperor.

Louis Napoleon's first campaign in the field was immensely successful. The opportunity to distin-

[1857.]

THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.

A PICTURE OF PEACE.

In this droll illustration we are introduced to a picture of Imperial domestic serenity. The infant Prince Imperial planting his toy cannon against the advocate of the Peace party is a sly satire on the irrepressible military genius of the family. The bust of Cobden marks the time the Emperor was debating with that great reformer the effects of a free trade policy between the two nations.

The dove on the parrot-stand with an olive-leaf in its mouth, the Quaker in the picture peacefully twiddling his thumbs, show very clearly how calm and peaceful were the intentions of the Emperor as compared with the terrible and warlike nature he inherited. The picture in the left corner shows the warrior's soul, which the Emperor desired his friends to believe was calmed and subdued by him with so much difficulty.

[1859.]
A MILITARY EMPIRE.

The beginning of the Austro-Italian campaign is here given with great point. Footprints of the Imperial progress are not eradicated in the free Italy of this date. The Italians, however, must acknowledge that their nation owes a deep debt of gratitude to this member of the Bonaparte family.

The termination of the Austro-Italian campaign was satirized for two reasons. The protection accorded to "bolster up" the doomed Papal See was generally unpopular, and Austria still held Venetia in iron fetters. "Free Italy" of 1859 was portrayed with great power as a dignified maiden; her head, surmounted with the cap of liberty, was partially buried beneath the Papal tiara, which her champion Louis Napoleon held suspended as a gigantic extinguisher, threatening to put out the light of freedom. Her hands were heavily manacled, and chained to a block—Venetia, on which the proud figure of Austria's Emperor held a firm foot, while his hand sternly retained the key of "free Italy's" massive fetters.

guish himself as a General was afforded by the aggressive designs of Austria against Italy, obliging France to go to war a second time while the Empire was peace. Not content with possessing large territories in Italy proper, the Austrian troops invaded Sardinia, then the seat of the now King of Italy. Austria had collected an army of 230,000 men on the frontiers of Sardinia. A prompt declaration of war issued from the Tuileries, and the Emperor took the field, to return the conquering hero of Magenta and Solferino; yet his qualities as a commander are considered by no means equal to those of a politician, and his success on this occasion is attributed more to fortunate accidents than to military skill.

An authentic anecdote illustrative of this dictum may be here given. "Before the battle of Magenta the critical position of his army had caused him the deepest anxiety. He had almost made up his mind that a defeat was imminent. It was even feared by his ally that he would throw up the game and enter into a precipitate peace. Through incredible mismanagement the Austrians were completely defeated. The Emperor lodged, the night after the battle, in the house of the parish priest of the town around which the bloody contest had raged. When he had left the town in the morning his humble host sought for some memorial of the great man. At length a sheet of paper crumpled up was taken from the empty fireplace. It was the rough draft of the famous proclamation of Milan. The depression of the previous day had been succeeded, after the wonderful victory, by unbounded elation. Now everything appeared within the Emperor's reach, and he called upon the Italians to be soldiers to-day, that they might be citizens to-morrow."

Then came the Mexican expedition, which proved the most rash and the most unfortunate intervention of a foreign power ever attempted. All the facts connected with this expedition must be fresh in the mind of the reader: the setting up of the Emperor Maximilian; the perfidy of Lopez; the imprisonment and execution of Maximilian; the insanity of his Empress Carlotta. These are tales of yesterday, and require no repetition here. This was the first false step of Napoleon the Third.

The Grand Exposition of April, 1867, is the next bright landmark of the progress of the second Empire. France on that occasion fraternized with the whole world, and her resplendent capital was the admiration of the eyes of the universe. With that regal dignity which was born in him, the Emperor entertained at his noble palace all the kings of the earth who headed their people in their friendly invasion of his country; and his qualities as a host were duly appreciated, for, said the Prince of Prussia, when the present unhappy war broke out, Louis Napoleon's kindness to himself and his Princess, while they sojourned in Paris, had left a grateful recollection on his mind, and he deplored returning the hospitality in the way he was compelled to do.

The bond of friendship between England and France, uniting them in war, was now strengthened by peaceful associations, and the system of passports was abolished, as an unnecessary precaution against a nation which, next to his own, the French Emperor most esteemed. The influx of English visitors in Paris exceeded that of any other nation. People of every grade from this country repaired to the Grand Exposition as if it were being held in London, and added great variety to the motley crowd that daily thronged the boulevards.

[1863.]

A MILITARY EMPIRE.

"TOM TIDLER'S GROUND."

NAP. *(with pride).*—"My occupation of Mexico is for the regeneration of the people."

Translation: { "Here I am on Tom Tidler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver."

The Empire, after a short phase of the "peace" profession, is again pushing forward the dazzlement of war.

The Imperial success in Mexico pleased the French nation, and in fancy they saw the glitter of phantom wealth and splendour. French money flowed freely into this El Dorado, and disappeared with the new Empire. The unhappy fate of the betrayed Maximilian, Napoleon's nominee, was the earliest check to the gay progress of the restored Empire. The satirists, English, German, and French, alike presented the murdered Prince as a perpetual Death's head at the Imperial banquets.

[1863—1864.]

THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.

THE IMPERIAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The failure of the Emperor's proposals for a Conference on the affairs of Europe is thus concisely told. Complications,—now engaging the attention of the world, — might possibly have been avoided had this scheme succeeded. Prussia, Austria, and Russia were suspicious of the Emperor's sincerity; this distrust has resulted already in the destruction of thousands. The German papers represented Napoleon and the King of Italy opening a "lavatory" or wash-house labelled "Congress;" Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Turkey bring their dirty linen to be subjected to the cleansing process professed by the enterprising projectors of the undertaking. Scene the second presents the acceptors of the Imperial invitation staring in wonderment,—while Napoleon and his ally decamp with the articles subjected to their offices!

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

The claims of the Duke of Augustenburg to the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein drew the attention of the German Confederation to the disposal of this question with Denmark, who refused to give up these provinces. The responsibility of electing the proper Powers to insist on this cession embittered feeling in Germany, and paved the way for gigantic results.

A hint that Napoleon might have been able to snap up the Rhine Provinces in the contention, while Denmark made off with Schleswig-Holstein, is thus given.

NAPOLEON.—"Come a'ong, young Denmark; let 'em fight it out among themselves!"

Here was the culmination of the happy reign of Napoleon III. Nations of every clime beheld the marvellous progress of France under the administration of her sagacious ruler. Unclouded happiness pervaded the land, and untarnished glory shed a lustre over the Empire. It was a proud day for the author of so much good and so much greatness to his country. He could say, "Behold, ye dwellers of the earth, my handiwork! I came here and found this land in almost irremediable bankruptcy, and gasping out its life in revolutions. Its wealth is now stupendous, its energies herculean. Poverty and crime infested this grand city; a third of its people were mendicants or thieves. I unbarred the doors of industry and enterprise, and, lo! you see the fruits of my toil. Is there a brighter or more beautiful capital in the whole world, with a population more happy and prosperous? When I arrived, there was a great cry for liberty, equality, and fraternity. I gave them liberty, short only of license; equality, without disorder; fraternity, with decorum."

It was said of Augustus, that he found Rome brick and left it marble. That saying would be no exaggeration if applied to Louis Napoleon and Paris. A lively but true sketch by a Paris correspondent is worth giving, as it conveys some notion of the grand improvements that had taken place in the second capital of the world.

After describing the great improvements that have been made in London, the writer proceeds:—

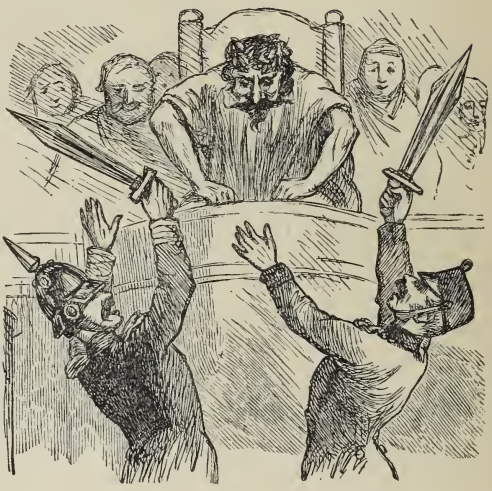
"But just cross the Channel, and pass a few days in Paris. Rub up your boyish reminiscences of that gay capital, and to amazement will succeed bewilderment, to bewilderment despair. It is not that the city has grown to such a very enormous extent. There are no entire suburbs simpering in stucco, and full of pert

flimsy edifices such as those which have deservedly raised the *sæva indignatio* of Mr. Ruskin. The fact is rather that Paris proper—our old Paris, that dirty, delightful city—has gone clean away, and another Paris has started up in its place. There is still a Rue St. Honoré, but it is no more like the Rue St. Honoré of Louis Philippe's time than chalk is like cheese. The famous tobacco shop of 'La Civette' yet hangs out its sign, but it no more resembles the old 'Civette' than the Members' dining-room at the New Palace at Westminster resembles the Bellamy's with its sanded floor and monstrous gridiron, where Pitt used to drink port and Sheridan 'bilk' the waiters. There is a Boulevard des Italiens certainly; but a Boulevard without trees, without a *jardin Turc*, without 'all the fun of the fair' in the shape of rope-dancers, jugglers, dancing-dog masters, quacks, contortionists, and roving industrials with their cry of '*une montre, chaine et cachet, vingt-cinq sous la pièce.*' There is an American process, implying utter spoliation, devastation, and corruption, known as 'knocking things into a cocked hat.' The Shenandoah Valley, for instance, has been 'knocked into a cocked hat.' So has the once-thriving city of Atlanta. The Emperor Napoleon III. has put Paris through a similar probation, only he has given the Parisians a new cocked hat in exchange—the *petit chapeau* of Imperialism. Far be it from us to mourn over dark and dirty, ill-paved and worse-drained streets, replaced by noble boulevards full of palaces—over a completed Louvre, a reconstructed Tuileries, a regenerated Palais Royal, and an interminably prolonged Rue de Rivoli. If the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville seems to be an adjunct of Belgrave Square—if the Quartier Latin has now little Latin and less Greek—if the *Morgue* has been moved, and the dens of the Cité

[1866.]

THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.

Prussia and Austria settled the Schleswig-Holstein question by the right of might with Denmark, and then quarrelled over the division of the booty. The important campaign of 1866 resulted. An early view of the Imperial interest in the conflict is illustrated from a German caricature of the gladiatorial arena "Ave, Cæsar Imperator! morituri te salutant!"



An English cartoon presents Britannia and Napoleon severally commenting, under the heads of "Honesty and Policy," on the failure of their efforts as peacemakers.

BRIT.—"Well, I've done my best. If they *will* smash each other, they must."

NAP. *(aside)*—"And some one may pick up the pieces."

The results of the short decisive campaign of 1866 opened the eyes of Europe to a new era. France lost her prominence. The exertions of Napoleon for the recovery of his *prestige* constitute the history of the four years succeeding 1866.

IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

This cartoon was provoked by the clouded condition of the Imperial affairs. The irresistible impulse of Prussia and the threatened health of the Prince Imperial, the only representative of his personal sovereignty, gave a gloomy shade to the Emperor's prospects. Napoleon meditates amid the pregnant shadows of the sepulchre of his race.

[1866 to 1870.]

A GATHERING TEMPEST.

A CONFERENCE ON THE ROMAN QUESTION.

The German satirist wittily introduces a comment on the influence exercised by the Empress. Eugénie has certainly controlled Louis Napoleon's action on the Catholic question, and, by the support accorded to the Papal chair, has made Europe recognize the force of beauty allied to courage—even in affairs of state.

NAPOLEON AND BISMARCK IN CONTEST.

A later suggestion of a general conference (1867) produces from the pencil of a German artist the conviction that the clouded questions of Europe (and prominently the Eastern difficulty) are to be settled henceforth by two champions; from this time Prussia seems to thwart and dwarf France, and to limit the aspirations of her ruler.

swept away—we are fain at the same time to admit that the Paris which old Prior pithily summed up as 'a mountain of mud, masquerades, monks, and murderers,' has become, under the auspices of the present ruler of France, the handsomest and cleanest city in the world."

But greatness frequently spoils a nation as wealth individuals. France grew as proud of herself as of her Emperor and of her capital, and she became arrogant and jealous of rivals; and then came her downfall, which will be related in the next chapter.

In the meantime may be noted the rustication of the Emperor and the Empress at Biarritz. Fatigued with his great labours, Louis Napoleon, with his wife and son, repaired to that beautiful bathing-place to repair his wasted energies amidst its salubrious atmosphere and pleasing recreations. A most enthusiastic reception was rendered by the natives, and as the Imperial family daily walked and talked with the inhabitants, its popularity increased, and charming stories were told of the condescension and affability of the Emperor and Empress. The Empress and her son were made especial favourites, and hymns of praise were chanted of that amiable and sweet lady, who proved that what her Imperial husband had said of her before marriage was no courtly nonsense, no gallant flattery. She was found to be the embodiment of all the graces and virtues of her sex, while her fascinating beauty, and her elegant taste in dress, were justly admired. In the latter respect, the name of the Empress Eugénie will be historical, if in no other. The marvellous *modes* of fashion she has introduced amongst the ladies of all countries, from time to time, have immortalized her; and that stupendous auxiliary to female attractions, first assumed by her, and then by the whole fair world, the

crinoline, will doubtless assume its due importance in the annals of the age.

It was while he was at Biarritz that the Emperor took the next false step, leading to his misfortunes. Count Bismarck then got on the blind side of his wary rival, and, with his own consent, instituted his ruin. The first blow for Prussia's aggrandizement was struck by her in her alliance with Italy against Austria; for by it a powerful opponent to her future aggressive measures was crippled and humiliated. The Emperor, little dreaming of the fatal results which might ensue to France, and perhaps thinking Prussia would get the worst of the struggle, and so save him the trouble of fighting against her, gave his consent to this war, and the battle of Sadowa became the precursor of the siege of Paris.

A modern historian gives a succinct and interesting account of this interview, which will be read with interest at this juncture. Says Sir Alexander Malet:—

"The French circular, referring to the Treaty of Gastein, had been followed by the meeting of the English and French fleets at Cherbourg, and the King of Prussia raised objections to his Ministers taking a journey which, under such circumstances, seemed incompatible with the dignity of Prussia. In this conjuncture, seeing the indispensable need of removing the mistrust of the Emperor of the French, M. de Bismarck contrived to induce the French Cabinet to modify the terms of their circular; and the King's consent being thereupon given, he went at once to Paris, and thence continued his journey to Biarritz.

"His success was complete—how brought about can only be vaguely surmised. One point, however, may be shrewdly guessed at with tolerable certainty

[1866 to 1870.]

A GATHERING TEMPEST—*(continued.)*

THE LUXEMBOURG QUESTION.

"TO BE SOLD."

EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—"I have made an offer to my friend here, and——"
THE MAN IN POSSESSION.—"No! have you, though? I rather think I was the party to apply to."
EMPEROR NAP.—"Oh, indeed! Ah! then in that case I'll——but it's of no consequence."

The German caricaturists presented the question under the guise of a universal fair. Holland, as a Dutch pedlar trafficking among the licensed booths, is turned out by Bismarck at the moment he is concluding a bargain for the disposal of Luxembourg (represented by a toy lamb) to Napoleon, who slinks round a corner on the transaction being detected!

The discussion of the Luxembourg question gave indicative warning of the heavy clouds which loomed overhead. A danger of collision was apprehended, and England, with great promptitude, tendered her offices the moment intervention could be listened to. This amicable settlement is well summed up by a German caricaturist, who represents Great Britain as a substantial envoy of peace, rubbing the noses of Napoleon and Bismarck together in friendly contact: it may be observed that the faces still retain a threatening cast!

—that the alliance of Prussia with Italy, for the purpose of war with Austria, was promised. The Emperor did not insist on any positive engagements for contingent advantages to accrue to France. He had not that superb confidence in the ability of Prussia to vanquish Austria, even with Italian aid, indulged in by M. de Bismarck. It is much more likely that he looked forward to the exhaustion of the combatants, when both or either of them might appeal to his not altogether disinterested good offices to appease their strife. The Emperor foresaw, however, with tolerable certainty, the probable liberation of Venetia, an object he had greatly at heart; and it is perfectly well known that M. de Bismarck returned to Berlin with such assurances of sympathy and absolutely benevolent neutrality on the part of France, that he could make his arrangements for employing the Rhenish garrisons, and leaving Sarre Louis, Coblenz, Luxemburg, and Cologne partially stripped of artillery, and with a small force of Landwehr for their protection; all which would have been impossible had he been insecure as to the dispositions of France."

The dispute between Prussia and Austria, as will be remembered, arose from the refusal of the latter to cede Venetia to Italy. The question of the right of Italy to Venetia, and the motive which actuated Prussia to aid Italy in wresting the province from Austria, may here be left open, as irrelevant to our story; but the views entertained by Louis Napoleon in the matter may be given. After the Venetian question had been referred to a European Conference, and failed in being amicably arranged, it was decided in the French Senate that the Emperor should express his opinion of the affair, as relating to France, in the form of a letter to that body. This was accordingly

done, and M. Rouher read to the House the following communication from the Emperor to the Minister of Foreign Affairs:—

"*Palace of the Tuileries, June* 11.

"Monsieur le Ministre,

"At a moment when all the hopes of peace which we were induced to entertain from the meeting of the Conference seem to have vanished, it is essential to explain, by a circular to our diplomatic agents abroad, the ideas which my Government proposed to submit to the councils of Europe, and the conduct which it proposes to adopt in presence of the events in preparation. This communication will show our policy in its true light. If the Conference had taken place, your language, as you know, was to have been explicit; you were to have declared, in my name, that I repudiated any idea of territorial aggrandisement (cheers) so long as the European equilibrium should not be broken (uproar). In fact, we could only think of an extension of our frontiers in case of the map of Europe being modified for the exclusive benefit of a great power, and also in the case of the frontier provinces asking by their votes, freely expressed, to be annexed to France (approbation). Excluding such circumstances, I think it more worthy of our country to prefer, to acquisitions of territory, the precious advantage of living on good terms with our neighbours (cheers), while respecting their independence and their nationality (renewed applause). Animated by these sentiments, and having only in view the maintenance of peace, I made an appeal to Russia and England to address words of conciliation to the parties interested (cheers). The accord established between the neutral powers will

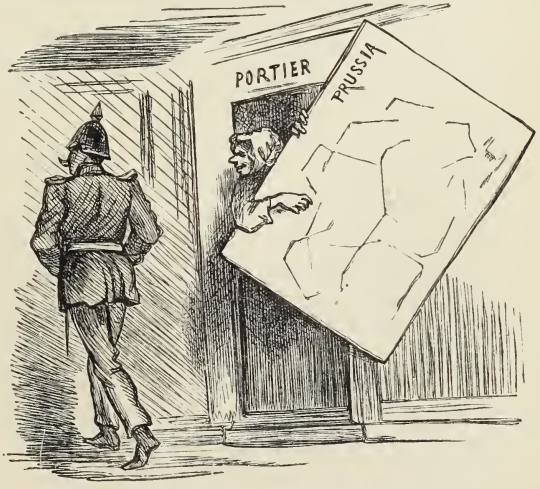
[1866 to 1870.]

A GATHERING TEMPEST—*(continued.)*

"AFTER YOU, SIR!"

An English sketch of the attitude of France and Prussia from 1866. The difficult nature of the position is suggestively indicated, and recalls the proposal for a general disarmament. A clever French caricature on this subject represents a soldier of each power, his hand holding a weapon but half concealed behind his back. One inquires, "Are you disarmed?" Another replies, interrogatively, "Are you?"

This French sketch of the continental custom of leaving cards at one's neighbours' on the anniversary of the new year is employed as an apt vehicle to convey the estimation of the rapidity of Prussian extension.



"JOUR DE L'AN."

FRENCH PORTER'S—"It may increase like this (1868) every year! It grows so fast, I can't tell where this card will be put soon!"

Now it is to be feared that the fate of arms can alone decide the questions. In the face of these eventualities, what is the attitude of France? Should we manifest our displeasure because Germany finds the treaties of 1815 impotent to satisfy her national tendencies and maintain her tranquillity? In the war which is on the point of breaking out, we have but two interests—the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and the maintenance of the work to which we contributed in Italy (cheers). But is not the moral force of France sufficient for the protection of these two interests? Will she be obliged to draw the sword to make her voice heard? I think not (fresh applause). If, notwithstanding our efforts, the hopes of peace be not realized, we have at least the assurance, from the declaration made by the Courts engaged in the conflict, that whatever be the results of the war, none of the questions in which we are interested will be settled without the concurrence of France (cheers). Let us maintain, then, a watchful neutrality, and, strong in our disinterestedness, animated by the sincere desire to see the nations of Europe forget their quarrels, and unite for the advancement of civilization, liberty, and progress, let us wait, confident in our right, and calm in our strength (prolonged applause).

"Hereupon, Monsieur le Ministre, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

"NAPOLEON."

The revelations of future history must clear up the complicated policy involved in this Venetian question. The secret design, if there was any secret design hidden beneath the above plausible manifesto, must some day come to light; but it is quite clear that neither the Emperor nor any of his ministers

[1866 to 1870.]

A GATHERING TEMPEST—*(continued.)*

MODERN VERSION OF THE EMBLEMS OF PEACE AND WAR.
"WHICH IS PEACE AND WHICH IS WAR?" OR VERY MUCH ALIKE.

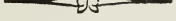
The French satirist has given a happy rendering of that very serious subject, "armed peace." Parisian caricaturists, whose hits are often both wise and witty, represent the question as illimitable. In "A New Version of National Budgets" we find one scale of the balance weighed down with cannon-balls, which all the public wealth heaped in the other scale cannot raise. In another cartoon, Mars —who looks barely warlike in contrast with "Pax," remarks, "Well, *I* shall be able to take a little rest now!"

A spirited English pencil presents a view of Vulcan's forge and manufactory; orders for thousands of arms of every description are posted on the workshop walls, in progress of execution. Peace steps in, and inquires if the perspiring divinity has much work to do. Vulcan replies, "Well, thanks to your ladyship, I've almost more than I can manage."

had the slightest apprehension of what Count Bismarck knew would be the final issue of this contest, so innocently encouraged by France, pending between Prussia and Austria. The German statesman had worked out the political problem involved, and kept the solution wisely to himself.

The most remarkable feature of Louis Napoleon's Imperial rule was its total freedom from attempts at revolutions. It was the wonder of the world how this man kept in subjection the unruly spirits who had ravaged the country with insurrections for so many years previously. Not that political squibs like Rochefort did not occasionally explode, to the alarm of old women, but that the serenity of the country was never disturbed by an armed resistance to the constituted authorities. Prompt and decisive in their operations, the police were found sufficient to arrest disorder ere it reached a tumult, while pensive meditations in a prison brought each rising agitator to his senses.

The last year of the Empire dawned with undiminished glory. The last "plebiscite" displayed no decay, in its millions of favourable votes, to those which had re-established the Imperial régime. The ship of the Imperial dynasty sailed on to the breakers with a full stretch of canvas, and a clear blue sky above it. The confidence of the Emperor's last speech to the Senate was as marked as it had been on any previous occasion; and the prophet was not inspired who could foretell the unprecedented disasters of the next few months.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE STAR FALLS.

THE advancement of Prussia within a few years, through the instrumentality of a single genius, from a second-rate power to the summit of European importance, has but the one parallel of France under the two Napoleons. It has been the fashion to decry Count Bismarck as a scheming villain, an unprincipled scoundrel, a limb of the devil, simply because he has been endowed with an almost omniscient intellect, which he has used, as a true patriot should, to the ennobling of his country. There is a superstitious dread connected with his very name, as there was with that of his great prototype, Nicholas Machiavelli, than whom there have been few more virtuous men. Both these illustrious personages have been supposed to be in close compact with the Evil One, who, not unfrequently, goes by the name Old Nick, in honour of his presumed intimacy with Nicholas Machiavelli. That the Count is perfectly aware of the extent of the popular hatred towards him, will be seen from the following extract of a letter to a friend, published lately in one of the Berlin papers :—

"What man, placed as I am, could not cause scandal, rightly or wrongly ? I even go farther than

[1866 to 1870.]

A GATHERING TEMPEST—*(continued.)*

FRENCH VIEW OF GERMAN UNITY.

"La Charivari" *(to a Prussian who is clumsily endeavouring to carve "*UNITY*" on the board of Germany.*—"Ah, my friend, you won't get through that work, your hand is too heavy!"

While the German caricaturists ventilate every act of the wily Emperor, whose movements they followed with an ever-watchful eye, in 1868 we find the French satirists equally sensitive to any activity on the part of Prussia.

Two members of the Landwehr are discussing the augmentation of the army: "A levy of a million men!" remarks one; "that will weigh heavy on our enemies." "And," observes his less enthusiastic companion, "it will weigh heavier on us."

That the Emperor distrusted the reality of German unity is illustrated by the useless negotiations which followed his declaration of war (1870). The postponement of immediate action produced mistrust among his generals, and resulted in an irresolute and disastrous campaign.

you. I do not deem that your opinion, relative to concealed things, is correct.

"I would thank God that I should not have more sins weighing upon my conscience than those which are known to the world, and of which I hope to be pardoned, but thanks to the blood of Jesus Christ!

"As a statesman, I am not sufficiently haughty. I do not place myself sufficiently above conventions. In my own opinion I am rather a poltroon; moreover, I cannot succeed to get for the questions of which I seek the solution that clearness which confidence in God gives. Who accuses me of being a political man without any conscience wrongs me; before condemning me, let him feel his ground—let him put his conscience to the ordeal."

It is thus apparent that Count Bismarck actually considers himself a Christian, though, of course, few will allow his claims in that respect.

Count Bismarck, before he turned his attention to politics, was known as a very wild character, and from the orgies in which he indulged was called "Mad Bismarck." This was, however, when he was a young man, for his political career extends over twenty-five years. His advancement to the position he now holds was slow but sure. In 1847 he became a member of the Diet; in 1851, he was sent to Frankfort as ambassador; from thence he was transferred, in 1859, to St. Petersburg; and from thence, in 1862, to Paris. His stay in the French capital, however, was short, for in the same year he was made Premier. The king conferred on his faithful servant the title of Count in 1866, and it may be said to have been fairly earned, as also other distinctions which have been showered upon the great statesman by his grateful sovereign.

The scheme with regard to the North German

Confederation, planned and carried out by Count Bismarck, amounted to this :—That the King of Prussia, as President of the Bund, should be empowered to declare war or make peace in the name of all the German Principalities ; to accredit and receive ambassadors ; to convoke and close the Federal Diet and Council ; to appoint and dismiss Government officials ; to have the chief command of the Army and Navy ; and, in fact, to rule as a supreme Sovereign, without interfering with the mere titles and dignities which the petty princes were loth to part with, though they lost their individual power, such as it was. Thus, the King of Prussia is now really, though not in title, the ruler of a vaster empire than any German Emperor before him, though the petty kings under him still wear their crowns, still retain their castles and courts, and all the other paraphernalia of a dummy royalty. Prussia has indeed done with Germany what England did with India, where in a similar way many a nabob reigns to-day in his own eyes and those of his retinue, though his ancestor ceded the territory which he is supposed to have dominion over to the British Government, for a pension and a mock title. An offensive and defensive treaty was signed by the German states with Prussia, whereby, in the event of war, the whole German army would be under the sole control of the King of Prussia.

Singularly enough, the late Sir Robert Peel entertained the same idea years before Count Bismarck took to politics, for in writing to invite Chevalier Bunsen to meet Cornelius, the German artist, he said of the German people—"The ultimate union and patriotism of this people, spread as it is over the centre of Europe, will offer the best guarantee for the peace of the world, and the most powerful check against

the propagation of doctrines, pernicious alike to the cause of religion and order, and to that freedom which respects the right of others."

This gigantic acquisition of power by Prussia, through, as it were, the sleight-of-hand of Bismarck, was an accomplished fact in a few months, to the great consternation of Austria, and the chagrin and jealousy of France. Both these countries were astounded to find the vast coalition had actually taken place, the while that they were reckoning upon the likelihood of an appeal from the States, to either one or both of them, for aid in stopping Prussia from carrying out her wholesale confiscation of their lands. Apprehending danger, France without delay began to strengthen her military establishment, with the view of not only being ready for any aggressive measures of Prussia towards her, but also of some day provoking a war with her, whereby her usurped power might be crippled, and she again be reduced to her former position amongst European nations. Early in 1867, a motion was brought forward in the French Senate, for the reorganization of the army, its object being to increase, in the space of six years, the French forces of all arms, from 400,000 men to 1,232,200 men, of whom two-thirds were to be composed of the reserve and the National Guard, and one-third of the regular troops. No reason was assigned to the French nation for the expediency of so startling a military reform, which of course gave rise to various surmises, and no small amount of opposition from the people, who were already groaning beneath a heavier burden in this way than they had been accustomed to in times of peace.

The eye of Bismarck was not slow to perceive the real meaning of this movement in France. He knew that it implied nothing short of a war with his

country; and occupied as he was in putting into shape the raw material he had lately got together for the creation of one of the most formidable nations in the world, he did not neglect to set in motion machinery for increasing the even then almost invincible military force at the command of Prussia. A slow but steady process was going on for rendering every able-bodied man in the new German Empire an efficient soldier, available the moment he was called upon for service in the field. Glutted by recent victories, the German press began to be vainglorious, adding fuel to the fire now kindled. To the sore irritation of the French people, it began to talk of the probable recovery of Alsace and Lorraine by the victorious army that had given some token of its prowess at Sadowa; while it hinted that Holland was by no means out of reach, should the same redoubtable force be sent to annex that country to Prussia. Such insolent exultation on the part of the press was but an echo of the voice of the German people, and it was continued for a long time.

France was not unreasonably inflamed to find, therefore, an upstart power, separated from her only by the breadth of a river, vaunting itself on victories accruing from the beguiled non-intervention of herself in the war that led to them, and breathing defiance to the whole world. Every day her jealousy grew greater, as the taunts from across the Rhine grew louder that Prussia was ready to meet her in the field whenever she might think proper.

It came to pass that as the two nations stood in this unfriendly attitude, a *casus belli* occurred, which, though it did not provoke a war at that time, was undoubtedly the original cause of that which took place three years later. This arose from the Luxembourg question, in April, 1867.

[1866 to 1870.]

A GATHERING TEMPEST—*(continued.)*

PARIS AND MADRID.

The German satirists saw in every event some connection with the Emperor. On the downfall of Queen Isabella and the proclamation of a Republic in Spain they discovered a significant warning to the Bonaparte family. The establishment of a Republican Government in France at this hour has demonstrated this speculation was not altogether insignificant. The attentions the Imperial family hastened to offer the ex-Queen furnished the artist with a sly hint of the notorious gallantries of the principal personages, under the head of "A Spanish flirtation."

Public opinion in France, though not so completely ignorant of the immense resources of Prussia as some apologists for the Emperor's disasters would demonstrate, was too strongly prejudiced by confidence in the superiority of the French arms. The Chassepot was one source of weakness: its proved advantages over the needle-gun were dangerously exaggerated—to a point of rendering *the known* numerical superiority of Prussia a question too unimportant to be entertained at Paris.

CONFIDENCE IN THE CHASSEPOT.

"Heavens! what have you said to this gentleman?"

"Nothing offensive, that I am aware of. I simply inquired his opinion of the Chassepot!"

The city of Luxembourg had been garrisoned for over fifty years by Prussian troops, but on the formation of the North German Confederation, the authorities began to fear that the Grand Duchy, if allowed to remain so garrisoned, would eventually become a part of the Confederation. Therefore a numerously signed petition was sent by the citizens to the King of Holland, the Grand Duke, which may be quoted as showing the nature of the dispute between France and Prussia in this matter :—

"Sire,

"Be pleased to permit many of your faithful subjects, inhabitants of the city of Luxembourg, to raise at this moment of profound anxiety their voice towards the throne. Luxembourg, happy and free, has prospered under the sceptre of your glorious house, and it will preserve an eternal and grateful remembrance of it. In the present day, fate is against your Majesty and our country, and the days of our independence appear to be numbered. After the grave events of last year, which dissolved the old Germanic Confederation, we can no longer hope to maintain our national existence. The fortress of Luxembourg will fall either to North Germany or to France, and in either case the country will inevitably follow the destinies of the nation that is in possession of the capital. If in such circumstances a semblance of independence could be preserved to us, it would be no other than ephemeral and uncertain, and would only prolong the agony of our country. On the one hand, France desires the annexation of the Grand Duchy ; on the other hand, the Grand Duchy recoils from its annexation to the Northern Confederation and its absorption by Germany. We admire Germany, but our sympathies, our habits, our

traditions, our strong feeling of equality, our ancient franchises, draw us, not towards Germany, but towards France. It is with the latter we should find a new country and a future, and those sentiments the whole country shares. Were war to break out, whatever might be the issue, we should be the first victims of it. Even now, we tremble for our homes, our families, and our future condition. Your Majesty, in your magnanimous goodness, will understand our alarms and excuse our complaints. If you fear, as we do, that our independence, however dear to us, cannot be guaranteed, you can, Sire, without failing in your paternal mission, and without endangering the interests of Luxembourg, accede to the wishes of France. The disinterested love of our dear country, and the solicitude we feel for the future, inspire us with this language. Whatever may befall us, attachment to the noble and glorious family of Orange will never be effaced from our hearts. Long live King William III.!"

Whether to meet these wishes, or to meet his own pecuniary necessities, the King of Holland determined upon selling the Luxembourgers to the French, as Sir Robert Peel remarked in the House of Commons in a debate on the question, "at £20 per head," there being 200,000 souls to be so disposed of. His Majesty, in the first instance, put the question to the Prussian ambassador, whether Prussia would be prepared to yield the occupation of Luxembourg in the event of the Grand Duchy wishing to have itself annexed to France. Count Bismarck's reply to the ambassador was characteristic. It was to the effect that while he, the Count, respected the susceptibilities of France, Holland must take upon itself the entire responsibility of every transaction in the matter.

Insignificant as the question might seem, this small fortress of Luxembourg was of great importance, both to France and to Prussia. To the former it afforded almost the only safeguard from invasion on that side, while, in the event of a war between the two powers, it was invaluable to Prussia, as affording an access to the most vulnerable part of France.

Upon the King of Holland negotiating for the sale of the Grand Duchy with the Emperor of the French, the latter gave the Prussians notice to quit. This notice the Prussians refused to heed, and German insolence broke out afresh, driving France to the very brink of a war.

The Parisian journals were almost unanimously bellicose. The Luxembourg question, they said, was no longer one of territorial aggrandisement, but one of national dignity and influence. So great a country as France had the right to put forward pretensions, and when she did put them forward, she certainly would not renounce them at the bidding of a foreign power, especially when that power had no right of its own, as was the case with Prussia. The latter must remember she was not dealing with a third-rate power like Belgium, but with France, the leading nation of Europe.

How the peace of Europe was preserved, with matters in this state between France and Prussia, must ever be the subject of wonder. Our Foreign Minister, Lord Stanley, was the chief mover in a pacification of the two nations, who stood daggers drawn. The Luxembourg question was referred to a conference of European Powers, their representatives to meet in London. These met accordingly in May, and it was decided at their deliberation that Luxembourg should remain neutral, and that the Prussian

garrison should withdraw from its occupation of the fortress within a month.

The communication of the result of the London conference was anything but enthusiastically received by France, for though she had gained nearly all she had demanded from Prussia, yet she felt that the concession was made not to her but to Europe, and she looked forward to the day when her voice should be found sufficient to carry any point she urged. Prussia, too, though she acquiesced in the mediatory suggestion, was by no means disposed to forget the feud that had arisen from so trivial a cause. Thus, though Europe now slumbered in the belief that the wrath of the two nations had been quenched, as a householder after a false alarm of fire, that wrath smouldered in secret in both the Berlin and Parisian Cabinets, and was only kept from blazing forth again by the adroitness of the two jugglers now pitted against each other, Louis Napoleon and Von Bismarck.

These two natural enemies—for the one was born for the bane of the other—assumed now the mask of diplomacy, and successfully secreted behind it the most determined designs against each other. During the Grand Exposition they met, and fraternized like a pair of rival beauties at a ball, and what from that and the hospitality displayed towards King William and his son by the Emperor, it was hoped by the neutral Cabinets that the Luxembourg quarrel had ended in the right way. Queen Augusta of Prussia, too, was wonderfully tender with the Empress, and even from so uncertain an omen as ladies kissing each other was formed the happy augury of a durable peace, since those who had quarrelled had now embraced. But was there any sincerity in all

[1866 to 1870.]

A GATHERING TEMPEST—*(continued.)*

FRENCH CONFIDENCE IN THE MITRAILLEUSE (1868).
"Ha, great Fritz! had you but known of the mitrailleuse, your Seven Years' War would have been over in seven minutes."

Novelty is the weak side of the Gallic character: the enthusiasm for any new invention, fashion, or leader, from the head of an empire to the arms for its protection, blindly lead the multitude for good or evil. That the advantages of Prussian

DEPENDENCE IN THE MITRAILLEUSE (1869).
"They had good reasons to increase their armies. This poor gun would have been starved under the old organization."

leadership, discipline, and numerical strength, supported by their obvious superiority in artillery, has had much to do with French defeat is manifest; but her leaders have acknowledged that the over-sanguine reliance on the mitrailleuse demoralized the troops.

this, on either the one side or the other? We think not. For it is to be feared that royal people can no sooner forgive or forget grievances than humbler Christians who are called upon to do that violence to human nature. The cause of quarrel had been removed, but the desire to quarrel remained, and under those circumstances the feud was bound to burst forth some day or other.

Germans in France were now objects of distrust and suspicion, and both countries, becoming conscious of the inevitability of a war sooner or later, hastened their military preparations.

Unhappily for France, it could form no adequate idea of the real strength of her opponent. She had, perhaps, less experience than other European nations of the fecundity of a race endowed, like the lower animals, with marvellous procreative powers, which threaten to overrun the world with guttural barbarians, and which have already foisted such a horde of shirtless princes, with little to recommend them save a dubious title and a crackjaw name, on the bounty of so many countries. With regard to her own forces, it has been previously stated that France had taken measures to augment them, but that was a work of time. Yet so vigorously were her military preparations pushed forward, that a well-known German writer, dating in 1869, says:—

"The military establishment of France now consists of nearly 1,400,000 men. This, too, is one of the grievances which have found their vent in the last elections. France is being soldiered out of the very marrow of her life, and she does not relish it. The average size of her men has constantly diminished within the last eighty years. The withering effects of the Napoleonic wars are visible even now. As to the slow increase of the population, there are

other causes difficult to treat upon in an essay addressed to the general public. England proper has nearly doubled its population within the last fifty years, in spite of emigration. In Germany there has been a similar movement. France, with no emigration worth speaking of, has in the same period not fully increased one third. Latterly the number of births has diminished to such an extent that a French statistician of note declared the time not too distant when, if things did not alter, the births would no longer suffice to cover the losses by death."

But where France seems to have made the most fatal miscalculation, was in the relative merits of the engines of destruction of the two armies. She too confidently pitted the chassepot with the needle-gun, and the mitrailleuse with Prussia's splendid artillery, that had done such tremendous execution at Sadowa.

Almost the only man in France that had his doubts upon that country being sufficiently prepared to combat the armies which had lately swept everything before them, was Louis Napoleon. His voice was continually raised in the Senate against agitators for offensive measures against Prussia, who had assumed so warlike a character, and whose arms were reeking with recent victories. Yet he was bound—both to gratify the national pride and uphold the national prestige—to put himself in a defiant attitude, to dictate conditions for maintaining the equilibrium of Europe, and to show himself ready to enforce those conditions if necessary.

But the French people, headed by the Ministry, grew clamorous for the commencement of hostilities, as they could no longer put up with the insolence of the Germans. The *casus belli*, however, was still wanting, and even anger could not discover a pretext

for the blow it was burning to give. A cause of quarrel not being forthcoming, the quarrel was provoked.

Spain, having rid itself at last of the incubus of a Bourbon, had tried for a time to content itself with a Republican Government, but a people more unsuited for such a ruling power could scarcely be found. The ablest men of the time endeavoured in vain to fit on the new yoke, but it galled the neck of the people, who cried out for one more calculated to their condition. They wanted a constitution and a king. The principal members of the Provisional Government were then empowered to make choice of a monarch, and in their search for a candidate for the vacant throne, where should they go but to the place where such things are made to order, and where there is always on hand a large assortment? The Prince of Hohenzollern was unhappily fixed upon, and invited to assume the title of King of Spain.

When the news reached Paris of this fatal preference of a German prince, above all others, for the Spanish throne, it aroused universal rage and jealousy. Nothing could have been more calculated to set in a blaze the animosity which had been smouldering in France for four years against Prussian aggrandizement. A warm protest was made by France against the election of the Prince to the position proposed. The Prince, seeing the likelihood of a rupture, on his account, between his country and France, nobly resigned his claims, displaying thereby a spirit fully befitting him for a throne and regal honours.

Europe, again trembling on the brink of a dreadful war, now began to hope the danger was past. It happened, however, as it usually does, when one concession was made, another was wanted. The French ambassador at Berlin was empowered to ask for a

guarantee that the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern would never be renewed. Could anything be more insolent, or more sure to provoke the result that it did? The King of Prussia angrily turns upon his heel, and declares he has nothing more to do with the matter. The people of France had their will, for the Emperor declared war, the declaration taking place in July, 1870.

M. Ollivier, according to a German paper, recently gave the following account of the circumstances under which war was declared :—

"When the news of the Prince of Hohenzollern's renunciation arrived in Paris, the Ministers met at the Tuileries. The matter was thoroughly discussed, and the majority of the Cabinet determined, in consequence of this signal satisfaction, to take a conciliatory course. The Emperor, who, according to his custom, had till then kept silence, rose, and for a moment retired to a little distance. A pause ensued, and most of the Ministers also left their seats, in order to smoke a cigar and talk unconstrainedly in the anteroom. Only three stayed behind—Segris, Maurice Richard, and Lebœuf. The last was greatly excited when the votes were taken, and exclaimed in a desperate tone, as he rapped his knuckles on his desk, 'O mon Dieu! O mon Dieu!' The Minister of Fine Arts stepped up to him and said, 'Pray, compose yourself, Marshal; we have to do with the first military power of Europe. Are you quite prepared?' 'Are we prepared!' cried Lebœuf, jumping up like a tiger; 'prepared as France has never been, and never will be again. Believe me, my dear colleague, if my respect for the Emperor did not restrain me, I would not hold office an hour longer.' As these last words were pronounced, the Emperor, with the other Ministers, returned, and even he appeared more ex-

[1866 to 1870.]

THE TEMPEST BREAKS.

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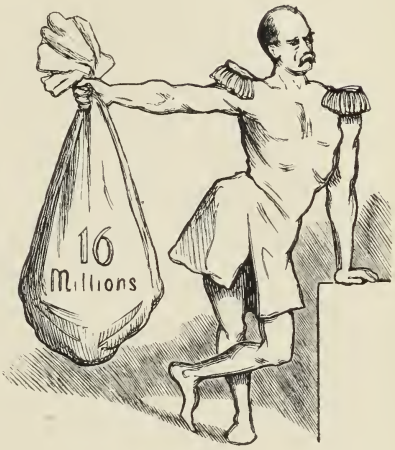


position. The Sirens of the Rhine (very solid and Teutonic!) have lured the wily lion, by a promise of the coveted dominion, into the power of the Hercules of the situation, who is on the point of dispatching him with his club.

cited than the Ministers had ever seen him, but, as if wishing to conceal his feelings from his Council, he merely remarked mildly, that guarantees for the future must also be demanded of Prussia. An hour later it was decided that a *casus belli* should be made of this demand."

The war broke out, and never in the history of the world has happened an event fraught with such dire disasters, such appalling reverses. An act so rash as this declaration of war can only be likened to the leap of a somnambulist from a garret window. It was the third and last false step of a man so wary and wise, that some irresistible motive, beyond what has been made known, will be required by future historians to fully account for it.

It were a gloomy task to give in detail the sad issues of the next few weeks. Nor can we dwell at length upon what has happened in so short a time, and so lately. An Empire which had progressed through nearly twenty years, has run out in a moment like a reel of thread! When more light has been thrown upon the real cause of an overthrow so inexplicable, it will be time enough to go fully into it; but a slight outline will here suffice.

Ill both in body and mind, the Emperor makes his journey to the scene of action. He takes with him his child, the heir of a throne which is so soon to be hurled from its position, and shattered like the many which have stood in its place—perhaps, like its immediate predecessor, to be kindled into a bonfire by an infuriate people, forgetful of all the blessings showered upon them from it. A proclamation is issued to the soldiers by the hero of Magenta and Solferino, as courageous in its tone, as confident of success as ever, but marred by the childish intimation that he takes his son with him. The world

laughs at the idea, and blames the mother of the boy for allowing him to go. A lad of fourteen on a field of battle! It was so like the live eagle at Boulogne. The people in England said the poor old man had lost his head, and indeed it seemed like it. Perhaps that may some day be established as a fact, and then would come the solution of the mystery of that absurd declaration of war.

The rendezvous is Metz, which in due time is reached, and another proclamation is issued, which is here given :—

"Soldiers,

"I am about to place myself at your head to defend the honour and the soil of the country. You go to fight against one of the best armies in Europe, but others who were quite as worthy were unable to resist your bravery. It will be the same again at the present time. The war which is now commencing will be a long and severe one, since it will have for the scene of its operations, places full of fortresses and obstacles; but nothing is too difficult for the soldiers of Africa, the Crimea, China, Italy, and Mexico. You will again prove what the French army, animated by the sentiment of duty, maintained by discipline, and inspired with love of country, can perform. Whatever road we may take beyond our frontiers, we shall find glorious traces of our fathers. We will prove ourselves worthy of them. The whole of France follows you with her ardent wishes, and the eyes of the world are upon you. The fate of liberty and civilization depends upon our success. Soldiers! let each one do his duty, and the God of armies will be with us.

"*The Imperial Head-quarters,* "NAPOLEON.
"*Metz, July,* 28."

The army receives its beloved Chief with loud acclamations, as it had done for twenty years, and his presence animates it with renewed courage to do and dare anything for him and for France. It is moved, moreover, according to the doting old father to the anxious mother at home, with tearful emotions at the sight of young Louis. Well it might be, if from nothing else but pity for the poor child in danger of his young life, to serve no possible end but the gratification of paternal vanity. The enemy approaches, and Louis undergoes his "baptism of fire," in spent bullets rolling at his feet! There is an exulting telegram sent to that effect to Paris immediately, and no doubt the mildness of the ordeal through which the darling boy has passed is a great relief to mamma. The fighting is not heavy nor protracted, and the victory is for France.

But then comes terrible news, that there has been another engagement higher up the Rhine, and that MacMahon, with the flower of the French troops, has been completely routed, and is in full retreat. France hears it with amazement. There must be something wrong. It can't be true. But it turns out to be too true, as does that the invader is on her soil, and making the best of his way to Paris. Her armies had set out for Berlin, but they have had to retrace some of their way, and were very glad to be allowed to do so by the enemy.

Ere she has had time to recover the shock, like clap after clap of thunder, roll fresh tidings of new defeats, one after the other, with a rapidity of succession, as if victories were won now-a-days on a new principle of electricity. The Prussians are marching on Paris, and Paris is declared in a state of siege, amidst excitement and apprehensions the most painful and gloomy. But where is the Emperor? He is still at

Metz; but presently we hear of him going on to Châlons, and from thence to such a variety of places that we marvel at his ubiquity, and wonder what he is doing flying about the country in that manner.

One day, a little more than a month after he has set out on his campaign, we are startled by the shrill cries of London newsboys, making an announcement which induces us to buy a paper, when lo! the following meets our eye:—

DESPATCH OF KING WILLIAM TO QUEEN AUGUSTA.

BERLIN, Sept. 3.—The Queen has received the following telegram from the King:—

"BEFORE SEDAN, Sept. 2 (1.22 p.m.).—A capitulation, whereby the whole Army at Sedan are prisoners of war, has just been concluded with General Wimpffen, who was in command, instead of the wounded Marshal MacMahon.

"The Emperor only surrendered himself to me, as he himself has no command and left everything to the Regency in Paris. His place of residence I shall appoint after I have had an interview with him at a rendezvous, which will immediately take place. What a course events have assumed by God's guidance!"

What ensued at Paris, is it not written in the chronicles of Printing-House Square, and of Fleet Street? How that a perfidious people turned their back upon their beneficent ruler when he fell, and assailed him with opprobrious epithets, such as coward and traitor, and set up for themselves a government which had been their ruin till he rescued them? How that the Empress fled in terror from her home, consecrated by such fond memories and brilliant

recollections, took a common cabriolet in the street, and trembling at the recognition of a *gamin*, who cried, "Voilà, l'Impératrice!" sought, as her husband had done before her, the Grand Asylum of Europe, where she was joined by her hapless son, once the heir of so much greatness, and now of what? How that cries of "Vive la République!" startled the echoes of a city so long accustomed to those of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Drop the curtain, and let us sing with heart and voice—

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

BAXTER'S PROPHECY OF NAPOLEON III. AS ANTICHRIST.

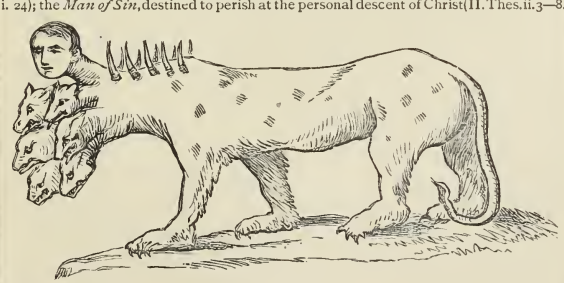
Facsimile.

The seven heads of the Wild Beast (Rev. xvii. 10, 11) denote seven forms of government by which the Roman empire has hitherto been ruled: (1) Kings, B.C. 752; (2) Consuls; (3) Decemvirs; (4) Decemvirs; (5) Tribunes; (6) The Roman Emperorship, B.C. 28 to A.D. 1806; (7) The Napoleon dynasty, 1806 to 1815—wounded to death at Waterloo, healed and revived in 1852. Thus an 8th, and yet 7th head. . .

1806 TO 1815.—THE ROMAN EMPIRE UNDER NAPOLEON I., who represented the Napoleon dynasty—the seventh governing head of the seven-headed and ten-horned Wild Beast.—(Dan. vii.; Rev. xiii., xvii.

1815 TO 1852.—THE ROMAN EMPIRE HEADLESS.

1852 TO 1871-73.—THE ROMAN EMPIRE UNDER NAPOLEON III. who represents the Napoleon dynasty—the seventh revived, or eighth head of the Wild Beast, healed of the deadly wound it received at Waterloo in 1815. He is comprehensively termed the Wild Beast itself, and is also called the *Assyrian* (Is. x., xiv., xxx.); the *Little Horn* (Dan. vii., viii.); the *Wilful King* (Dan. ix. 21—45); the *Antichrist* (I. Jn. i. 24); the *Man of Sin*, destined to perish at the personal descent of Christ (II. Thes. ii. 3—8.)



The Wild Beast that was (under Napoleon I.), and is not (under Napoleon III.)—Rev. xvii. 8. and yet is (under

Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World and Personal Antichrist, foreshown in prophecy to confirm a seven years' covenant with the Jews, about or soon after 1864-5, and (after the resurrection and the translation of the Wise Virgins has taken place, two years and from four to six weeks after the covenant), subsequently to become completely supreme over England, and most of America, and all Christendom, and fiercely to persecute Christians during the latter half of the seven years, until he finally perishes at the descent of Christ at the Battle of Armageddon, about or soon after 1872-3.

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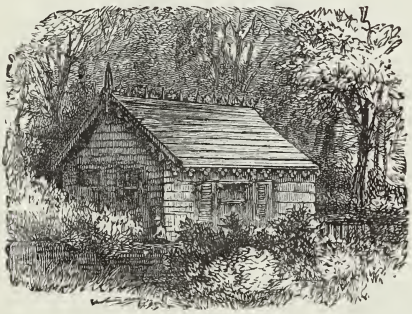

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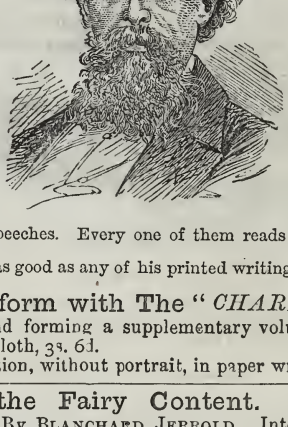

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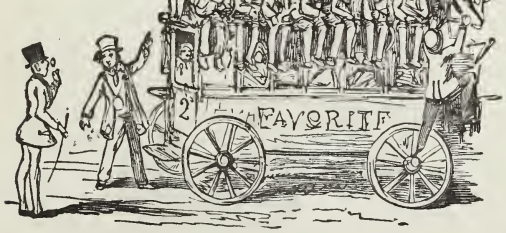

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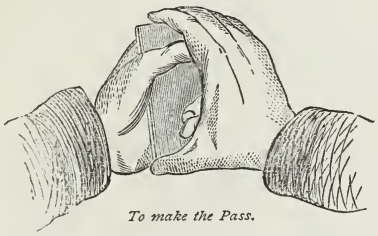

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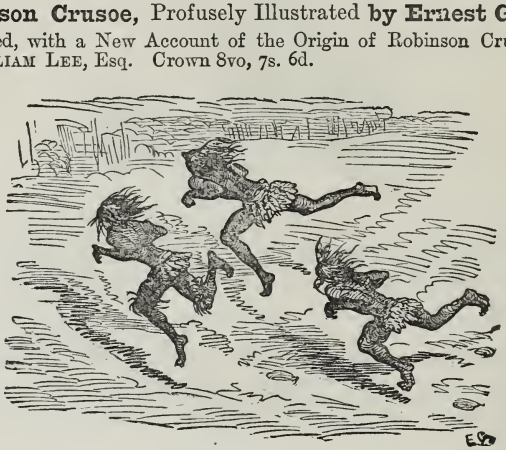

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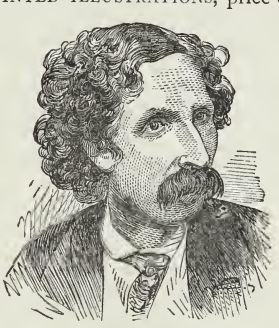

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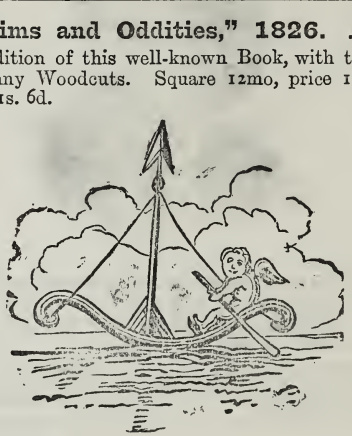

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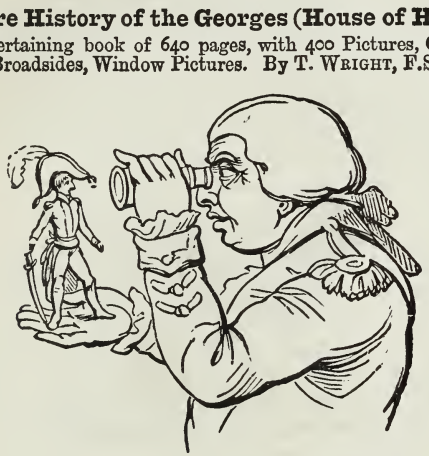

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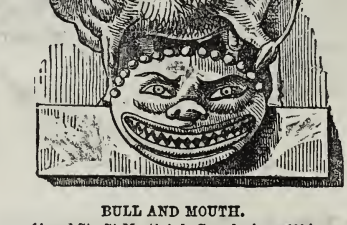

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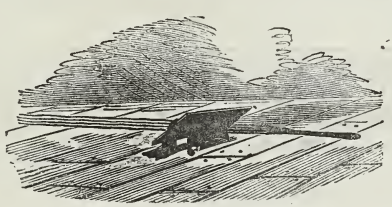

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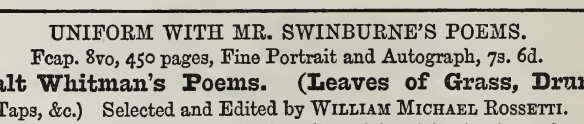

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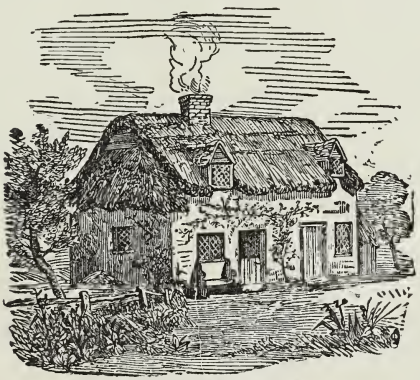

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